Collier's

TEN CENTS

MAY 11, 1946

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A CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

BY AGNES E. MEYER PAGE 15

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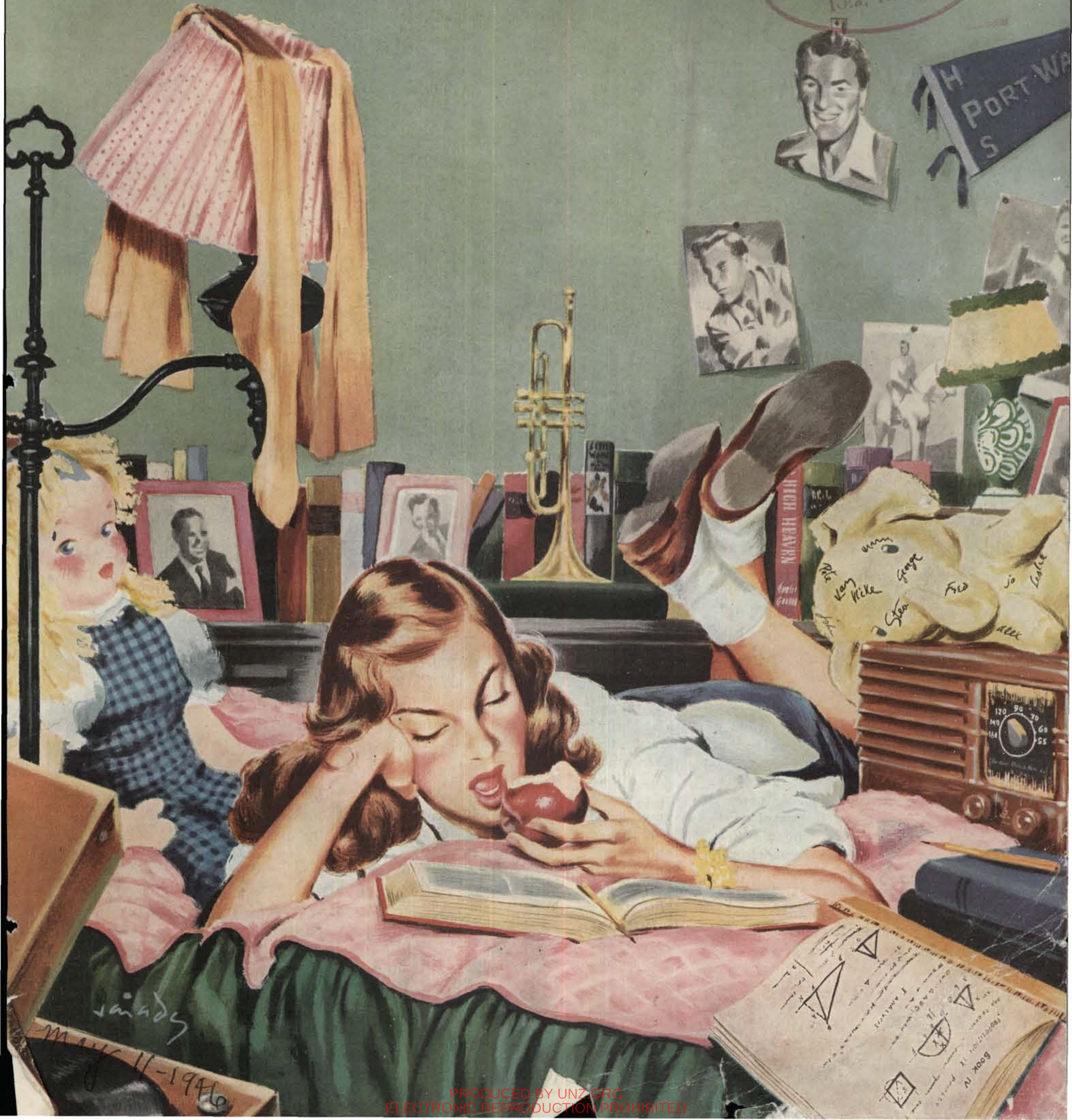
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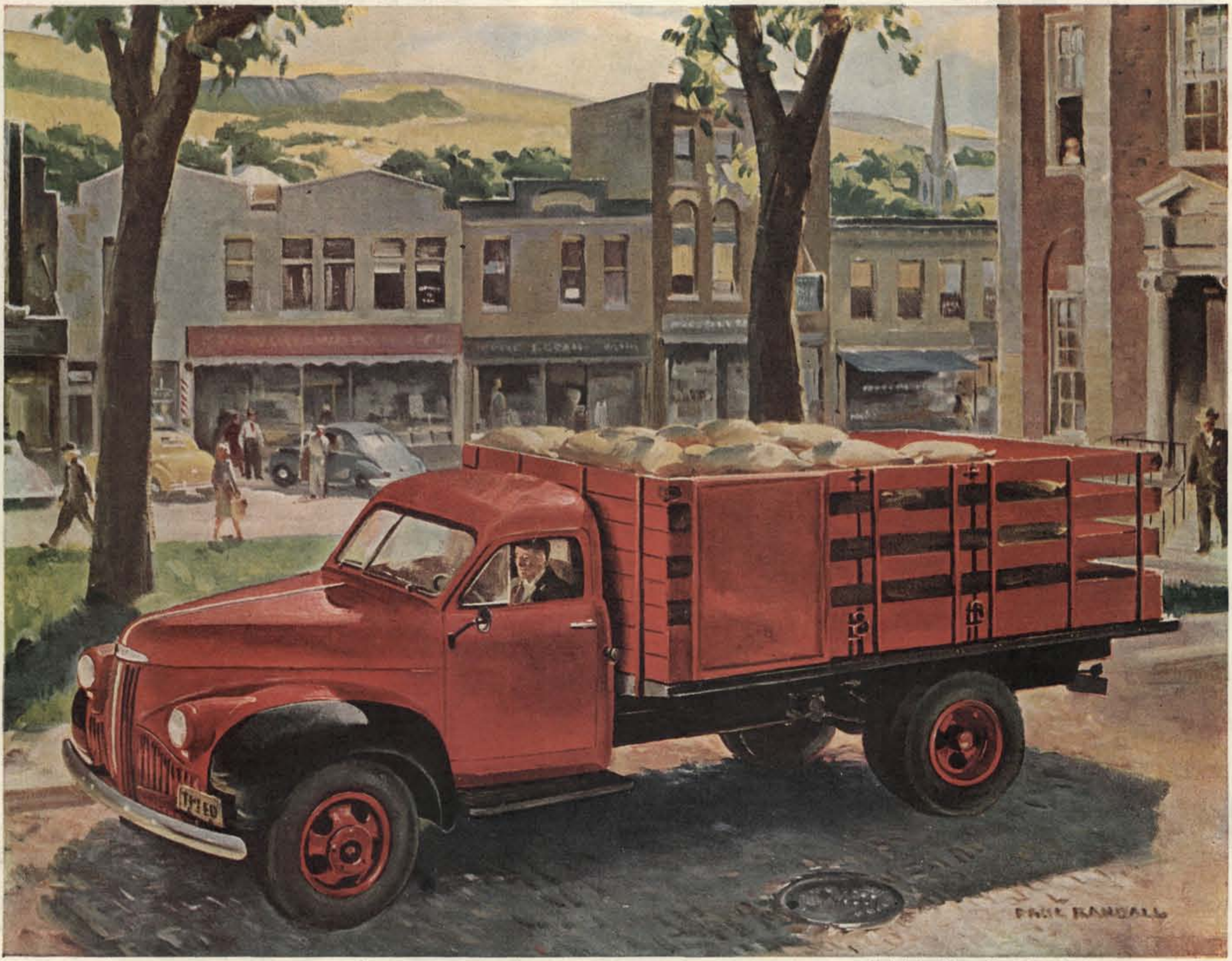
May 11-1946



Studebaker 1½-ton Heavy Duty Truck with 12-ft. Stake Body

These big, able-bodied Studebakers bear the load and spare the cost

AMERICA'S need for top-quality trucks of all sizes is enormous—and it will be some time before supply catches up with demand.

But one of the brightest spots in the picture is the news that more and more big, powerful 1½-ton Studebaker trucks in several wheelbases are now coming off the production lines.

This means that, before too long, Studebaker dealers will be able to supply truck operators with fine new large-capacity Studebakers of tested ruggedness and reliability.

War-proved strength and stamina

Fresh from its war role as one of the world's largest builders of heavy-duty military trucks, Studebaker has now embarked upon a greatly expanded truck building program for the civilian public. In addition to 1½-ton Studebakers with their sturdy Hy-Mileage engines, designed to haul hefty loads at low cost, the line includes versatile, modern one-ton and half-ton Studebaker pick-ups, too.

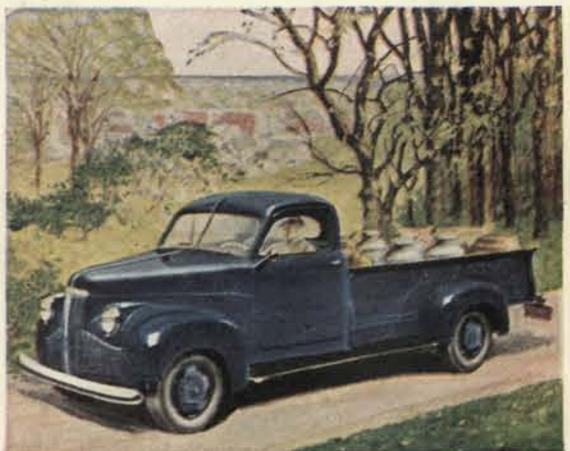
Traditionally fine materials, painstaking craftsmanship and advanced engineering give every Studebaker truck unchallenged value leadership—assure maximum mileage at minimum upkeep expense. And remember, Studebaker's experience in supplying first-class transportation goes back more than 94 years.

Be sure to put these good-looking, brilliant-performing Studebaker trucks first on your shopping list. Drop in now and see your nearby Studebaker dealer about your needs.

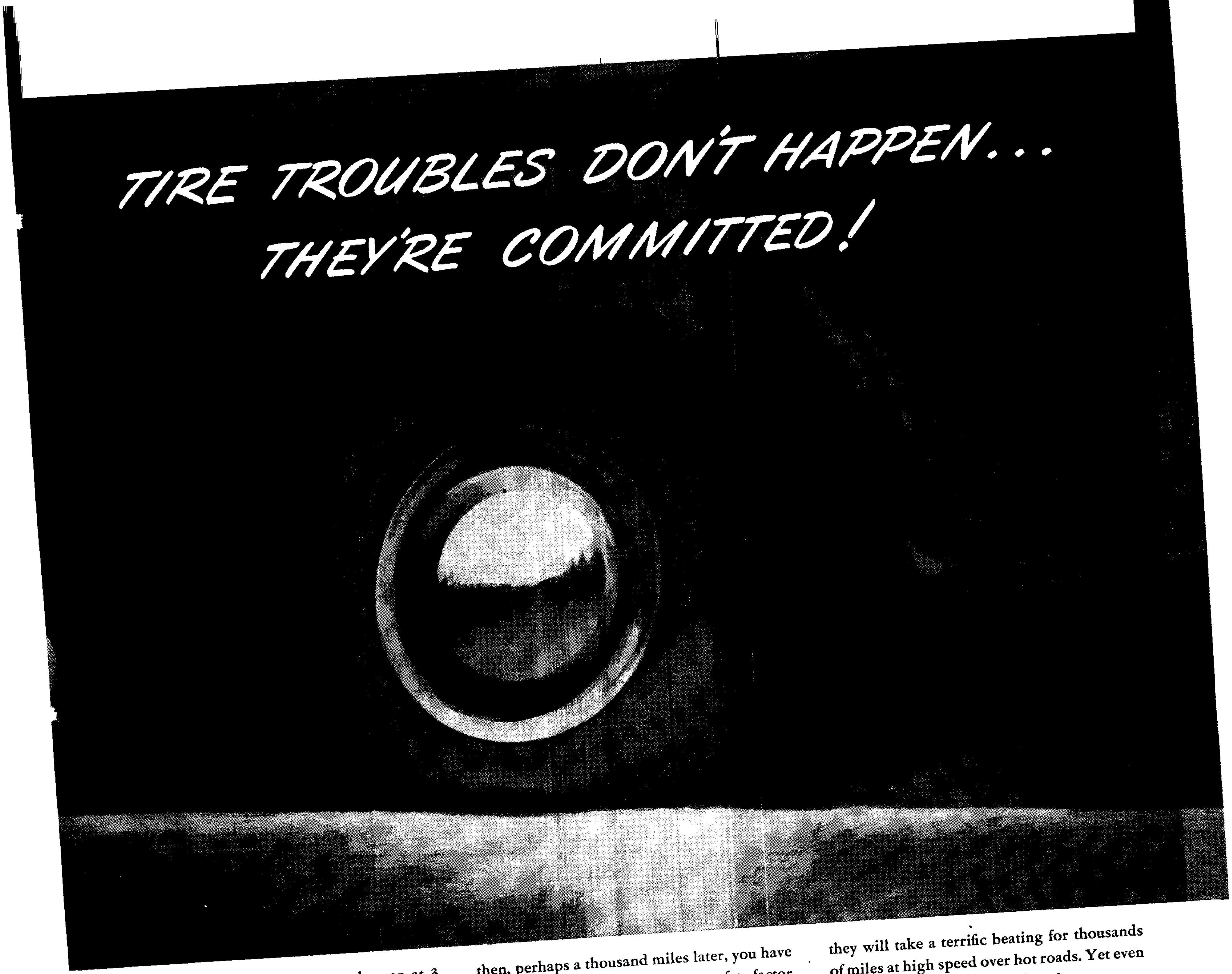
STUDEBAKER

South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

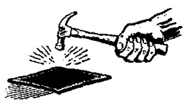
BUILDER OF TRUCKS YOU CAN TRUST



Studebaker's one-ton Coupe Express Pick-up Truck excels in all around utility. Good looking—solid and sound with traditional Studebaker high quality—powered by Studebaker's thrifty 6-cylinder Econ-o-miser engine that made such a great record in the famous Weasel personnel and cargo carrier during the war.

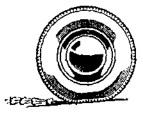


SCRUNCH your tire into a curb even at 3 miles an hour—and you set the stage for future trouble. This is the way flats are born.



When you jam that tire between a steel rim and a stone curb—bang it into a sharp road rut—slam it across car tracks at high speed—and especially when underinflated—the ply fabric, cotton or rayon, may not be able to take it, even if the rubber can.

Lacking rubber's elasticity, those cords rupture, chafe the tube thinner and thinner and then, perhaps a thousand miles later, you have a flat. The generous safety factor built into that tire is gone.

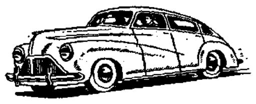


Any LEE tire service man could forecast such a failure weeks in advance by taking off the tire and inspecting the casing on the inside. For there is where the coming event casts its shadow.

No road conditions, no rough usage can build up enough internal pressure to explode a sound LEE passenger car tire. Truly trouble-proof without the need for special gadgets, they will take a terrific beating for thousands of miles at high speed over hot roads. Yet even they can be abused and neglected.

Truckers today are doubling tire life by frequent inspection. You can reap equal dividends by periodical visits to a LEE tire service station for an expert check-up of your tires, inside and out.

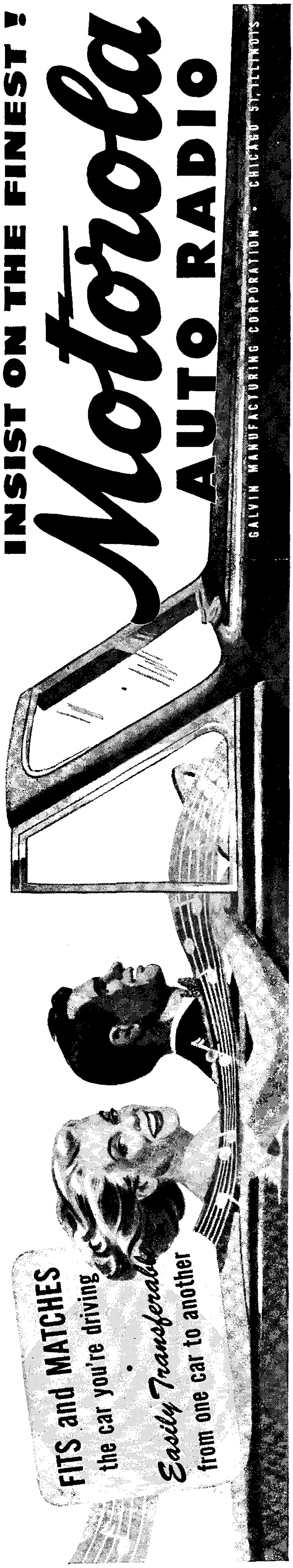
Tire troubles don't happen; they are committed. Care is the obvious antidote. But the surest way to banish such worries is to



Replace with LEE *of Conshohocken* TIRES

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION, C[illegible]SHOHOCKEN, PA.

Lee DeLuxe Tires, Tubes and Accessories Division, Conshohocken, Pa.; Industrial Rubber [illegible]ion, Republic Rubber, Youngstown, Ohio



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Collier's

FOR MAY 11, 1946

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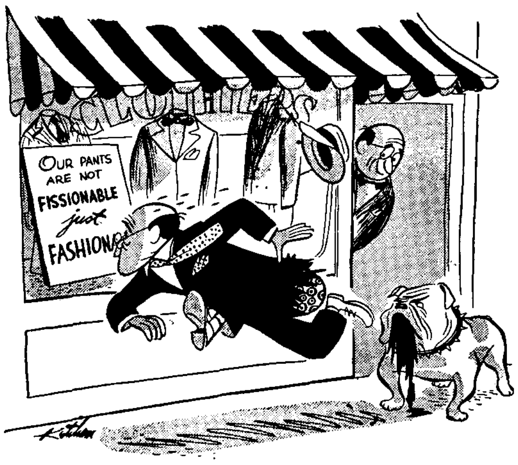
any week

MR. B. P. LEVERLING of Independence, Kansas, wishes it understood that he, at least, is tired of hearing "propagandists for this and that" warning all those who do not agree with such propaganda that they are "sowing the seeds of a third World War." Mr. Leverling says that he finds it hard to believe that the nylon shortage is sowing such seed but that he heard just that from the lips of a lecturing lady who was addressing a club to which his wife belongs.

MEANWHILE we, ever thankful for even the smallest blessing, are thanking God that the people at large are much saner than the headline writers. And that thanksgiving is born of a newspaper headline—"U.S. to Fight to Free Iran"—sent to us by Mrs. Georgina Hasel of Chicago, Illinois, who wants to know what we think of it.

ATOMIC ad in window of a San Francisco clothing store: Our Pants Are Not Fissionable, just Fashionable.


OUR PANTS ARE NOT FISSIONABLE just FASHIONABLE

AND a frank self-appraisal from Mr. James T. O'Duohle of Mobile, Alabama: "For two cents I'd run for Congress and it wouldn't be worth a cent more."

AND two memorable statements overheard while trudging up and down Capitol Hill in Washington. First the operator of the monorail that theoretically runs from the Senate office building to the Capitol: "No, sir, this line don't take you from where you start to where you're going. It was built to but doesn't."

WE WERE still pondering that when we overheard the second. A large and clearly important senator surrounded by half a dozen solemn male constituents was saying: "In that case, gentlemen, I shall insist that we deal firmly with Panama."

EX-G.I. BOYER PLITT of Omaha, Nebraska, would be very pleased to know whether you think that hundreds of billions of dollars might be spent to better advantage in buying farm equipment and the like for Europe's ruined farmers than for that Bikini *(Continued on page 64)*

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WEAVER OF SPEECH . . . This photograph shows the wiring of a switchboard. After the switchboard is made, there is the further job of fitting it into the telephone system. It takes thousands of man hours to install a switchboard for just 1000 new telephone lines.

"We're coming your way with switchboards"

It takes time to make them and a lot of time to put them in. But we're hustling right along with the job.

We've made a dent in the pile of orders where the principal shortage was a telephone instrument. Most of the longer waits are where switchboards and new telephone buildings are needed.

You can be sure of this: We're putting everything we have into the job of getting telephone service back to normal. And then making it better than ever.

BELL TELEPHONE SY

Define PROLON
"PROLON" IS PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC'S NAME FOR THE VERY BEST TOOTH BRUSH BRISTLES!
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC EXCLUSIVE ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES
PROLON
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end PROLON
ORDINARY BRISTLE
PROLON "ROUND-END"
Actual Photomicrographs

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

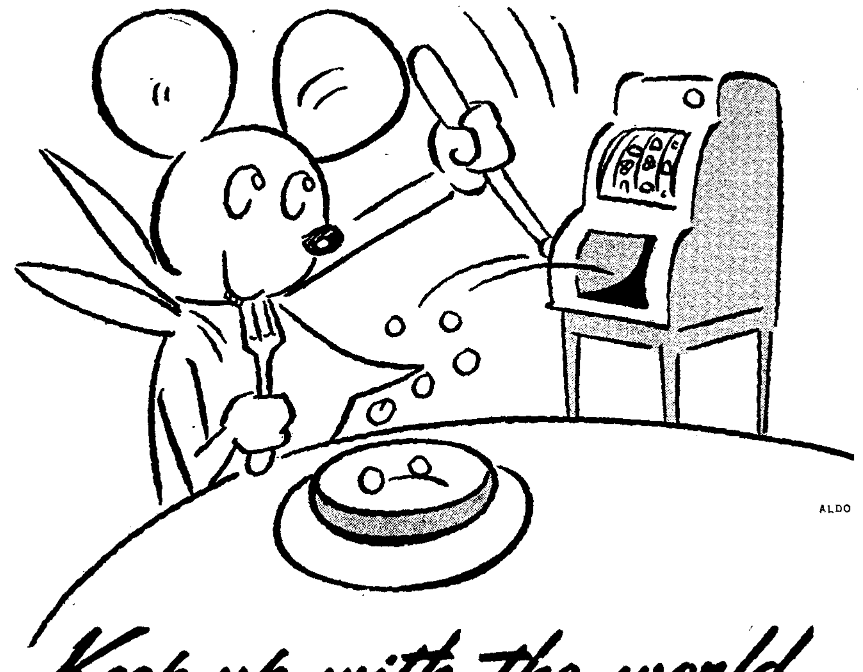
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRUSHES
REGULAR · 50¢ · PROFESSIONAL



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Pliny, a white rat owned by the University of Minnesota shortly before the war, was taught to obtain his food by operating a slot machine. First, he had to stand on his hind legs so he could reach a chain which, when pulled, dropped an agate marble beside him. Pliny then picked up the marble in his forepaws and placed it in a slot on one side of his cage. This closed an electric circuit, causing food to fall into his feeding dish on the opposite side. Although the food dropped a split second after Pliny had released the marble, he was usually able to arrive at the dish ahead of it.

One of the most unusual watches on the market today has not only an hour and a minute hand for indicating local time but also a rotating dial which shows the time in 33 important cities and countries around the world—*By Jeffrey S. Granger, Jr., Exeter, New Hampshire.*

At least 25 species of mushrooms grow in circles, called fairy rings, which expand annually in diameter from six to twenty-six inches until they surround vast meadows. These mushrooms, whose visible part is only their fruit, have a perennial body, consisting of a mass of filaments. The body grows underground where, after consuming the moisture in the soil each season, it moves outward in search of water. Thus, the mushrooms come up every year in a widening circle. Several of these rings, found in Colorado not long ago, were 2,500 feet in circumference and were estimated to have been growing for approximately six hundred years.

While virtually all other large cities in this country long ago raised the fare on their local transit lines to meet increased operating costs, New York still maintains the five-cent fare with the result that its subways in 1945 lost 1.92 cents per passenger, the total deficit amounting to more than $47,000,000. Incidentally, this sum, which was met by property taxes, included $6,000,000 lost on the fares of nonresidents.

A nervous disease of Oriental peoples is miryachit, which causes its victims to mimic involuntarily the voice and actions of others. . . . No real-estate agent is permitted to call himself a "realtor" unless he is a member of one of the boards of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. . . . The Indians of Peru "clean" their high straw hats by applying a coat of white paint.

Among the largest automatons on record was a dinosaur which was built for a theatrical production by the New York firm of Messmore and Damon in 1927. Made of felt and muslin on a rattan framework, this mammoth contraption was 66 feet long, 12 feet high, and contained 17 motors which were connected by a concealed cable to a switchboard backstage. By starting, stopping or reversing various motors, the operator could make the monster breathe, lash its tail, raise and lower its head, move its eyes, open its mouth and, to climax the act, seize a dancing girl in its jaws and carry her into the wings. During the 12 years that the animal was rented to various shows, it earned for its builders well over $250,000.

How seldom Congress passes a bill over a Presidential veto is shown by the number of such actions taken by the 14 Congresses in session during the administrations of Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt. Of the 705 bills vetoed in these 29 years, only 19 Presidential vetoes—or one in 37—were overridden.

One of the most complete miniature circuses in hobby history is "Adel Brothers Circus," which was built by Robert Krueger of Omaha shortly before the war. This model, constructed on a scale of one-half inch to the foot, occupies 450 square feet and contains, for example, a 10,000-seat big top and eight smaller tents, some 400 horses and menagerie animals, 60 exhibition cages, 50 trucks, two band wagons, a steam calliope and 18 ticket booths.

Since 1880, the number of families in England who use their crest or entire coat of arms has decreased from 252,000 to 25,000.

In a number of past issues of the Los Angeles Telephone Directory, two firms have vied with each other for first-place listing by prefixing their names with additional A's. In the current book, the firm previously holding the coveted position with 25 A's has been supplanted by the other which now uses 30 of these initials.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

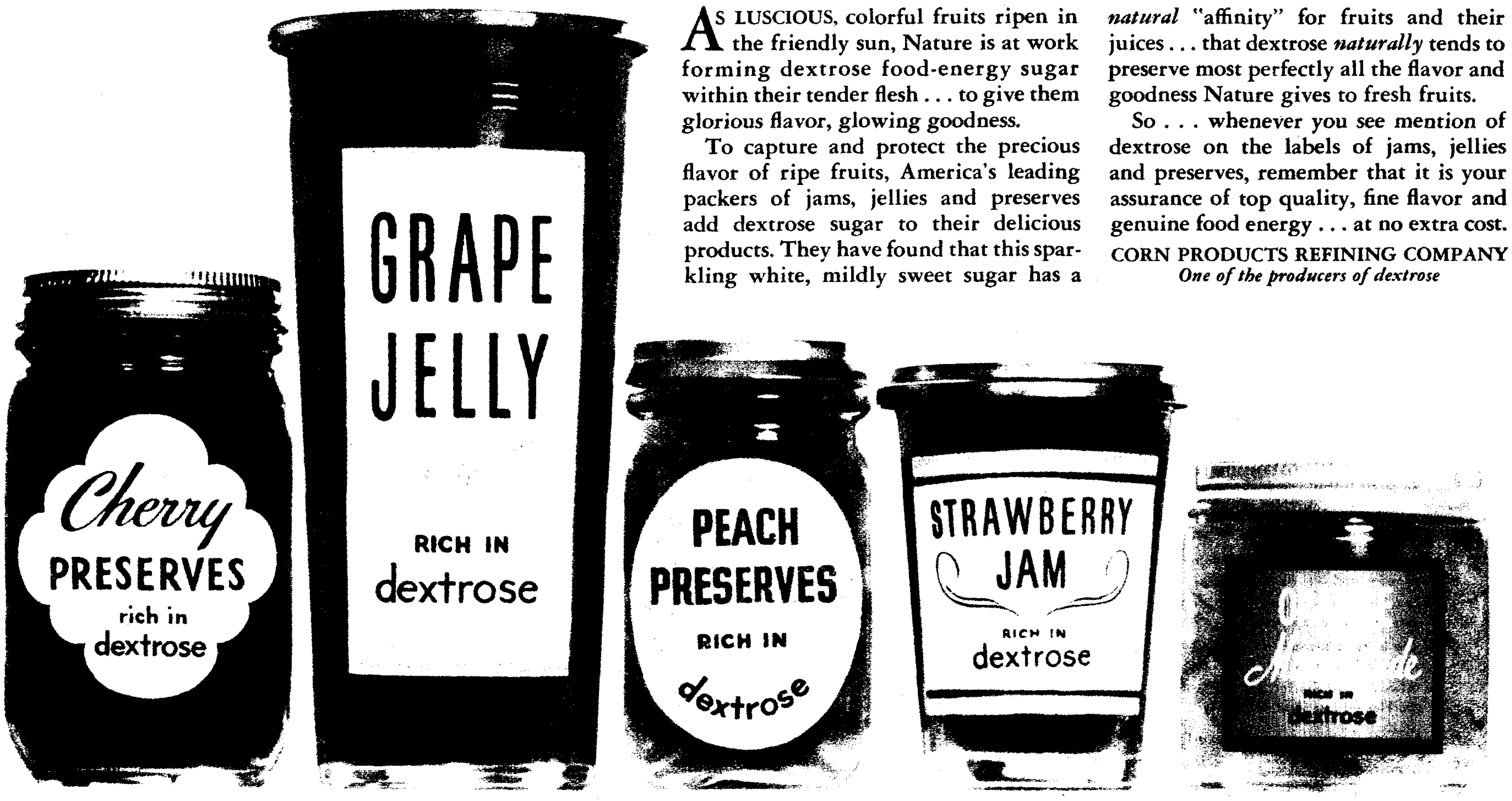
How Nature and dextrose work together

As LUSCIOUS, colorful fruits ripen in the friendly sun, Nature is at work forming dextrose food-energy sugar within their tender flesh . . . to give them glorious flavor, glowing goodness.

To capture and protect the precious flavor of ripe fruits, America's leading packers of jams, jellies and preserves add dextrose sugar to their delicious products. They have found that this sparkling white, mildly sweet sugar has a *natural* "affinity" for fruits and their juices . . . that dextrose *naturally* tends to preserve most perfectly all the flavor and goodness Nature gives to fresh fruits.

So . . . whenever you see mention of dextrose on the labels of jams, jellies and preserves, remember that it is your assurance of top quality, fine flavor and genuine food energy . . . at no extra cost.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the producers of dextrose



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PRESERVES
rich in
dextrose
GRAPE
JELLY
RICH IN
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PEACH
PRESERVES
RICH IN
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STRAWBERRY
JAM
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RICH IN
dextrose

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THE FORTY-NINER
by Speidel

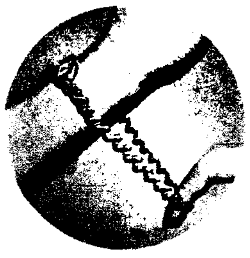
THE PERFECT Mother's Day Gift

BECAUSE IT'S PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL

Why not give Mother a gift she'll remember and cherish for years—a luxurious Speidel Forty-Niner expansion watch bracelet!

- It's genuine 10k gold and stainless steel—slender and luxurious.
- It adds beauty to any watch, smartness to any woman's appearance.
- The links e-x-p-a-n-d, so the Forty-Niner can't fall off her wrist.
- Always fits perfectly. No catches, no buckles—it just slips on or off.

After all, you know jewelry means so much to a woman. So say "I love you" this Mother's Day in a grand way . . . . with a luxurious gold Speidel Forty-Niner.



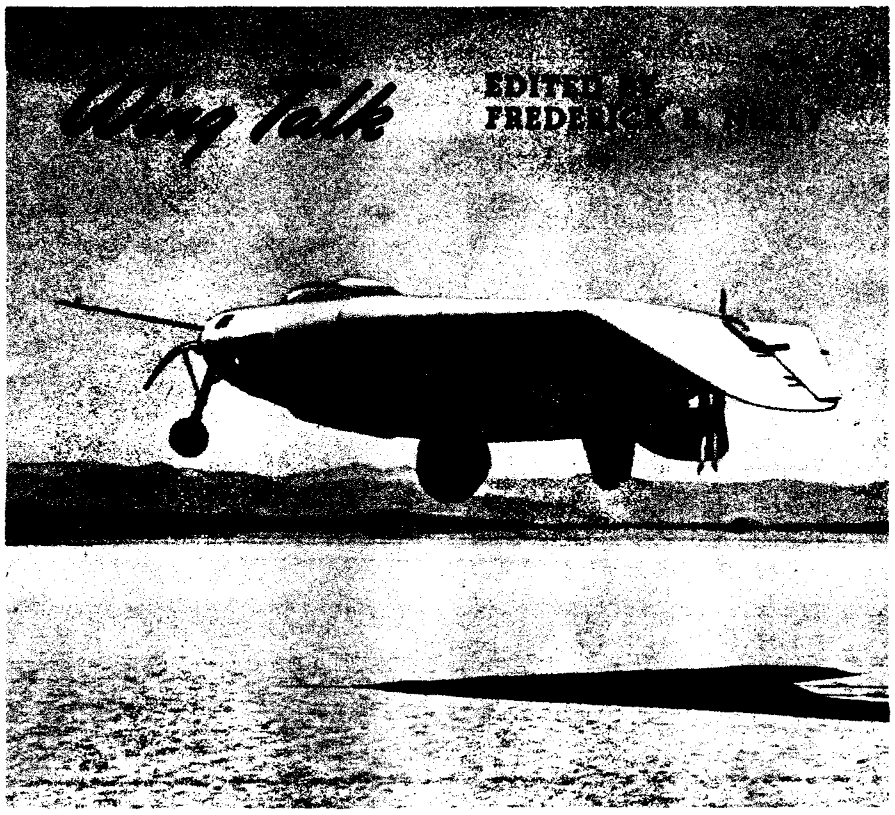
MISS FORTY-NINER
$25
MEN'S FORTY-NINER
$\$32^{50}$
FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

At better jewelers, or write for information to

SPEIDEL CORP. • PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



An early Flying Wing was the NIM, with drooped wings and three-bladed propellers. Research proved that down-angle wingtips were unnecessary

THIS fall a huge new plane, without fuselage or tail, will roar through the skies at 400 miles an hour and at 40,000 feet. The ship is Jack Northrop's Flying Wing, and there is nothing really new about it. Northrop drew the first plans for it in 1923, when, having been promoted from a carpenter, he was working as a draftsman for Douglas at Santa Monica, California.

What bothered Northrop about ordinary aircraft was that, while the wing worked at lifting, the fuselage, tail assembly and engine nacelles were a drag on the plane. The solution seemed to Northrop and a co-worker, Anthony Stadlman, to put everything inside the wing—passengers, cargo, engines and something to take the place of the tail. They drew pictures of a flying wing that looked like an Australian boomerang. Everybody smiled and that was that.

Five years later Northrop tried again. He had a small plant at Burbank, in the San Fernando Valley, and here he built a sort of compromise between a conventional plane and a simple wing. Instead of a fuselage he had twin booms, but the engine was buried in the wing, the landing gear was retractable and the pilot operated inside the wing. The ship was only thirty feet wide and twenty long, with a 90-horsepower engine, but it flew throughout 1929 and 1930. Then the depression stopped everything.

Nothing much happened until 1939. Northrop went ahead making planes for the Army and Navy and finally organized his own concern, which was housed in an abandoned hotel—known as The Yellow Peril—in Hawthorne, California. Here he designed and built the first real flying wing, so small it was known as The Jeep.

The designs evolved one rainy Sunday afternoon, when a party at Moye Stephens' ranch had to hole up in the house. Stephens was the company's secretary. To pass the time Northrop and the visitors cut out and played with paper planes. This pastime got to be serious and from it the first designs were worked out. The first Jeep was built out of wood, in the summer of 1940. Two small 65-horsepower engines were flying the new Wing, which was 38 feet from tip to tip. This model made 200 flights, proved Northrop's ideas were sound and then was given to the Army for the aviation museum at Wright Field, Ohio.

The Army became interested and asked Northrop to work out a wing with a top speed of around 400 miles, and a 40,000-foot ceiling. Northrop had this on paper in September, 1941, and got a contract for two experimental Wings, known as Model XB-35.

Since the Northrop plant at Hawthorne was busy producing the new Black Widow night fighters, work on the Wing was divided between it and the Glenn L. Martin Company of Baltimore, then in smooth production on bombers. Fabrication of parts for XB-35 started in January, 1943.

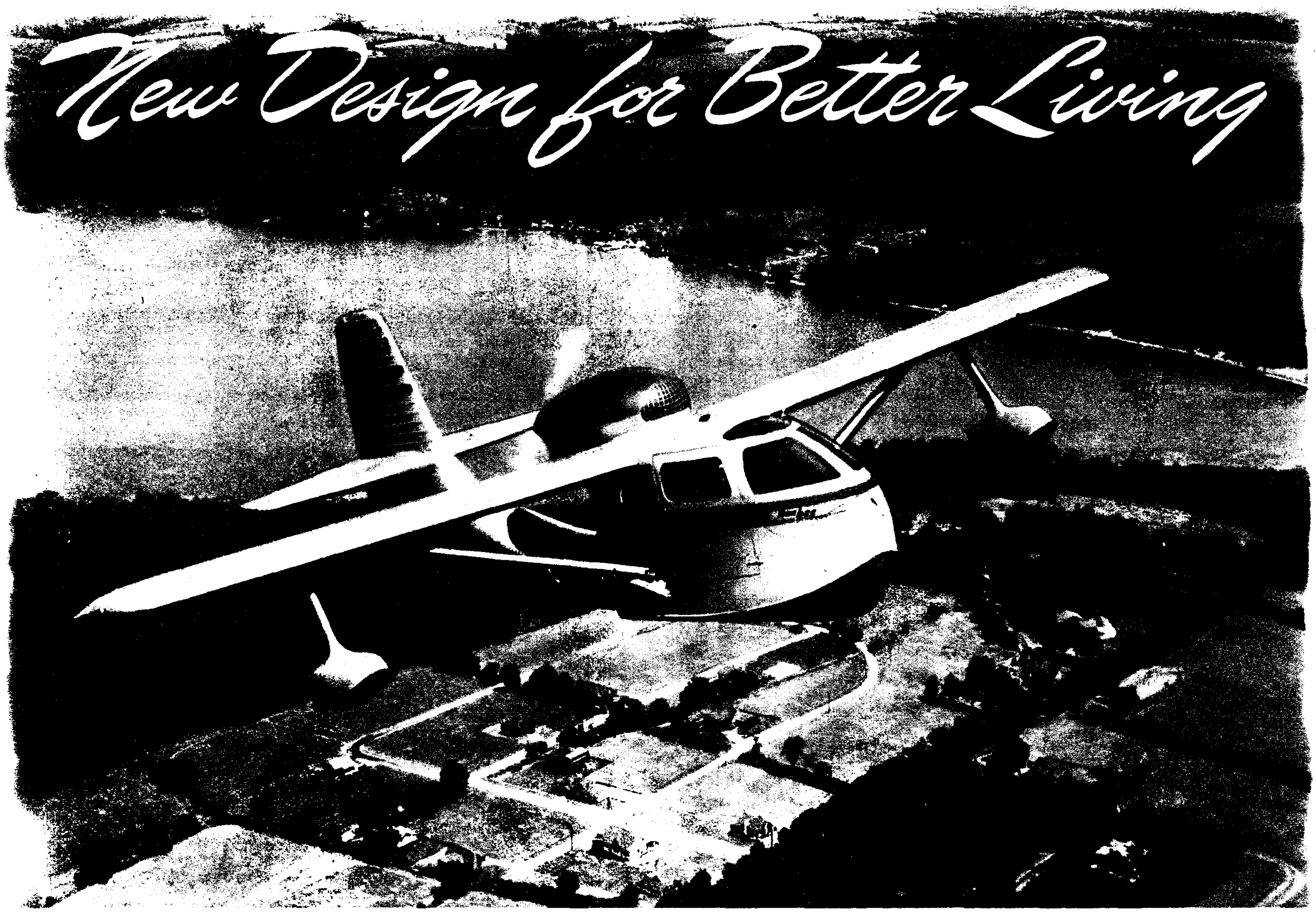
At the same time four 60-foot models were put together for testing purposes. These were powered with two 275-horsepower engines and flown at the Army's secret test base in the Muroc, California, desert area. What these tests showed helped perfect designs for the two big experimental ships.

THE first Big Wing is scheduled to be ready in September and test-flown the following month. Its wing span of 172 feet is 49 feet greater than that of the Lockheed Constellation. Although it is about forty feet less than the span of the Douglas B-19 experimental bomber, the Flying Wing's lifting area, about 4,000 square feet, is larger than the B-19's. In action it will weigh 165,000 pounds, but it can take an overload up to 209,000 pounds, or the equivalent of two fully loaded railroad freight cars.

Power comes from four 3,000-horsepower Wasp Major air-cooled engines set in the trailing edge of the wing spinning four-bladed pusher propellers, which can be reversed to provide braking power for landings. With a five-ton bomb load the ship will have a range of 5,570 miles at 240 miles an hour. It will require a little more than a mile to take off.

Controls usually located in the tail of conventional planes are on the trailing edges of the Big Wing, which is built of a new aluminum alloy. Normal crew will be nine men, with space for six more—all inside the huge wing itself. There is space for 5,000 gallons of fuel in bullet-proof tanks, but 3,000 gallons more can be stored in drop-tanks located in bomb bays. There are eight bomb bays in all; in a cargo ship they would be used for freight.

The Wing itself is seven feet thick, allowing people to walk up and down inside. . . . JIM MARSHALL



ONLY 2 HOURS FROM THE OFFICE

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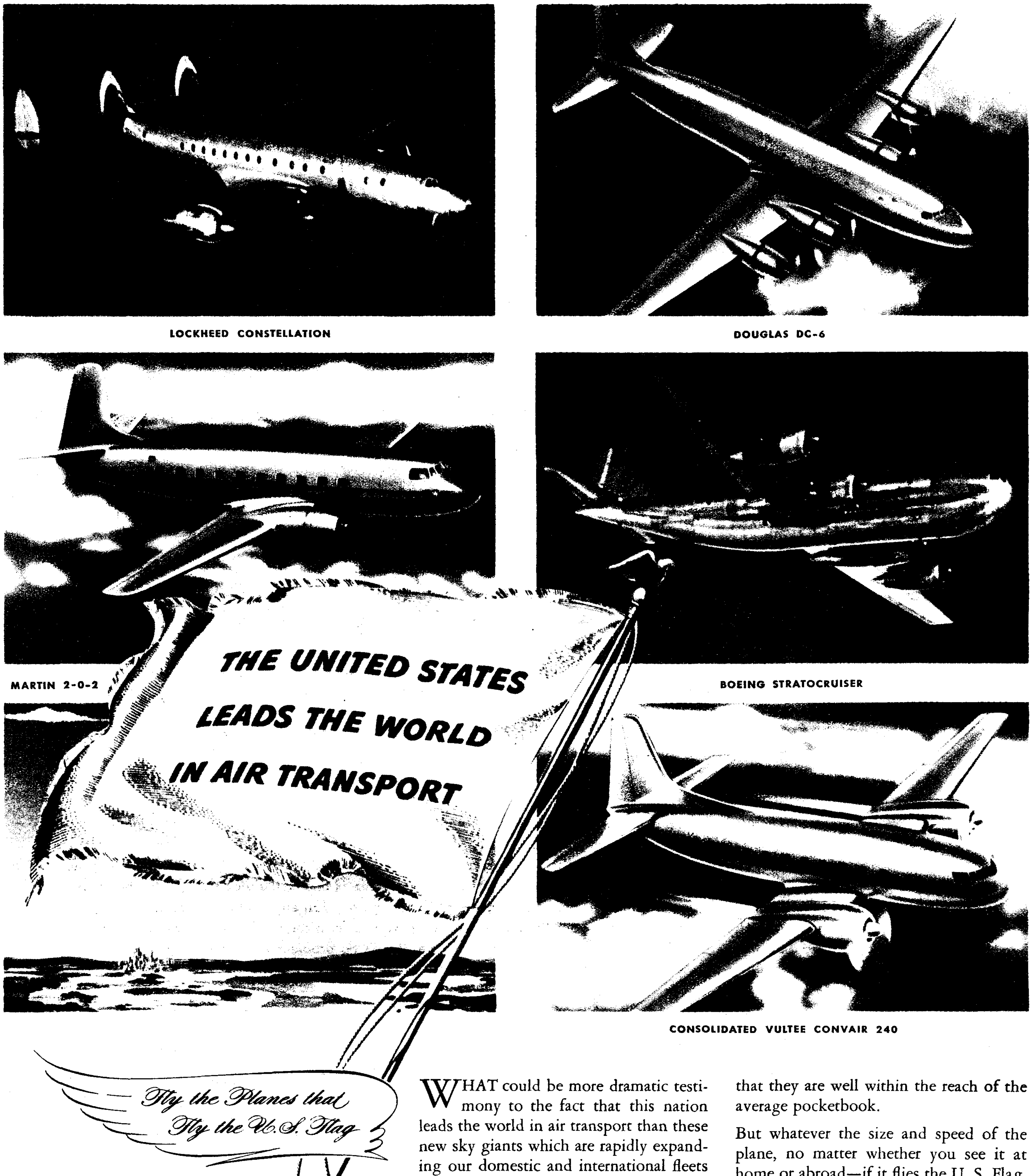
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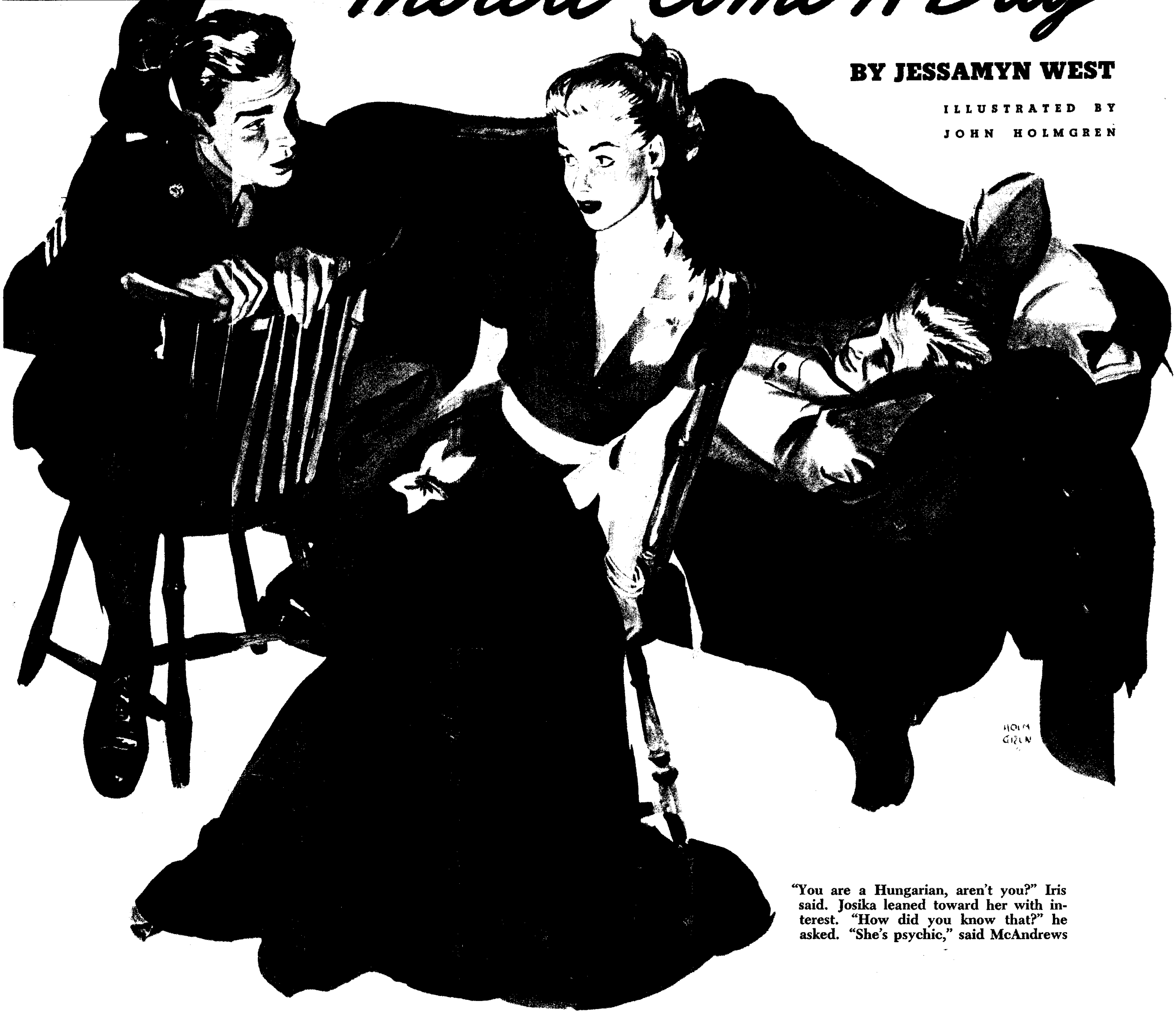
There'll Come A Day

BY JESSAMYN WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN HOLMGREN



"You are a Hungarian, aren't you?" Iris said. Josika leaned toward her with interest. "How did you know that?" he asked. "She's psychic," said McAndrews

This was a day Iris had waited for all her life; it did begin well—with a surprise phone call and two stray soldiers

AT THREE-THIRTY all the food was ready: the sandwiches made, the lady fingers split and jam put between them, the teapot filled with hot water, the bottle of Tokay on the sink with the corkscrew beside it. Iris had decided to let one of the soldiers open the bottle. That, she thought, would be a pleasant domestic action and would help break the ice. If there should be any.

Outside the kitchen window the September air sparkled like running water and the poplar leaves plunged about on their thin stems like hooked minnows. They were noisier than minnows though; not sliding silently as minnows do, cushioned by flash and buoyed by water, but rasping in an impatient vegetable way.

To most people the September sound of drying poplar leaves is melancholy, saying summer has come and gone; but Iris listened with pleasure to their constant light, leathery rustle. They spoke to her of nothing having come and gone, but of beginnings; of the opening of school and of new opportunities. She pushed the kitchen window up a little farther so that she could better smell and hear the afternoon which lay outside the house.

For thirty-two years, the whole of her life, she had believed that at any time, anything might happen. Really, anything. The fact that, in so far as she was concerned, very little had as yet happened, only made it more likely, by the law of averages, that today would be *the* day: the day the stranger would stop, the letter arrive, the phone ring, the importunate voice say, "I have waited for so long."

The phone ringing that morning, unusually early for a Saturday, had not surprised her, though her friend Susy's familiar voice had.

"Iris?" Susy said.

"Yes," she said.

"I'm sorry to get you out of bed so early. I ought to be shot for it when this is your only morning to sleep."

"Oh, that's all right, Susy," Iris said. "I've been awake for a long time anyway, listening to the leaves."

"Listening to what?" Susy asked.

"The leaves."

Susy didn't get it.

"The leaves. The leaves." Iris had repeated. "On trees," she explained. "The poplar leaves. The wind's blowing."

Susy had finally understood. "Oh, fall," she said. "Well, it's just as well you're up then," she had added rather cryptically. "Listen, Iris, Ed's just found that he has to go to San Francisco today and heaven knows how long it will be before he can go again, so I've just got to go, too."

Iris had said, "Yes, Susy," thinking this was perhaps the prelude to an invitation.

"But I can't possibly go unless I get someone to do something for me."

Iris began to understand. "I'll be glad to help any way I can."

"This makes me feel like a heel," Susy declared, "your first day off and everything, but I simply couldn't think of anyone else. Besides," she said, "this is kind of romantic."

"Romantic?" Iris asked.

"Well, it could be," Susy said. "The USO is having a dance tonight for some soldiers from the separation center. Special ones. I don't know just what they

(Continued on page 61)

ATOMIC AGE NAVY

If the atom bomb makes things too hot on the surface, our Navy may eventually have to go under water. Admiral of the Fleet Nimitz suggests some possibilities

WHEN the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima last August, it blasted the world into the consciousness of a new era. As might be expected, many new prophets immediately decreed the end of navies. History shows us that the first use of gunpowder in warfare was regarded as the doom of navies. After solid shot came the armor-piercing shell, and again navies were read out of existence. The submarine's advent produced the same prediction, and, of course, the airplane's extreme advocates are still insisting that air power has superseded all other elements of sea power, although their prophecies of ten years ago have had to submit to considerable amendment.

The atomic bomb is undoubtedly, the most potent offensive missile yet developed. The United States Navy will utilize that weapon, and will utilize any other more powerful instrument that the mind of man devises, just as it utilized gunpowder, armor-piercing shells, submarines, and airplanes to make America powerful on the sea.

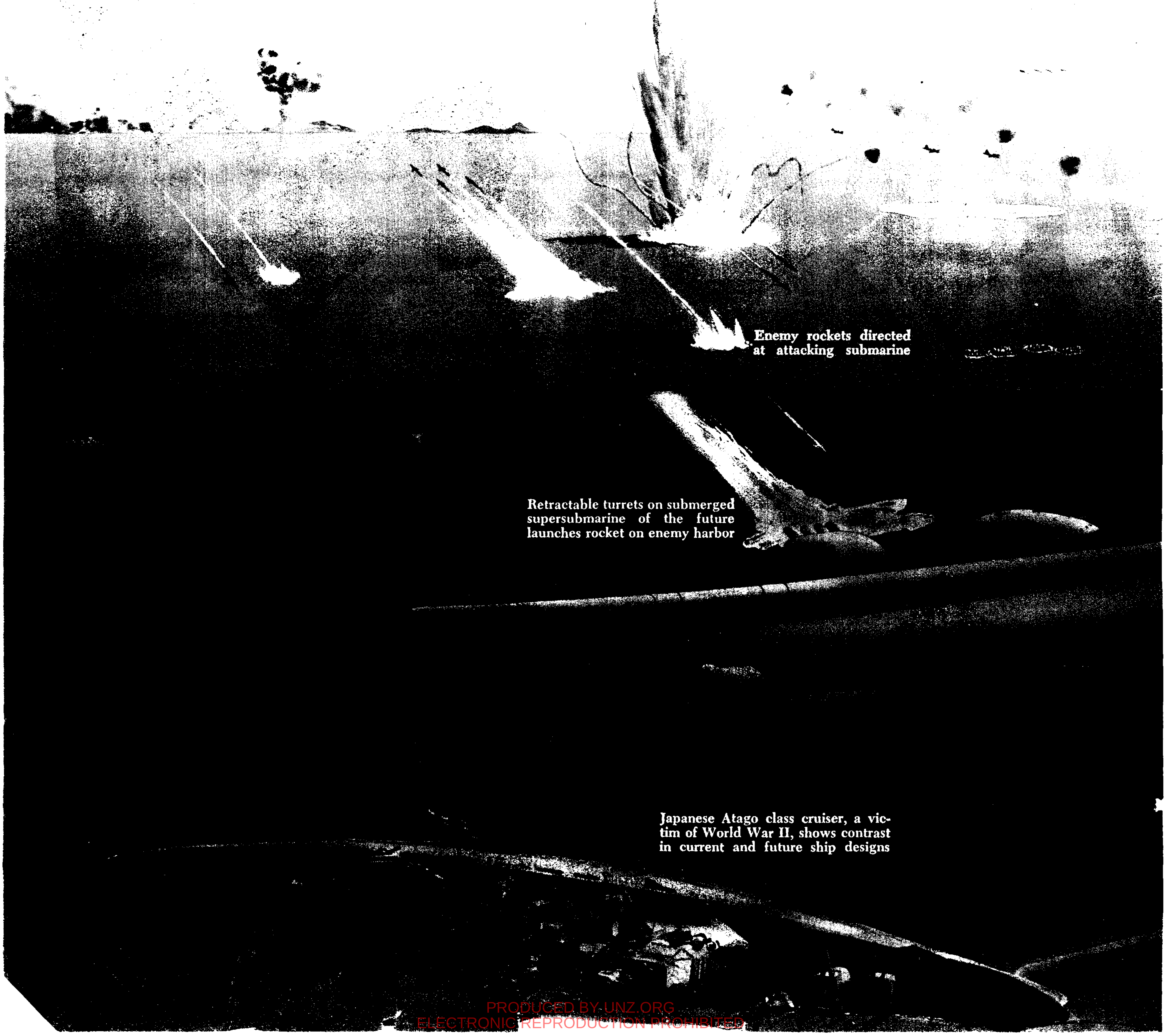
For the present, it is too early to see clearly the kind of transportation and ordnance we are to have in the first period of the Atomic Age. We know that we are going to have more of certain types of ships and less of others. If it should be found that no type of surface ship is useful in the maintenance of sea power, then ships will disappear from the armament of the Navy, to be replaced by whatever substitute is necessary.

Advantage Will Lie with Ships

The atom ultimately will make available releases of energy of astronomical proportions. Ships will be able to utilize power of atomic magnitudes probably more readily and efficiently than any other form of transport. It seems likely that, in time, atom-powered machinery may be developed that will be much smaller, lighter and less bulky than the engines that propel our ships today.

One of the more obvious problems in the use of atomic energy is to shield effectively persons employing it from deadly atomic radiation. In ships, the shielding problem would be greatly simplified, partly by reason of the fact that their engines are below water, and additionally, because compartmentation is an essential feature of their construction. This would be especially true of warships.

The future of navies and of maritime commerce in the Atomic Age would be bright, indeed, if we knew that the force that could make possible bigger and faster ships than the world has yet known, could not also drive them from the surface of the sea. At the same time new weapons may some day deny use of the skies to aircraft. Yet there are areas beneath the surface of the sea where ships may move in relative security. We know



Enemy rockets directed at attacking submarine

Retractable turrets on submerged supersubmarine of the future launches rocket on enemy harbor

Japanese Atago class cruiser, a victim of World War II, shows contrast in current and future ship designs

of no means today—and none in the foreseeable future—by which the movements of submarines, fully submerged, can be consistently detected or continually followed.

Up to now the submarine always has been a weapon of opportunity. It struck at targets when it found them on its patrols. It moved along an enemy's shipping lanes and hacked at his supply trains. It found soft spots in his shore defenses and, slipping in close, shot up industrial and military installations with cannon, rocket and machine-gun fire. It ran the Japanese blockade to bring supplies to Philippine guerrillas. And it landed Marine raiders in the Gilberts. It was a most effective adjunct of the fleet. But it was not the main body of the fleet, not its main striking power.

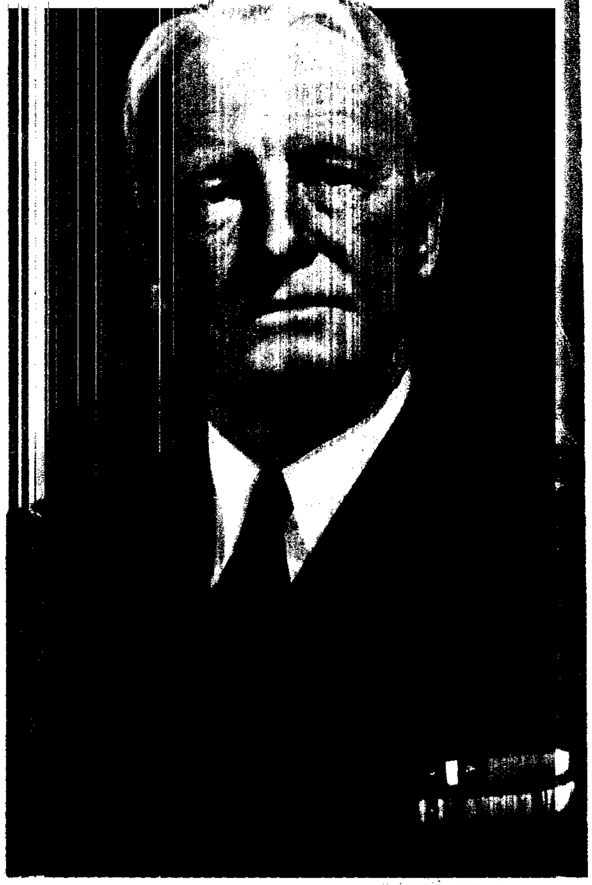
The heavy naval fighting in this war was done by our fast carrier task forces. They ranged the Pacific, knocked out enemy bases, softened beachheads for invading troops, helped to paralyze industrial areas in the Japanese home islands and liquidated the Jap navy. In addition to their extraordinary power, they had great mobility. They replenished fuel and supplies at sea—while under way. They could fight in the Philippine Sea one week and in the China Sea the next. Their artillery was bombing airplanes with ranges of hundreds of miles. They could stalk an enemy, hide from him, attack from ambush.

To what extent can the submarine be used to carry out missions discharged by our carrier task forces? In the first place, it seems clear that the submarine will profit more from the use of nuclear energy for propulsion than any other type of vessel. Sufficient power for high underwater speeds has been difficult to get. Atomic machinery might overcome that difficulty and, at the same time, use less space than present types of submarine engines, thus providing more room for weapons.

But it was aircraft—dive and torpedo bombers and fighters—that gave our task forces their striking power. Can submarines carry aircraft in sufficient size and numbers to replace surface carriers as the mobile air bases of the future?

Submarines have carried airplanes. More than 20 years ago, a seaplane hangar was built into the old S-1. The purpose was to give her a means of distant reconnaissance. In this war, the Japanese built a number of aircraft-carrying

(Continued on page 66)



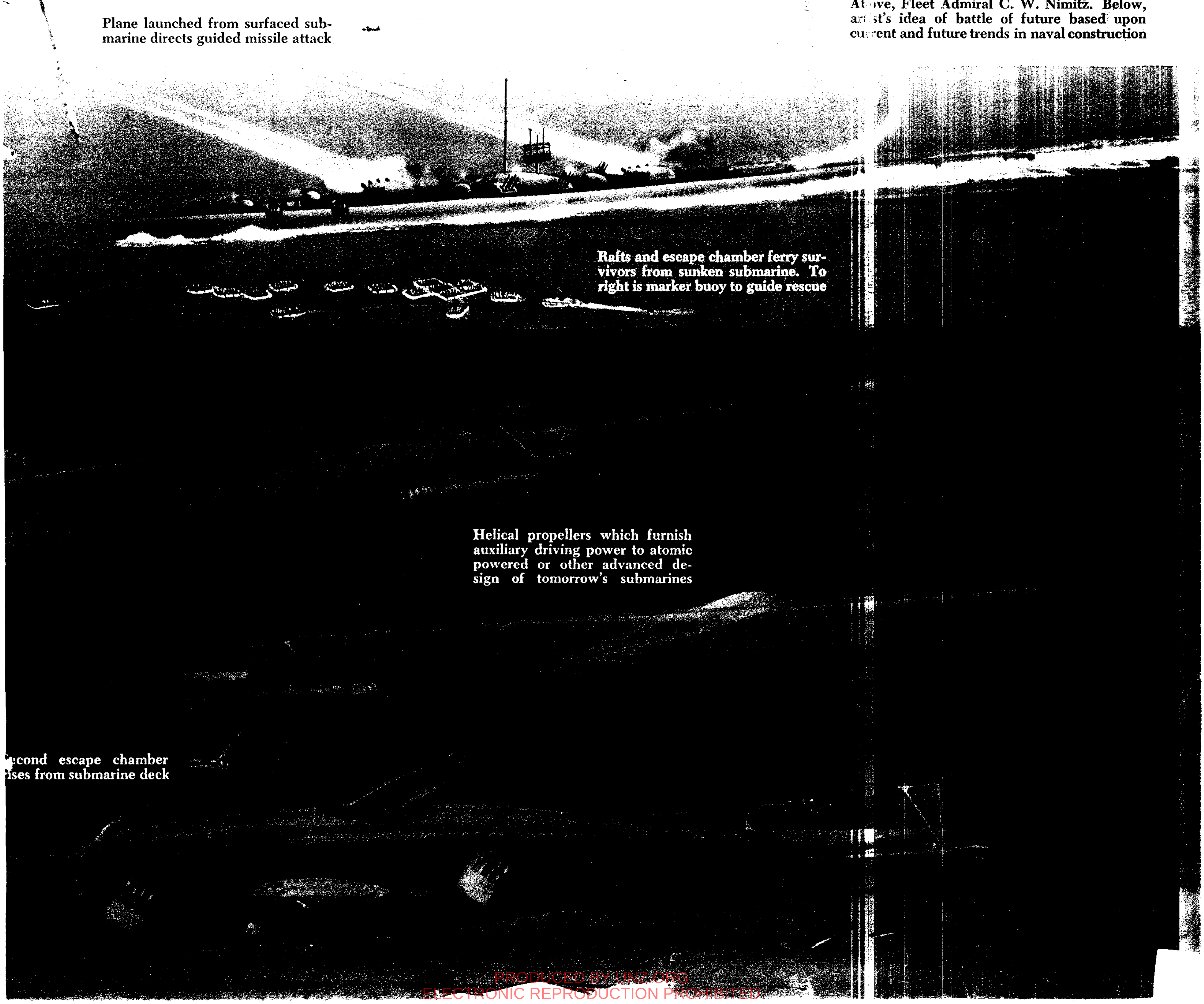
BOB LEAVITT

Above, Fleet Admiral C. W. Nimitz. Below, artist's idea of battle of future based upon current and future trends in naval construction

BY FLEET ADMIRAL CHESTER W. NIMITZ, USN

As told to ROBERT DE VORE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP

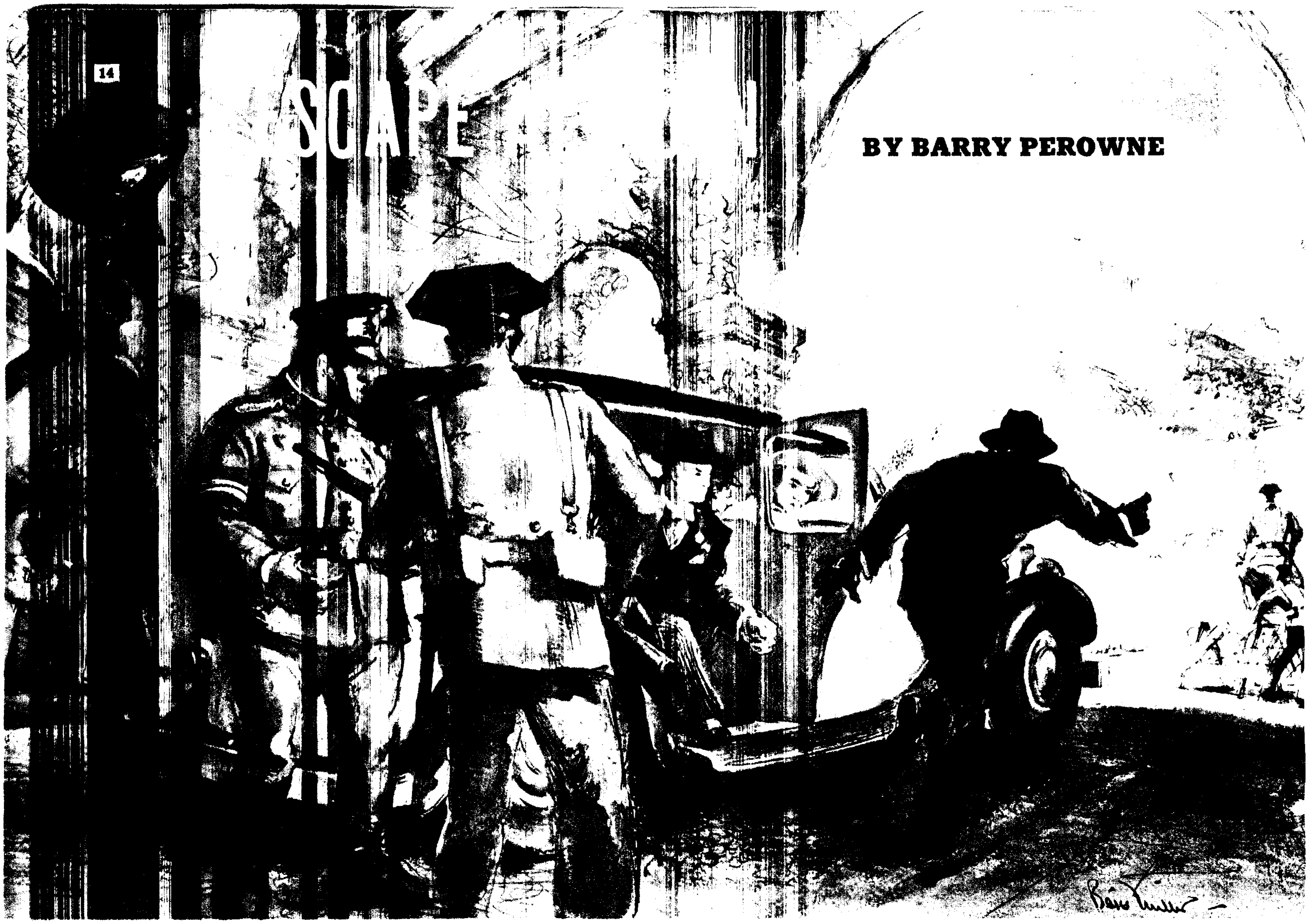


Plane launched from surfaced submarine directs guided missile attack

Rafts and escape chamber ferry survivors from sunken submarine. To right is marker buoy to guide rescue

Helical propellers which furnish auxiliary driving power to atomic powered or other advanced design of tomorrow's submarines

econd escape chamber ises from submarine deck



BY BARRY PEROWNE

Señor Avanel, crouching a little, an automatic gripped in his right hand, ran desperately for the gap made by the shifting of the wire barrier

The story of a perilous adventure undertaken by a brave and generous woman

IT WAS noon of a blazing day on the strip of treeless, scorched ground, the "neutral territory," between the Gibraltar gate and the Spanish town of La Linea. To left and right, the sea lay, dazzling. Ahead of Miss Perrin, the gaunt, yellowish structure of the *aduana,* the Spanish customhouse, trembled in the heat-blur.

The archway through the building was blocked by a barbed-wire barrier and patrolled by a couple of mounted civil guards. Their glazed black hats gleamed in the sun; their equipment flashed yellow; their weapons glinted hotly with every movement of their tall, powerful horses. Arrogantly, they watched the approach of the short, sturdy, middle-aged lady in the white linen suit and the inexpensive straw sun hat.

"*Buenos días,*" said Miss Perrin pleasantly.

The guards didn't answer, only looked down at her, their hard-bitten, dark faces as inscrutable as if gray-haired American ladies with capacious marketing bags had been a common spectacle at the *aduana* these past ten years.

Miss Perrin's gray eyes remained cool. No color deepened the even tan of her cheeks. A faint smile lurked about her lips as she moved toward a smaller arch to the right of the wire barrier.

Through this arch, a queue of women in threadbare black dresses and frayed rope shoes shuffled in single file, showing slips of paper to an armed trooper in the gray-green uniform of the *carabineros.* Beside the trooper stood a watchful officer, a fat man with a three-day beard, a mustache of sweat, and a cigar stub clamped between his teeth.

The women were peasants returning from the morning market in Gibraltar. Now and then, the officer intervened to order one of them into a room marked *Mujeres,* for searching.

He intervened again when Miss Perrin's turn came.

"*Extranjera?*" he said, looking at her sharply.

"Yes," Miss Perrin admitted, "I am a foreigner." Her Spanish was rusty. "Here are my papers. I had great difficulty in obtaining them, but you will find them in order. My business is stated there."

The officer studied the documents suspiciously. "Welfare and reunion of refugee children," he muttered. "Where do you proceed, *señora?*"

"To Campamento, just across the frontier here," said Miss Perrin. "I return in a few hours."

"What have you in that bag?"

"Some trifles of grocery," Miss Perrin said, and was opening the marketing bag when the officer peremptorily thrust her papers back at her.

"Wait! Remain here!" he said. And to the trooper: "You—inform the *jefe* that the duke returns this instant!"

The trooper doubled across to a doorway in the opposite side of the arch, and the officer pocketed his cigar stub and hooked up the neck of his tunic. He strode forward, shouting orders that galvanized the *carabineros* sitting and leaning around under the arch. They began to pull the wire barrier aside. The swords of the mounted civil guards, out in the sunshine, hissed from their scabbards and flashed to the salute. The chief of the *aduana* hastened out from his office, buckling his Sam Browne over his dark-blue, gold-braided uniform, as a big, closed, shining limousine, chauffeur-driven, purred to a standstill under the arch.

The face of the man in the back of the car was aristocratic, aquiline, clean-shaven. It was almost gray in hue, heavily bagged under the dark eyes, with a small, wry mouth. He wore a derby hat and a morning coat, a pearl pin in his silk cravat. The expression of invincible ennui with which he glanced around set him more sharply apart from the sullenly watching peasant women than overt hauteur could have done. But when his eyes encountered the utilitarian figure of Miss Perrin, holding her documents and her marketing bag, his brows rose. At once, he wound down the window, looking out.

"Miss Margaret Perrin, is it not?" he said. "What is this? You have some difficulty?"

Under the gaze of fifty pairs of eyes, Miss Perrin was tranquilly self-possessed. She saw the *carabinero* officer whisper to the customs chief—and she said easily:

"Why, no, Duke, I don't anticipate any difficulty. I was just waiting my turn."

The customs chief began to speak apologetically, but the duke waved him to silence. "Permit me to offer you a lift, Miss Perrin."

He spoke to the chauffeur, who sprang out, took Miss Perrin's bag, held open the door for her. The eyes of the waiting women followed the bulging, unexamined bag as the chauffeur then walked around and placed it in the baggage trunk.

Through the window, the duke shook hands languidly with the customs chief. "I visit Gibraltar again on Saturday morning, *jefe.* Meantime, thank you for your courtesy. *Adios.*"

Leaving the customs chief bowing, smiling, saluting, the big car nosed forward out of the arch into the sun-dazzling, shabby streets of La Linea.

MISS PERRIN had met the Duke of Calero just once before; at a luncheon at Government House, Gibraltar. But though she had been in Gibraltar ten days, awaiting the arrival of a party of Greek refugee children whose escort for the last stage of their homeward journey she was to take over, she knew little about the duke, save that he controlled vast sherry *bodegas* in the rich wine center of Jerez de la Frontera. The purpose of his visits to Gibraltar was no concern of hers—any more, she felt, than the reason for her visit today to Campamento was of concern to him.

It was, in fact, in the nature of a side line from her normal activities.

Had she told the duke that she was going to visit the family of a man who had

(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY BARSE MILLER

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A Challenge To American Women

A distinguished author and leader in the battle for social progress charges that American women are "more cruel, more selfish and more material in outlook than American men." Now they are standing at the crossroads

BY AGNES E. MEYER

IN WASHINGTON I recently attended a luncheon in honor of Gabrielle Mistral, Chilean poet who won the Nobel Prize this year, and Lisa Meitner, German Jewish physicist who made invaluable contributions to the development of the atomic bomb. The simplicity, gentleness and modesty of these two great women, the sculptural power, the calm sensitivity of their faces, the spiritual depth of their eyes, made them stand out as unique human beings amid the robotlike similarity of the American women. The two foreigners had individuality that had grown, and seemed to promise still more growth. We Americans looked like finished products, a mass-production job just off the assembly line.

"What's the matter with us?" I asked myself. In the morning paper I had been reading numerous letters from G.I.s complaining about the superficiality of American women in comparison with those of Australia, Britain, France and Germany.

"The English girl is direct, frank and unassuming," said one of them. "The American girl puts on an act and is interested in a man only for what she can get out of him."

Another returned veteran said with disgust: "Here the women trample one another for nylons. Over there they stand in line patiently for a crust of bread."

These soldiers of ours have a right to gripe about the contrast. All over the world they made a reputation for befriending the enemy's children and feeding the hungry ones. Here at home I found very few women willing to feed and befriend lonely, hungry war workers' children right at their doorsteps. Now these same women are listening to lecture after lecture on delinquency and wondering how American youth got that way.

After two years of travel through our war-torn country, I am bound to agree with the G.I.s' verdict on American women. These boys and their reactions to the home front are further proof of what my own war experiences led me to believe: that American women are more cruel, more selfish and more material in outlook than American men.

Today our American women are standing at the crossroads. As our institutions have been friendlier to women than those of any other country, American women owe the greatest contribution to the nobility of life. They have an inescapable responsibility for the preservation of our highest traditional values in terms of contemporary needs. The road which the majority of them now choose will determine to a great extent the future of our civilization.

I remember a prosperous New England suburb—let's call it Brightville—which, through the fortunes of war, suddenly found a large trailer colony of shipyard workers planted within its city limits. The natives were horrified. When I investigated the situation, some 400 trailer children had been deprived of all

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Everything Shipshape

Leslie knew what she wanted, but she didn't know how to get it. Jake couldn't even decide what it was he wanted

JAKE THOMASON came back from the wars on the nine-o'clock bus from the city. He located Encino Beach's one taxicab and swarmed into it with his plunder bag and headed like a homing pigeon for the small house that hung on the hill overlooking the Bay.

By eleven o'clock, such was the efficiency of her grapevine, Leslie Robbins heard the news. She laid aside her palette and cleaned her brushes with care and took off her smock and hung it over the easel. She looked out of her window and saw the brilliant sun and the sparkling blue water, and she knew, as surely as a hunter knows that ducks will water at evening, where Jake was to be found. She went into the bedroom and took off her clothes and dug deep in the dresser for the bathing suit she had never worn and put it on and looked at herself carefully in the mirror. "I suppose," she said aloud, "that it isn't illegal, or they'd never have sold it to me."

She got out her bathing cap and a towel and slipped her feet into clogs and went out of the house into the sunshine. At the little white front gate she paused briefly and crossed her fingers over her left shoulder. "Five years," she murmured. "That's a long time." She went out through the gate and closed it firmly behind her.

She skirted the Yacht Club, feeling, in her new bathing suit, that her intentions would be just too obvious, although she knew that they had been obvious for some time. She left her towel and her clogs on the sand and put on her cap, and took a sight on Jake's small sloop and on the dinghy astern. Then she waded out into the cold water and took a deep, determined breath and dove under and struck out for the sloop in a steady, even crawl.

Jake was below when she reached the boat. She grabbed the rail and shook the water from her eyes. Her teeth were chattering. She said: "Ahoy!"

JAKE'S head appeared over the side. It was as she remembered it; it was the way the pictures she had clipped had shown it. Even after five years. There was a little gray at the temples, she saw, and there were new lines around the mouth, but essentially it was the same, and the same grave sparkle lay far back in his eyes. The sparkle dimmed when he saw her, and that was the same, too.

The speech Leslie had laboriously put together disappeared from her mind. She tried to smile, but her teeth chattered too much and her jaw muscles trembled. "It's cold," she said.

Jake nodded. There was a pipe in his mouth which he made no effort to displace, and his words came around it almost indistinguishably. "The water usually is this time of year," he said. The sparkle was almost gone.

Leslie shook her head angrily. "May I come aboard?" she demanded.

Jake eyed her somberly. "I suppose," he said after a time. He caught her wrist in his strong hand and heaved, and Leslie came up out of the water and slithered ignominiously over the rail into the cockpit. Jake watched her. He saw the bathing suit, what there was of it, and he saw the figure within it and he brought into his mind a picture of Leslie five years ago, in full adolescence, bulging noticeably in whatever she wore and with unbelievable appetite and capacity for malted milks and fudge sundaes and general obnoxiousness. Externals changed in the natural course of things, he supposed—he didn't know much about such matters—but somewhere he had read, or heard, that character is jelled by the age of four. Leslie, therefore, having been an unspeakable brat at all ages up to seventeen, was still a brat regardless of face and figure and other external camouflage. "Hello," he said, without enthusiasm. Then, feeling that his duties as unwilling host were discharged, he turned back into the cabin.

Leslie got herself up and onto the seat. She checked the bathing suit and found nothing awry. She sat quietly for a few moments, absorbing the warmth of the sun; and while she sat she looked about her. The deck and the rail and the coaming, she noticed, were sleek and clean: they had taken that last coat of varnish well. At least, she thought, she was a good painter. She said aloud: "Do I get a drink, or do I die here of pneumonia?"

Jake turned in the cabin and looked at her wonderingly. "Drink?" he said slowly. "For you? What do you drink?"

Leslie kept her face straight. "There's whisky in the locker," she said. "There's also some rum. Whichever is handy. Just a small one, please."

He turned back into the cabin in some confusion and she heard him opening the locker and banging bottle and glass. Presently he came out into the cockpit and handed her two fingers of whisky in a highball glass. He watched her while she tossed it off, and he took the glass and turned back into the cabin before her shudders began and the tears came into her eyes. She was under control again when he returned, but it was a few moments before she could trust her voice. Finally, "Is everything shipshape?" she asked.

He was stuffing his pipe. He nodded. "George kept her up well," he said.

George, indeed! Leslie took a deep breath and opened her mouth and then closed it again silently. He'd find out soon enough that George had been in the Army for three years. "And your house?" she asked sweetly.

He nodded again, drawing carefully on his pipe. "The neighbors were wonderful," he said.

Leslie choked inwardly. "Lovely people," she said. "Grand people."

Jake let his voice harden a little. "I think they are," he said. "I appreciate what they've done, the work they've gone to."

"That's what I said," Leslie said sweetly. "Grand people."

Jake looked at her. "Warm enough now to swim back?" he asked quietly.

"No," snapped Leslie. "No. I'm not."

There was silence. Leslie flaunted herself on the seat. Jake leaned against the boom and pulled on his pipe and let his eyes wander over the harbor.

After a time Leslie broke the silence. "What are you going to do now?" she asked. "Now that you're back, I mean?"

Jake shook his head and let his shoulders rise and fall. "I've four and a half months accumulated leave," he said. "When that begins to run out, I'll think about it." He didn't look at Leslie.

Leslie said slowly, "Walter Dixon is opening a small-boat plant here. He's looking for a sales manager who's known and who knows boats." That much she had from the newspaper. She saw him turn to face her and she saw the sudden interest in his eyes. "He likes men with marine engineering degrees," she added, "and he particularly likes them if they've done a lot of sailing themselves." The interest grew; she could see it, and she waited for his reply. It was important.

But his voice held nothing. "So?" he said. And he turned away again and looked out over the water.

Leslie said suddenly, "Oh, damn you, Jake Thomason!" And she rose from the seat in one angry movement and turned and dived cleanly over the side and struck out for the shore. From the boat, Jake watched her, startled.

LESLIE showered outside her house, and hung up the wet suit. She went in, wrapped in her towel, and she dried herself savagely in the bathroom, shivering in front of the electric heater. She worked until her skin glowed and some of the warmth of the heater penetrated and then the tears began, slowly, silently, filling her eyes and rolling down her cheeks. She sat down on the edge of the bathtub and put her face in her hands and let the tears come. And then, after a long time, she made the tears stop and she dried her face and her eyes and stood up and glared at herself in the mirror. "Never, never, never say die!" she said. "The motto of the Robbinses, of this Robbins, anyway. You couldn't expect any more at the start, you fool!" She made herself smile. "Pip, pip!" she said. And she squared her shoulders and marched out of the bathroom, with her towel slung over her shoulder.

That afternoon she went out into the studio and took down from the wall the painting she had done of Jake's sloop turning a marker. It was a good painting; it was one of her best and it was worth two hundred dollars at her dealer's and worth a great deal more than that on her own wall. She packed it up in heavy paper and then dressed herself with care, and when she was done and her inspection showed satisfactory results she went out to her little car and stowed the package on the seat beside her. "Nothing ventured," she said, "nothing gained." And she backed out of the driveway and turned and headed uptown to the hotel where, the Encino Beach Gazette said, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dixon were staying during the negotiations for the new plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon were in. This much she got from the hotel clerk. The rest of it—whether Mr. and Mrs. Dixon would see her or not—she did not wait to hear. With her painting under her arm she took the elevator and marched down the hall and beat on the door of the Dixon suite.

Mrs. Dixon answered the knock. She was a broad, kindly woman, with a timid voice. She was unmistakable from her picture in the paper. "Yes?" she said.

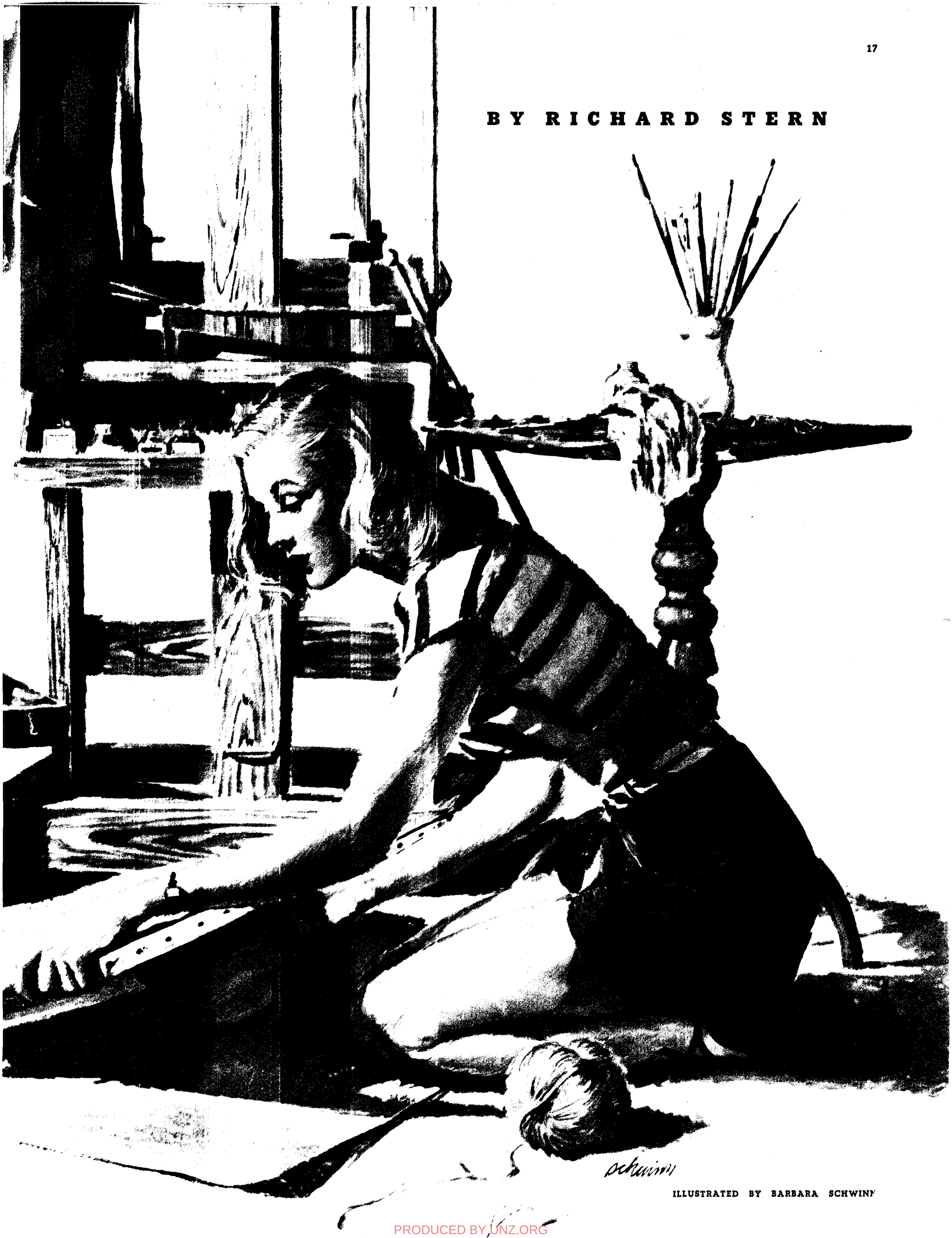
Leslie took a deep breath. "My name is Leslie," she said, not without pride. "I am a painter."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Dixon timidly, and

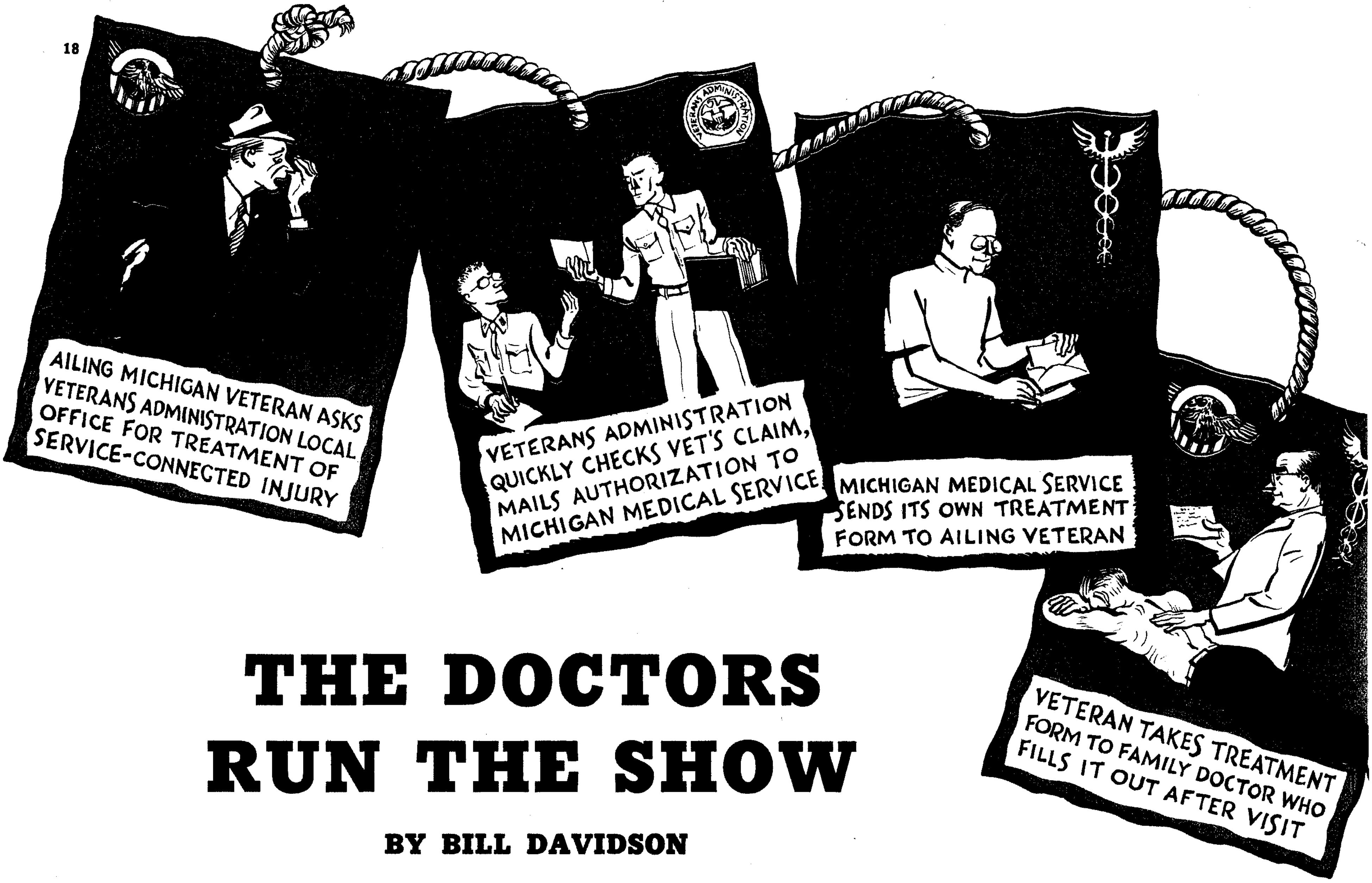
(Continued on page 32)

Leslie took down the painting she had done of Jake's sloop and began wrapping it up. It was one of her best, and it was worth two hundred dollars at her dealer's and worth much more than that on her own wall

BY RICHARD STERN



ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN


AILING MICHIGAN VETERAN ASKS VETERANS ADMINISTRATION LOCAL OFFICE FOR TREATMENT OF SERVICE-CONNECTED INJURY
VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
VETERANS ADMINISTRATION QUICKLY CHECKS VET'S CLAIM, MAILS AUTHORIZATION TO MICHIGAN MEDICAL SERVICE
MICHIGAN MEDICAL SERVICE SENDS ITS OWN TREATMENT FORM TO AILING VETERAN
VETERAN TAKES TREATMENT FORM TO FAMILY DOCTOR WHO FILLS IT OUT AFTER VISIT

THE DOCTORS RUN THE SHOW

BY BILL DAVIDSON

The revolutionary new Michigan Plan is not only giving veterans the best medical treatment in the world—it may well be the answer to free enterprise in state medicine

ONE morning in 1944, young Mr. Roe Stephens of Detroit woke up with an aching back. This was not the garden-variety, Army-type aching back. A few months before, Mr. Stephens, then a corporal, had tarried too long over a game of cribbage during a Jap air raid on Amchitka and was tossed high in the air by an exploding bomb. And since the said explosion had resulted in a smashed cartilage and his medical discharge from the Army, Mr. Stephens decided that morning to avail himself of the treatment which the government provides for veterans with disabilities incurred in the service.

He contacted the Veterans Administration. "Come out to our hospital in Dearborn," said the Veterans Administration. "And don't be a minute later than 8 A.M. on such and such a date."

On the designated date Mr. Stephens and his aching back got up at 4 A.M., walked through the rain and took a streetcar to downtown Detroit. In downtown Detroit, he waited around until 6 A.M. and then boarded a bus which took him out to the western fringe of the city. Here, Mr. Stephens and his aching back transferred to another bus, which went to Dearborn, 12 miles from Detroit. From the point on the highway where this bus let him off, he then walked a half-mile through the mud and the rain to the hospital. He was treated at 11 A.M., and the back felt fine. But by the time he had returned home over the same route, it was hurting like mad again. Mr. Stephens and his aching back thereupon went to a private physician and swore off all further medical dealings with the Veterans Administration.

Recently, however, Mr. Stephens did have occasion to deal with the Veterans Administration again. And this time a remarkable change had taken place. Mr. Stephens simply wrote to the local office of the V.A., saying, in effect, "That back is aching again." The V.A., after checking his claim, sent authorization to the Michigan Medical Service, which in turn sent Mr. Stephens its own treatment form. Mr. Stephens took this authorization to his own family doctor in his own neighborhood. And that's all there was to it. Mr. Stephens got his back treated in an hour or so, and the doctor got paid the following week.

All this was not done with tricks, mirrors or publicity men. It was the result of a revolutionary new plan which General Omar Bradley first tried out in Michigan and now is extending to Kansas, New Jersey, California, North Carolina and, eventually, in slightly varied form, will extend to all the other states.

The plan is considered revolutionary by admirers of the pre-Bradley Veterans Administration because (a) it eliminates miles of red tape, (b) it does away with hundreds of possible patronage jobs, (c) it makes veterans' medicine indistinguishable from civilian medicine and (d) it works. The opponents of the plan can complain about socialized medicine and the taxpayers' money, but the fact remains that every single one of the tens of thousands of veterans' cases that have backlogged in Michigan since the end of the war will be cleared up by June of this year.

The Michigan Plan, as it is called, is the essence of simplicity. The Veterans Administration merely signs a contract with the doctors of each state to give treatment to any veteran who has a service-connected illness or injury, at a standard table of fees set up by the doctors themselves. If, as in the case of Michigan, the doctors are already organized into a state Medical Service, the V.A. deals with this agency. If, as in the case of Kansas, there is no state Medical Service, the V.A. signs its contract directly with the state's Medical Society.

This means that instead of trekking to a jammed veterans' hospital or going to a second-rate V.A.-designated physician, the veteran now can get the best available treatment from a physician of his own choice—just as if he were paying for it. It also means that the medical profession is no longer standing on the side lines sneering at the mistakes made by veterans' medicine. It now *is* veterans' medicine. The responsibility suddenly has been dumped onto the shoulders of the nation's doctors, and, as Dr. Granville L. Jones of the Monmouth County (N.J.), Medical Society put it, "If we can't handle that responsibility, we ought to quit."

A Medical Corps Curmudgeon

The man primarily responsible for the new system is the Acting Chief Medical Director of the V.A., Major General Paul R. Hawley. Pudgy, bespectacled, 56-year-old Hawley is to Omar Bradley what Harold Ickes was to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He is the picturesque, free-swinging curmudgeon of the Veterans Administration. He even looks like Ickes. And he has set what is probably a new Washington record with the number of people he has thrown out of his office.

He has evicted politicians who wanted medical patronage for their districts, people who demanded that the graduates of the two first-class Negro medical colleges be excluded from practicing in veterans' hospitals, and representatives of John Stelle, National Commander of the American Legion, who wanted to admit en masse to V.A. practice graduates from a little Class-C Illinois medical school.

No battle, however, was so tough as the one Hawley faced when he first announced the Michigan Plan. From all over the country rumblings arose from doctors. Typical of the way Hawley handled these rumblings was his address before the Rhode Island State Medical Society on February 4, 1946. Hawley said, "In so far as medical care of the veteran is concerned, I'm going to give the veteran the best medical care in the world—or else! The medical profession must support this program and help me give this to the veteran—or else! And in the case of the medical profession, the 'or else' is state medicine."

When Hawley uttered those two dreaded words, the doctors sat there in stunned silence. Then the veterans' curmudgeon continued. "And in turn," he said, "I pledge myself neither to abandon the veteran to selfish interests, nor to betray the profession of medicine in an effort to build an empire of federal medicine."

That was just what the doctors had been waiting months for someone to say. There was a split second of further silence. Then they nearly tore the house down with their applause. They made so much noise, in fact, that the hotel manager rushed in, believing a salesmen's convention had got mixed up with the usually staid doctors.

Actually, what Hawley's Michigan Plan did was to provide the doctors with a straw for which they had been clutching ever since President Truman came out with his plan for National Health Insurance. To many doctors, the pending Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, proposing government-supported medical care for everyone, is a Class-A Technicolor nightmare, with box-office appeal.

DRAWINGS BY CARL ROSE

Call it state medicine, socialized medicine or federal medicine—still it held out promises to the underprivileged which the doctors couldn't match. For months they had been trying to come up with an alternative plan to keep free enterprise in medicine. All of the alternatives looked anemic compared with the Technicolor nightmare.

Then suddenly Hawley's Michigan Plan was thrown before them. At first, many of the doctors considered this socialized medicine, too—with a sugar coating. Some of them still do. But gradually it dawned on most of them that it isn't. They realized, in fact, that in civilian form, the Michigan Plan can do all the things for the underprivileged that the President's proposals promised to do, *with the doctors themselves retaining control.* That had been their chief fear—giving up control to government. Besides, in the Michigan Plan, the sacred principle of physician-patient relationship remained unsullied.

The doctors rushed to get aboard the Hawley band wagon. "This," said John W. Castellucci of the Michigan Medical Service, "is the compromise between free enterprise and state medicine." Representatives of the Kansas, California, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, North Carolina, West Virginia, Illinois, Wisconsin, Colorado, Minnesota, Washington and Pennsylvania medical societies rushed to Washington to confer with Hawley and his Director of Auxiliary Service, Colonel J. C. Harding.

Finally, on February 16, 1946, the great bulwark itself was stormed. The Board of Trustees of the American Medical Association announced in Chicago that its official alternative to the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill is "a country-wide system of voluntary sickness-insurance protection to be operated on a nonprofit basis by local medical groups." That, translated, is the civilian version of the Michigan Plan.

According to this civilian version, which has been in operation since 1940, unmarried people in Michigan earning less than $2,000 a year can pay a small sum every month to cover hospital or surgical or medical fees (or all three) in the event of illness. Married people earning less than $2,500 get the same protection for themselves and their children for a slightly higher fee. Whenever they wish, they can be treated by any doctor enrolled in the Michigan Medical Service (most of them are) and if they require hospitalization, they are admitted to any of the hospitals in the Michigan Hospital Service (nearly 100 per cent of the nonprofit hospitals in the state).

Michigan's Plan in Operation

The Michigan Medical Service and the Michigan Hospital Service, both strictly nonprofit organizations run by the doctors and the hospitals themselves and supervised by the state government, then pay the doctors and the hospitals for each service rendered to each patient, according to a fixed standard of fees. The Michigan Plan will provide for the government to stake people who can't afford to pay at all, and allows the doctors to collect extra fees from patients earning more than the $2,000 or $2,500 maximum income. More than 875,000 Michigan residents are enrolled in the Medical Service and 1,250,000 in the Hospital Service.

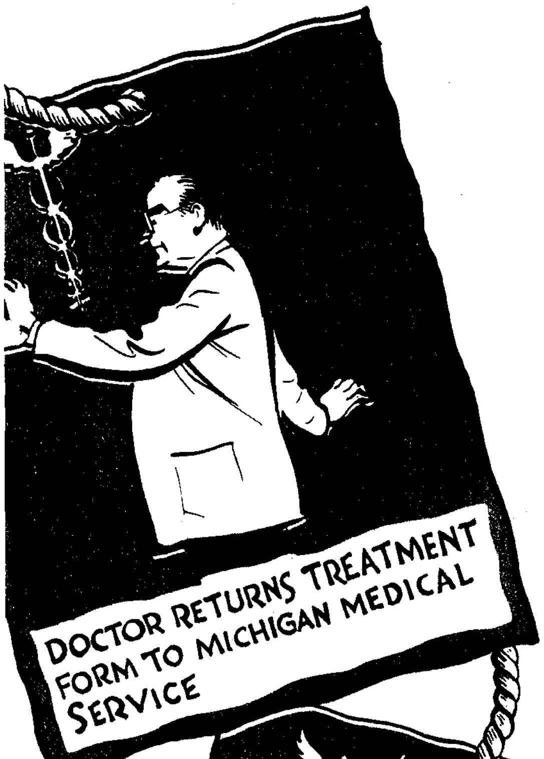
The veterans, of course, pay nothing at all. The government pays the doctors according to the fixed fees already set up by the Michigan Medical Service and the Michigan Hospital Service. These agencies handle all the administration, supervise their doctors, guarantee a high and honest standard of medicine and soon will even undertake to absorb laboratory and druggist prescription fees for the veteran.

At the end of the month, the Michigan Medical Service and the Michigan Hospital Service merely send a lump-sum bill to the Veterans Administration for all the money they have paid out to doctors, hospitals, etc. The Veterans Administration then pays off with a single check. In the states like Kansas, where there is no state Medical Service, the Kansas State Medical Society handles

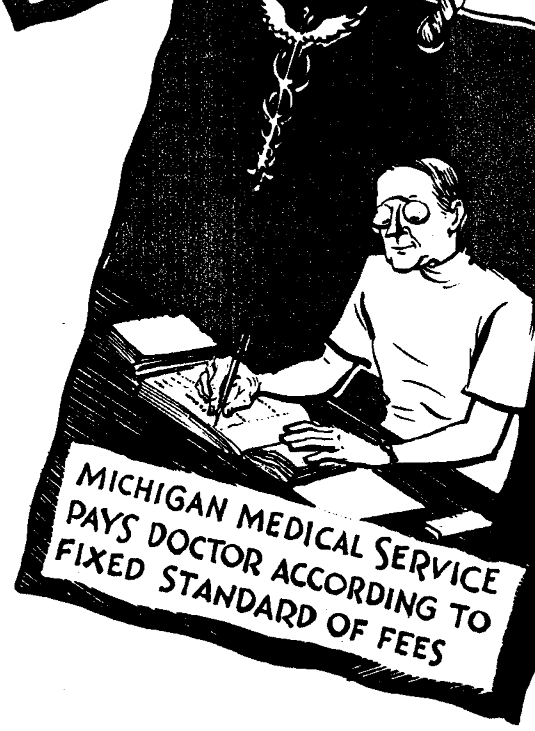
(Continued on page 84*)*

Free-swinging General Paul R. Hawley, Acting Chief Medical Director of the Veterans Administration, took on all comers who opposed his Michigan Plan

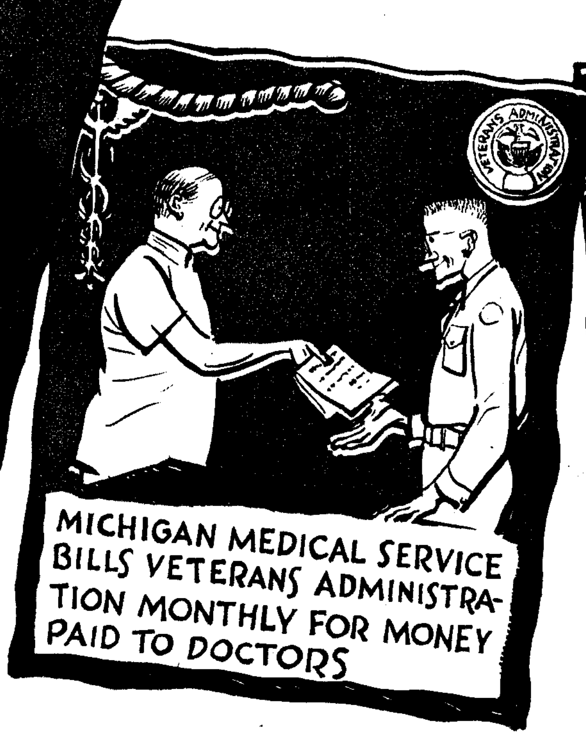
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT



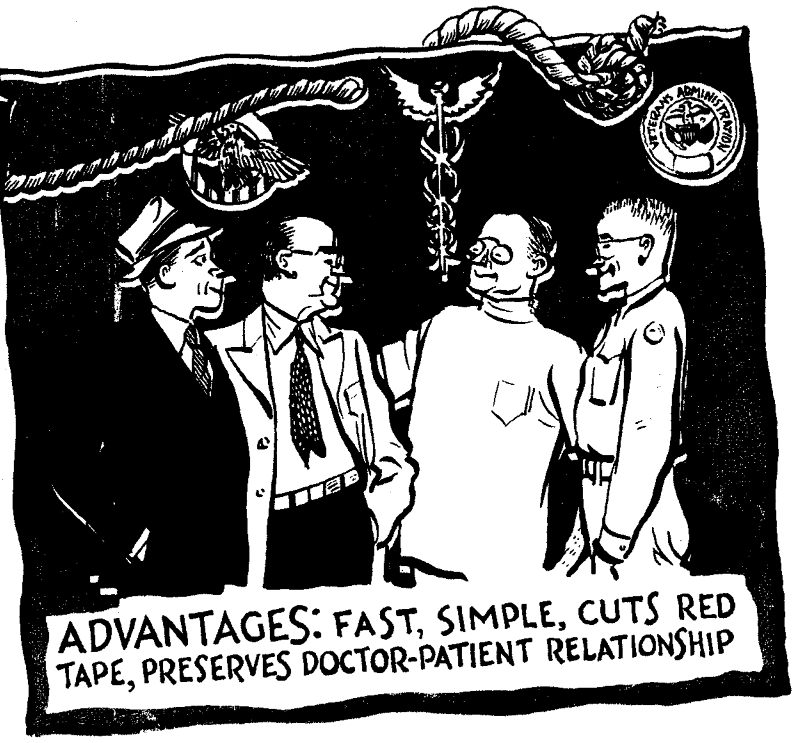
DOCTOR RETURNS TREATMENT FORM TO MICHIGAN MEDICAL SERVICE



MICHIGAN MEDICAL SERVICE PAYS DOCTOR ACCORDING TO FIXED STANDARD OF FEES

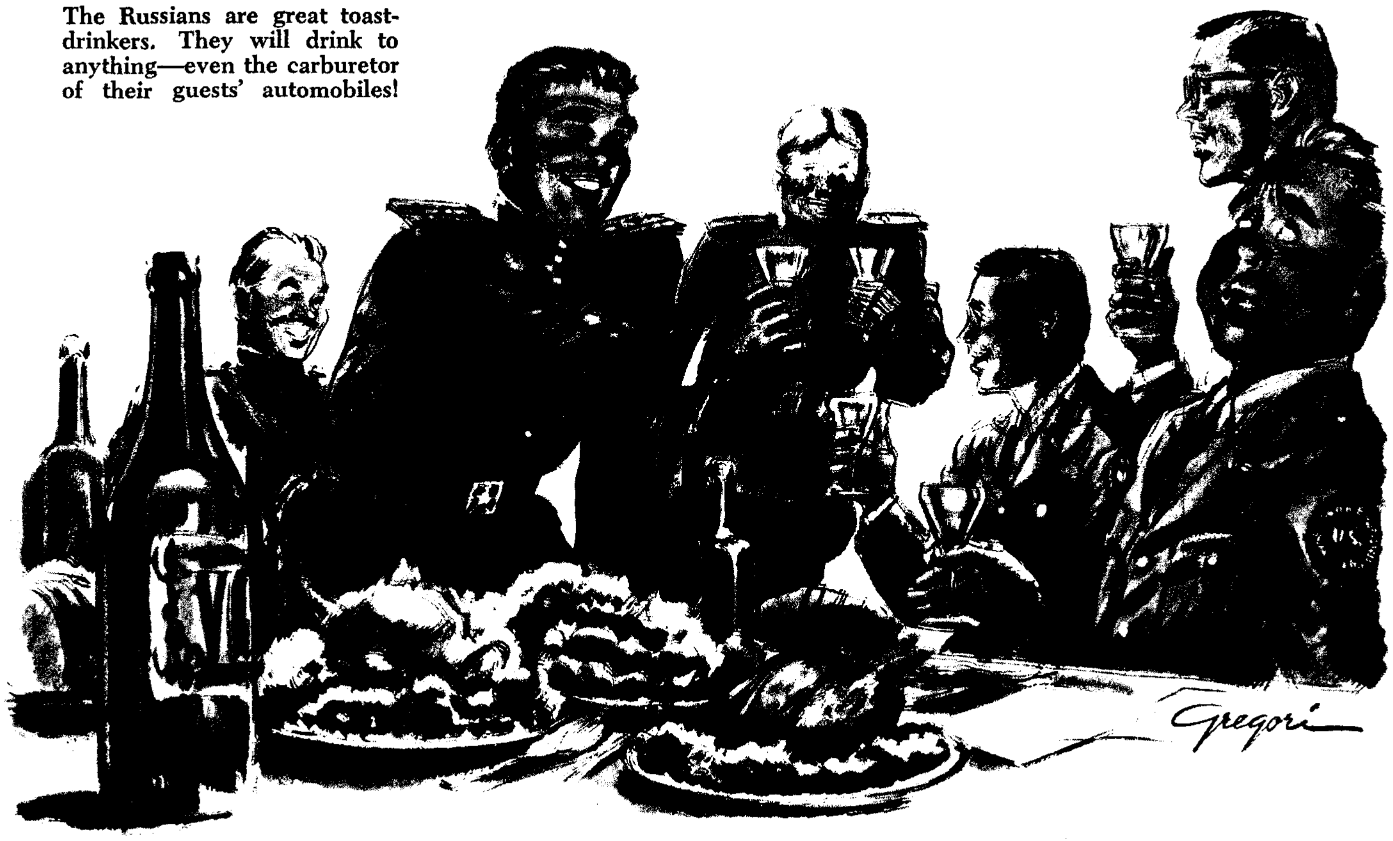


MICHIGAN MEDICAL SERVICE BILLS VETERANS ADMINISTRATION MONTHLY FOR MONEY PAID TO DOCTORS



ADVANTAGES: FAST, SIMPLE, CUTS RED TAPE, PRESERVES DOCTOR-PATIENT RELATIONSHIP

The Russians are great toast-drinkers. They will drink to anything—even the carburetor of their guests' automobiles!



YOU, TOO, CAN DRINK VODKA

BY GLADWIN HILL

We have often wondered about those Russians who down their liquor so magnificently. Scouts and spies assigned to look into the matter invariably passed out too soon. Now, at last, we have found a man who suffered but who got wise to the vodka-hounds. We present his report on how he learned—the hard and headachy way

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

THE tough little Russian colonel with six medals strung across his chest said casually, "Let's have some tea." . . . And that's how I learned about Russian drinking abilities. . . .

Of all the reports and legends circulating about the Russians, one of the most prevalent is that they are incredible drinkers, Paul Bunyans of the alcoholic world, titans of tippling.

It isn't fashionable any more just to cite their alleged alcoholic capacities. Russiana now are customarily embellished with citations of consumption by Soviet citizens, when conventional beverages ran out, of exotica like machine oil and hair tonic.

"Alas, I have no perfume," a German woman told me tragically the other day. "Two Russians broke into my boudoir and drank my last bottle of Chanel No. 5."

There are even tales of Russian soldiers drinking ordinary gasoline when the Chanel No. 5 ran out.

But I have also heard of American G.I.s drinking after-shave lotion, and myself have joined—for purely journalistic motives—in wassail powered by German buzz-bomb propellant (practically pure alcohol). But such pursuits are far afield, more akin to goldfish-eating than to what might be called legitimate drinking. In the field of legitimate drinking, I am submitting that the Russians, while they can put up a spectacular show, really have nothing extra special on the highball. Heaven knows many Russians have put many Americans under the table. But so have many Americans.

The Russians' reputed superiority in toping, I am prepared by somewhat arduous experience to assert, is achieved only by a repertoire of dodges and devices the sum of which sets their innate tolerance for alcohol no higher than that of the average citizen of Youngstown, Ohio.

I arrived at this conclusion as one of five American foreign correspondents who recently engaged, willy-nilly, in some heavy reconnaissance of bibulation among the Russians.

The locale was the Russians' zone of eastern Germany, and the purpose of the expedition was the investigation of more serious sociological matters. But somehow a bacchanalian note crept into the proceedings, on a monumental scale.

"America, Rahshia, goot frands," a hearty Russian major summarized as we crossed the border and delivered ourselves into his hands for the trip. "You visit us, we show you zee grrreat Rahshian hospitality." Little did we wot.

The first day, the condemned men ate a hearty breakfast, and the expedition began on a mundane plane of notebooks and pencils, auto-riding and fact-gathering. Noontime brought no surcease—we knew the Russians weren't in the habit of knocking off for lunch until midafternoon. By four o'clock, when the bemedaled colonel in whose office we were sitting casually suggested "tea," he got a unanimous vote of confidence.

We looked for a flunky to appear with the silver service, but instead the colonel arose, donned his coat and said, "Excuse me—I lead the way."

A block away we were ushered into a great hall laid out like a state banquet. A veritable forest of bottles—white wine, red wine, champagne, brandy, vodka and liqueurs—sheltered seeming tons of food, ranging from Baltic caviar to roast suckling German pigs. In the midst of this gustatorial cataclysm, an orchestra sawed away noisily dispelling the atmosphere of unreality.

The little colonel took his place at the head of the table, hoisted a large wineglass full of vodka, and burst into a torrent of Russian. After about four paragraphs, the interpreter said, "He welcomes you in the name of the Soviet Union and the Red Army."

The Mysterious Sixty Per Cent

Everybody downed his drink, the initial reaction of the visiting firemen being to look about for fire extinguishers. Vodka is 40 per cent alcohol. What the other 60 per cent is I have never been able to find out, but it must be potent stuff, because the shock is not accounted for by the other 40 per cent. Its effect is multiplied by the Russians' insistence on gulping their drinks. They even gulp fine wines and champagne.

After the standard succession of toasts and countertoasts to the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., Stalin, Truman, and everything down to the carburetors on our respective automobiles, the eating and drinking derby settled down to business. A little game went on.

Every couple of minutes a visitor would be conscious of the sudden materialization at his elbow, like a genie, of a resplendent Russian impelled from some part of the room by sentiments of patriotism, hospitality, or just a desire to drink, replete with a brimming glass.

"Va-dna!" he would yell—a phonetic spelling of the Russian war cry meaning "Drink to the bottom!"

If the guest hesitated, the Russian's mood would progress from feigned astonishment to indignation, outrage, and finally plain belligerency to which the only possible response seemed to be compliance. The disposition of one drink, and one genie, would only lead to another. This went on at an accelerating pace until by the time somebody looked

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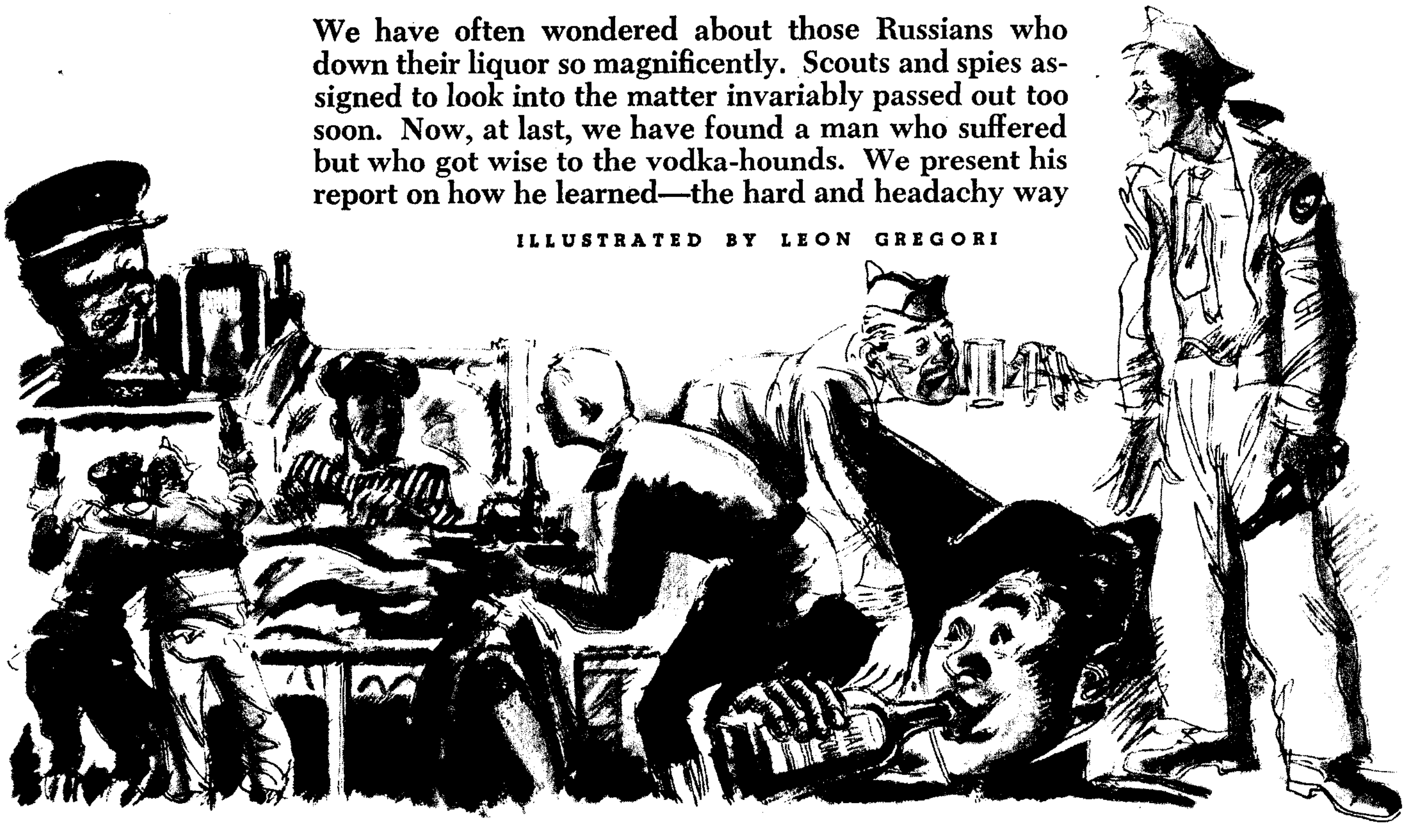

Visiting firemen from the U.S.A. find Russian hospitality not so easy to take

The Outraged Heart

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story:

The climax that was to destroy DR. JOHN CHRISTOW occurred at a week-end house party given by LORD and LADY ANGKATELL —yet actually it had all begun fifteen years earlier at San Miguel on the Mediterranean, where JOHN fell desperately in love with beautiful VERONICA CRAY, then made himself part from her because he knew she would always care more for her Hollywood career than for him. Now, married to dull, self-effacing GERDA CHRISTOW, and in love with a noted sculptress, HENRIETTA SAVERNAKE, JOHN was still at odds with the world, still knew he must somehow discover if it was love for VERONICA that made his life seem meaningless. Then at the house party to which the ANGKATELLS had invited HENRIETTA, MIDGE HARDCASTLE, and two cousins—young DAVID ANGKATELL, and gentle, wistful EDWARD, also in love with HENRIETTA—the impossible happened: VERONICA CRAY made an unexpected and dramatic entrance. When JOHN escorted her home, VERONICA stopped him by the swimming pool—and this time JOHN knew he would not run away. But again the unexpected happened: Leaving her late that night, he returned to the ANGKATELLS', secure now in his discovery that VERONICA no longer meant anything to him. On receiving a message demanding that he come to her the following morning, he told her he would never marry her, heard her threaten him, and then walked out. It was just after this that, sitting alone by the ANGKATELLS' swimming pool, DR. CHRISTOW was shot to death. . . .

II

HERCULE POIROT flicked a last speck of dust from his shoes. He had dressed carefully for his luncheon party and he was satisfied with the result. There was, he knew, a gate and a path through the woods which would save a half-mile detour by the road. Nevertheless Hercule Poirot, a stickler for etiquette, decided to approach the house correctly by the front entrance.

His estimation of the time required for walking to The Hollow by road was accurate. It was exactly one minute to one when he rang the front doorbell. He was glad to have arrived and felt slightly tired. He was not fond of walking.

The door was opened by the magnificent Gudgeon, of whom Poirot approved. His reception, however, was not quite as he had hoped.

"Her ladyship is in the pavilion by the swimming pool, sir. Will you come this way?"

The passion of the English for sitting out-of-doors irritated Hercule Poirot. Though one had to put up with this whimsy in the height of summer, surely, Poirot thought, one should be safe from it by the end of September! The day was mild, certainly, but it had, as autumn days always had, a certain dampness. How infinitely pleasanter to have been ushered into a comfortable drawing room with, perhaps, a small fire in the grate. But no, here he was being led out through French windows across a slope of lawn, past a rockery, and then through a small gate and along a narrow track between closely planted young chestnuts.

It was the habit of the Angkatells to invite guests for one o'clock, and on fine days they had cocktails and sherry in the small pavilion by the swimming pool. Lunch itself was scheduled for one-thirty, by which time, the most unpunctual of guests should have managed to arrive, which permitted Lady Angkatell's excellent cook to embark on soufflés and such accurately timed delicacies without too much trepidation.

To Hercule Poirot, the plan did not commend itself.

In a little minute, he thought, I shall be almost back where I started.

With an increasing awareness of his feet in his shoes, he followed Gudgeon's tall figure.

It was at that moment from just ahead of him that he heard a little cry. He did not classify it, nor indeed think about it. When he thought about it afterward he was hard put to it to remember just what emotions it had seemed to convey: Dismay? Surprise? Horror?

Gudgeon stepped out from the chestnuts. He was moving to one side, deferentially, to allow Poirot to pass and at the same time clearing his throat preparatory to murmuring, "Monsieur Poirot, my lady," in the proper subdued and respectful tones when his suppleness became suddenly rigid. He gasped. It was an unbutlerlike noise.

Hercule Poirot stepped out onto the open space surrounding the swimming pool, and immediately he too stiffened, but with annoyance.

It was too much—it was really too much! He had not suspected such cheapness of the Angkatells. The long walk by the road, the disappointment at the house—and now *this!* The misplaced sense of humor of the English!

He was annoyed and he was bored—oh, how he was bored! Death was not, to him, amusing. And here they had arranged for him, by way of a joke, a set piece.

For what he was looking at was a highly artificial murder scene. By the side of the pool was the body, artistically arranged with an outflung arm and even some red paint dripping gently over the edge of the concrete into the pool. It was a spectacular body, that of a handsome fair-haired man. Standing over the body, revolver in hand, was a woman, a short powerfully built middle-aged woman with a curiously blank expression.

And there were three other actors. On the far side of the pool was a tall young woman whose hair matched the autumn leaves in its rich brown; she had a basket in her hand full of dahlia heads. A little farther off was a man, a tall inconspicuous man in a shooting coat carrying a gun. And immediately on his left, with a basket of eggs in her hand, was his hostess, Lady Angkatell.

It was clear to Hercule Poirot that

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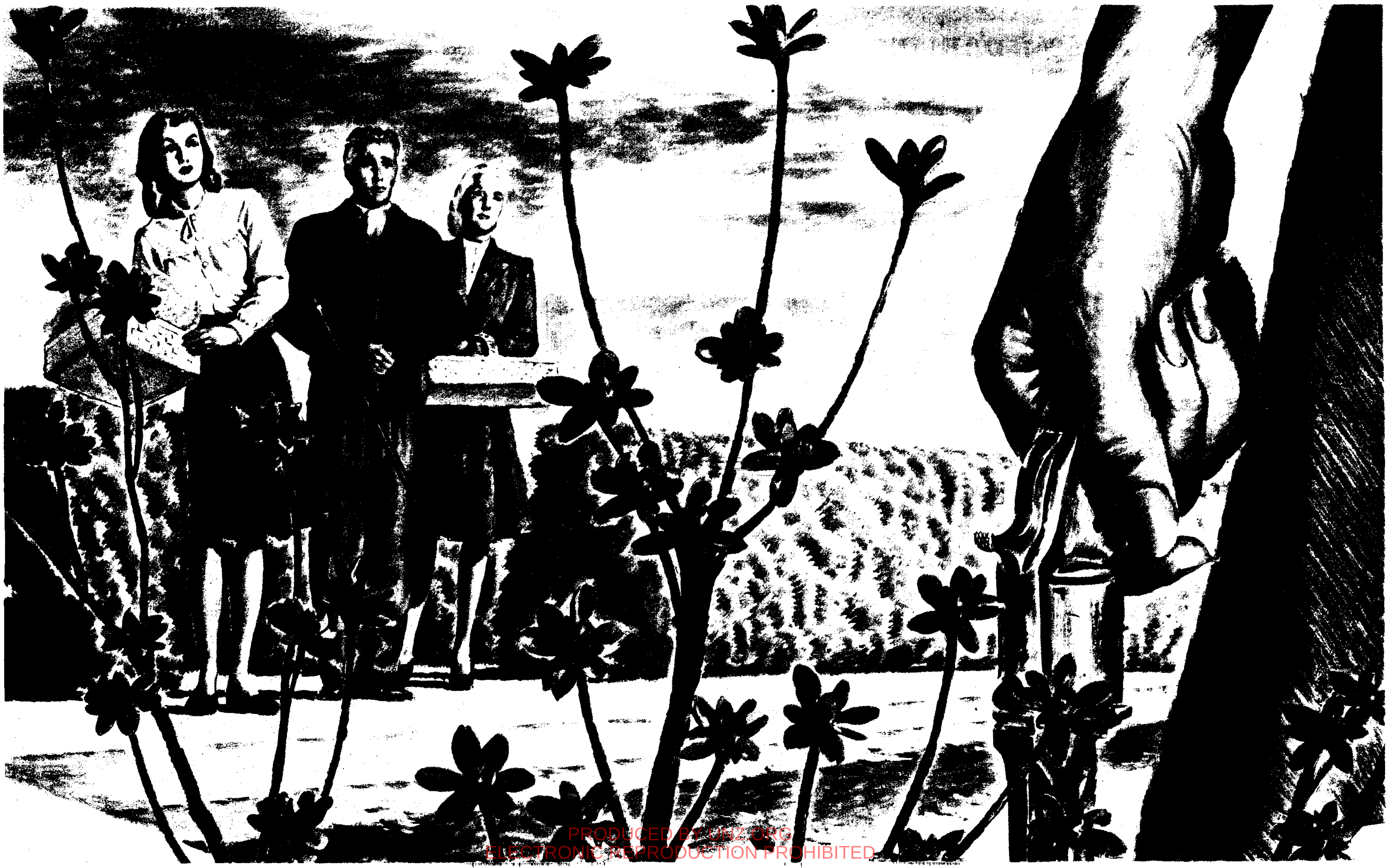
Standing over the body, revolver in hand, was a woman—short, powerful, middle-aged, with a curiously blank expression



Surprise! Surprise! The shower actually was a surprise to Joan Roberts but she had to keep on posing for this photograph

Joan Roberts shows Mitzi Green, left, and Betty Bruce a linen set given her by Ruth Hussey, wearing hat. The fancy cart is strictly a prop

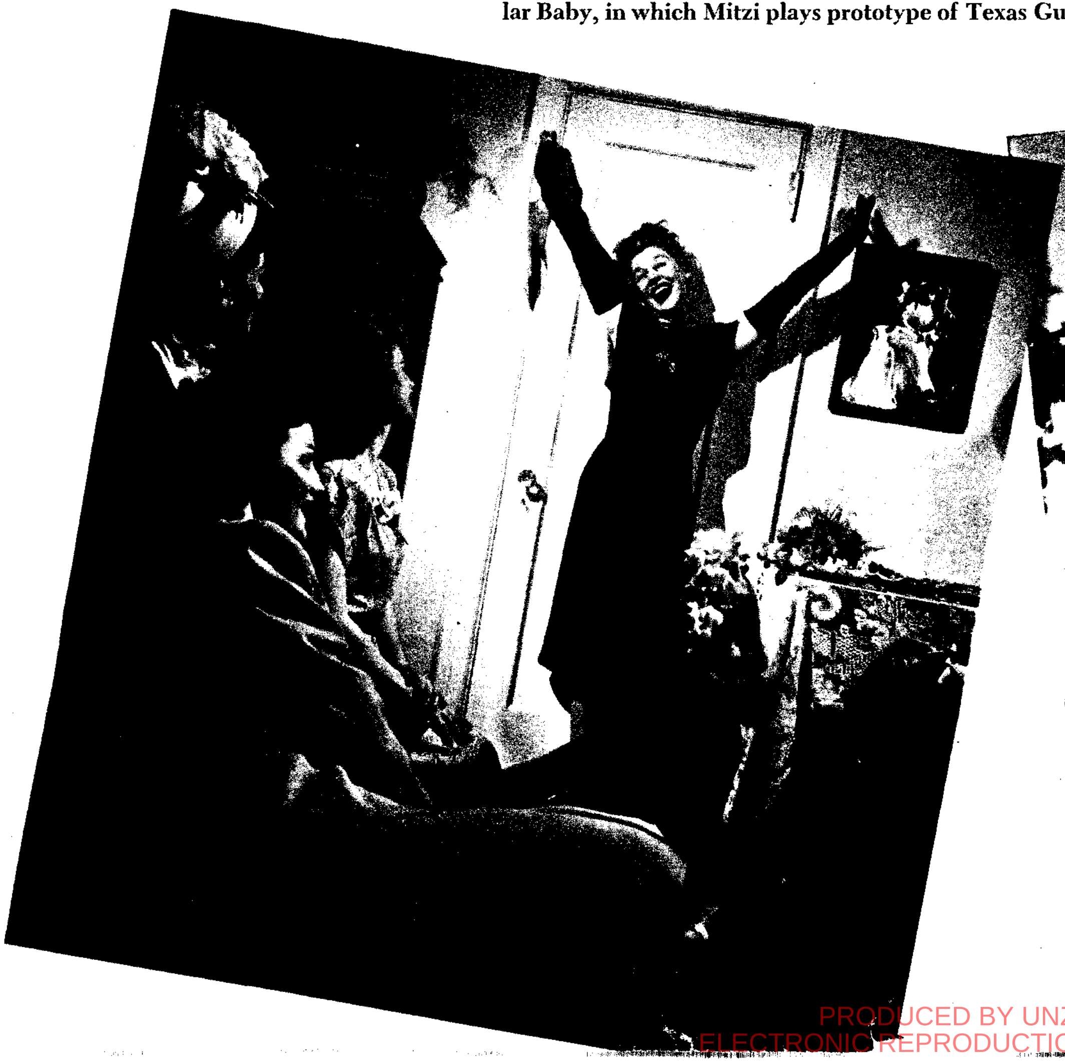
Champagne Shower

BY JAMES J. DARLING

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

MAYBE you think bridal showers are just simple, homey affairs. Maybe, in some places, they are. But there are showers and showers. And when Broadway throws a shower, anything can happen! Sister, the sky line's the limit!

Recently, some of Broadway's top actresses descended upon the swanky West Side studio of Estelle Liebling, well-known singing teacher. There were Jan Clayton (Show Boat), Mitzi Green (Bil-



Mitzi Green entertains guests with impersonation of effusive songstress Hildegarde. It's not from Billion Dollar Baby, in which Mitzi plays prototype of Texas Guinan

Jan Clayton renders accompaniment for, left to right, musical comedy actresses Jane Dulo, Jane Kean, Iva Withers and Jean Darling. If nothing else, the quartet is easy on the eyes

Tying the gift ribbons together and hiding Joan's ring in one of the knots was supposed to prove that finder Jane Kean, lower right, would be next married. Chinese girl is Willa Kim, costume designer

lion Dollar Baby), Jean Darling and Iva Withers (Carousel), Ruth Hussey (State Of The Union). And there were others. Lots of others. The occasion: a surprise shower at midnight for their friend Joan Roberts of Are You With It? Given by Joan's cousin, Tricia Brohan, the shower wasn't a shower. It was a downpour. The only thing missing was the bridegroom.

At any real low down-to-earth shower, the guests would probably wind up playing games and stuffing themselves with tea and sandwiches. Joan's guests sipped champagne, ate lobster. There was entertainment when the stars enacted scenes from their current successes, but the only game played was one called "Freeze." This consisted of holding a pose for several seconds, which is the length of time it takes to snap a photograph in color.

The building superintendent spent the evening replacing fuses burned out by the photographer. The photographer spent the evening rearranging the guests and screaming at his assistant. His assistant spent the evening guzzling champagne and running after the superintendent. One homey touch was provided by Jan Clayton, who brought her knitting. She didn't knit, naturally. There was too much confusion.

Guests ohed and ahed at presents, which included all-wool blankets, all-linen linen, a coffee maker and an electric alarm clock. Mitzi Green just happened to have along photos of her 26-month-old son Joel. Up In Central Park's Betty Bruce clowned. Milton Berle's wife, Joyce Matthews, looked pretty. Claudia Franck, Joan's elocution teacher, couldn't make herself heard above the hubbub. Probably other things happened. No one will ever know.

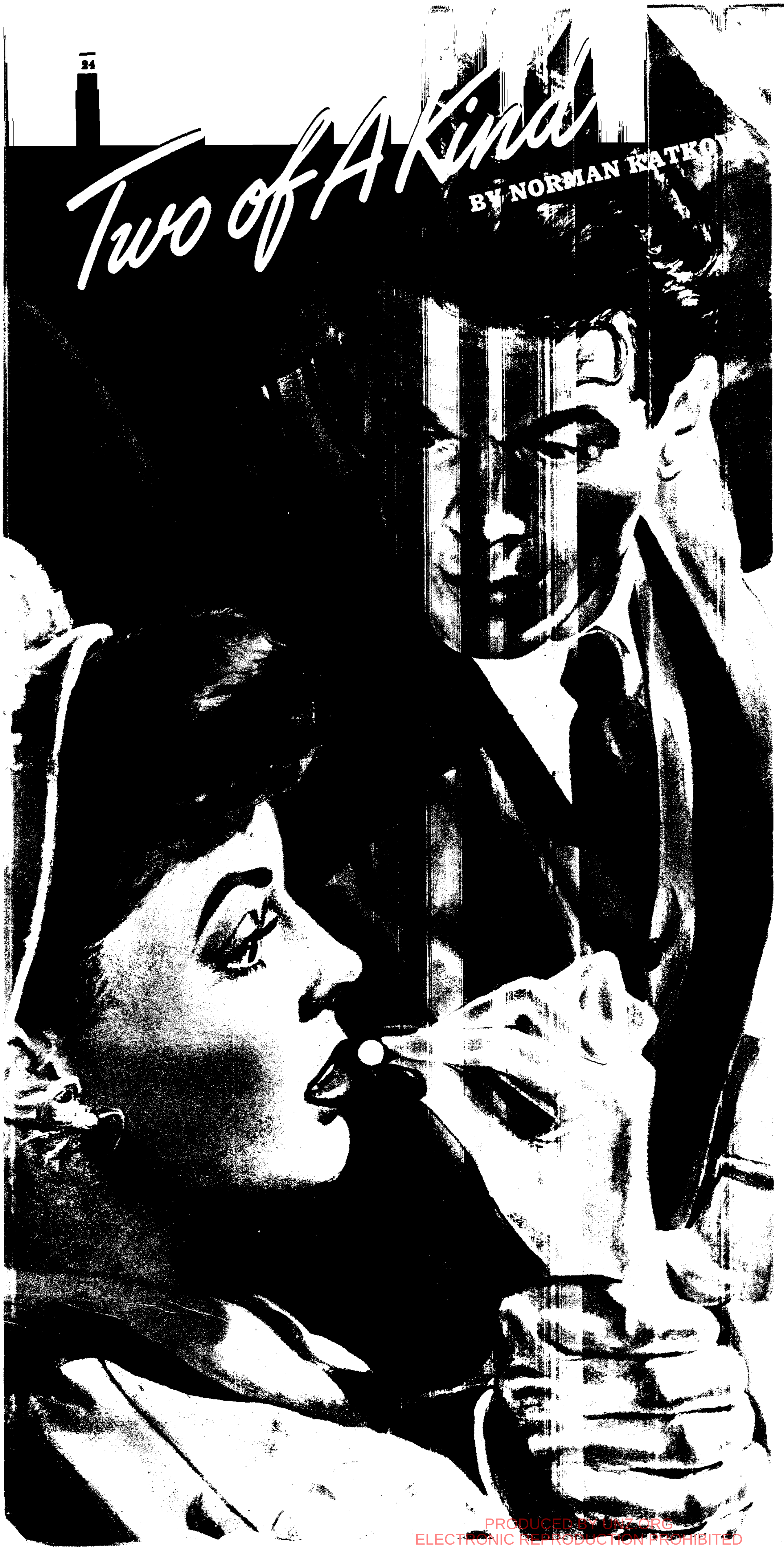
Joan plans to be married shortly to Dr. John J. Donlon in New York's fashionable St. Patrick's Cathedral. Comparatively speaking, it should be a quiet affair. ★★★

Left to right, Betty Bruce, Maureen Cannon and Joyce Matthews clown Fireman's Bride number from their show, Up In Central Park. Building superintendent brought ladder to change fuses

It's 3 A.M. and photographer Karger, who's no mean magician, plays to a weary and unresponsive audience, including hostess Tricia Brohan, fourth from right, and bride-to-be Joan Roberts

Two of A Kind

BY NORMAN KATKO



Death didn't frighten Joe Kamm any more. Neither did other people's problems. But there was no way to escape or ignore this strange girl's desperate fear

I SET the bag down in the open doorway, turning for a last look to see if I'd forgotten anything. The lamp shade was mine but I didn't want it. The tie rack on the closet door was mine and the landlady was welcome to that. There was an empty milk bottle on the window sill and a circus calendar on the wall. Presents, I decided—presents from Joe Kamm to the next bright young man who hit the big town ready to lose his decision.

For a bad minute I wanted to close the door, stuff the cracks with paper and sit down in the easy chair facing the small burner in the corner. I knew how, all right. I'd seen enough of them after they'd given up. I'd been thinking of it, off and on now for weeks. I had all the reasons and all the equipment except guts.

Maybe I might have done it then at that, but I couldn't stand that room. An empty room is like a fresh grave: you want to get away from it as fast as you can. The only things they've got are memories and you don't have to see them to remember. I grabbed the suitcase.

Downstairs I rang the landlady's bell. Five years is a long time and you get attached to people, even those you didn't like, to start with. She came to the door, a short, gray-haired woman who'd been dressed for a wake ever since I'd been there.

"I'm going, Mrs. Fitzgerald," I said.

She gave me her hand, a cold hamburger. "Now, Mr. Kamm, you'll come back to me, promise? Won't be the same here without you. I was telling my husband—" She couldn't tell him anything. He'd been drunk for ten years.

"And you know my boys are always welcome with me."

"Sure."

"And there'll be some nice girl you'll find in St. Paul, I know it. Not like that other one, whom you're well rid of if you ask me." I wasn't. I'd never mentioned Phyllis to her.

"She didn't deserve a man like you, Mr. Kamm."

"Thanks." Maybe I should have been crying. All I could feel was the saliva in my mouth, and the salt taste on my lips.

"That one was no good, Mr. Kamm. I've seen them smart ones, coming to New York and living by their wits. She was bad, that one." She was bad and she lied. She was mean and treacherous and cold and unfaithful. And she was blond, and tall and beautiful and when she smiled at me and said, "Joe-boy," I always wanted to get down and kiss her feet.

"You're that better off she's married and away from you, Mr. Kamm. I was telling my husband—" I thought of the subway tracks then and I wanted to hit myself in the head to drive it out. I could remember all the times I'd ridden the ambulance in St. Paul when I'd been a police reporter for the old News. Always there was a wife or a husband sitting in the living room, the body in the kitchen or lying open-mouthed on the bed. It was always the same story: They'd talked about it for months, but nobody believed they'd ever do it. That was me: Talking and thinking about it all the time, playing with it, daring myself, looking over the edge a little farther each time.

"I'll say goodby, Mrs. Fitzgerald." I got the cold hamburger again, but she wouldn't take it away.

"Take care of yourself, Mr. Kamm."

"Sure."

"You're a young man. I wisht I was thirty again." But I wasn't thirty, that was just what my insurance said; I was eighty and I'd lived a thousand years.

"You'll be happier in St. Paul, teaching the youngsters at the university. You'll learn them good."

"Yeah." Me with my two left hands. I must have been crazy when I took the job. "Goodby, Mrs. Fitzgerald." I bent for the bag, and she bent with me, taking my head in her hands and straightening me up.

"Bless you, lad," she murmured. Then she kissed me on the forehead and turned, walking away into her apartment, leaving the door open. I got the bag and walked out into Lexington Avenue, looking for a cab in the darkness.

When I got to the corner the semaphore changed, bringing a taxi to a skidding stop, the tires burning in the warm, summer air. It was empty and I lifted

I watched her take one pill, then another. I seized her wrist. Anybody headed that way was cheating God. "You got enough now to sleep on," I whispered

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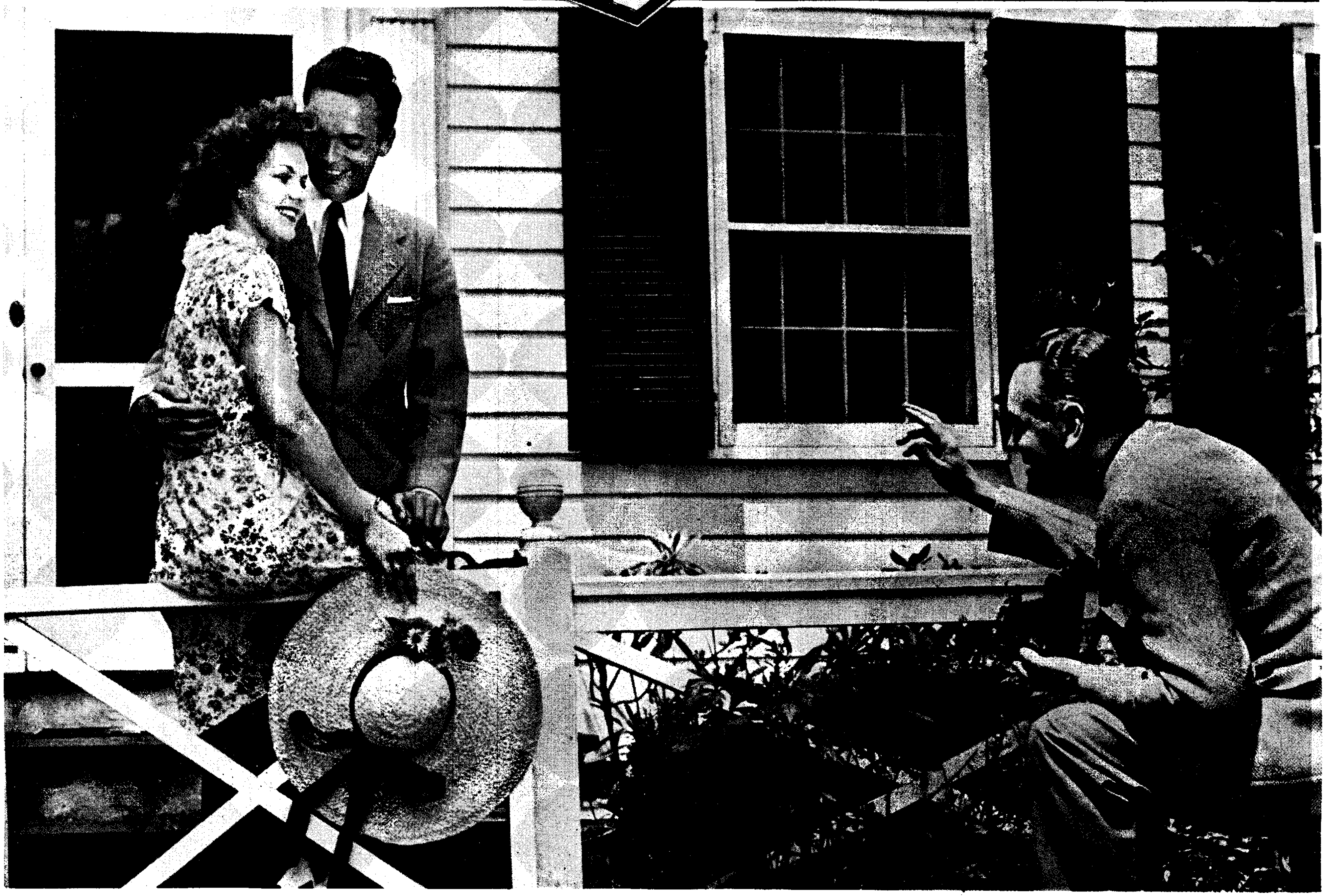

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the bag in beside me, and told the driver to take me to the airlines terminal. I lay back breathless, all the wind out of me, my bones made out of rubber.

When the cab started, I looked out of the window. We passed the Chinese laundry and I said goodby silently. We passed the candy store and I said goodby. We passed the newsstand on Eighty-sixth Street and I raised my arm to Max, breaking the morning papers open. I wanted somehow to make this something special. Joe Kamm was leaving New York after five years. Joe Kamm was going home and I knew that nobody cared or gave a damn except Mrs. Fitzgerald.

The post office slid by us, and then Grand Central, the driver grunting as he oozed the cab through spaces big enough for a kiddy car. He went up to Madison Avenue then around back to Vanderbilt Avenue, turned down to the terminal and stopped behind another cab.

I got out, gave him a dollar, waved away the change he offered me. I was loaded. I had seventy bucks in my pocket, only four hundred and thirty dollars less than I'd come out with five years ago.

A porter was at my side in an instant, smiling, solicitous, telling me he'd take care of everything. I wanted to punch his face. He didn't have to smile; he'd get his quarter without smiling. He didn't have to be *glad* I was going. I checked in at the counter, asked if the limousine was ready, and when the girl said yes, I walked out to it and got in the front.

I didn't want any conversation. There'd be eleven people in that limousine and I didn't care where they were going, how good a time they'd had in New York, how many kids they had, or how many miles to a gallon they got with the old buggy. I just didn't want to talk.

I didn't either. I drew a driver who must have been a barber once. I listened while he told me about his bum feet and his boss, but when he got to his woman friend and the trouble she gave him, I lighted a cigarette and turned my head. I'd paid him for the ride. To hell with him.

At La Guardia they told us the plane would be ready in ten minutes. I walked out onto the field and when a guard came at me, fumbled for my card case and showed him the press pass. It was nice and cool out there, the field stretching away as flat and as long as North Dakota. I walked a couple of blocks, turned and headed for the plane and suddenly I wanted to call Phyllis. I wanted to call her and tell her what she was. I wanted to say all the things I'd thought of for three years. I wanted to call my city editor, too, and tell him where he could put his paper. I wanted to call the publisher up in Bronxville and tell him what he was. When I got to the ramp, they were loading and I walked up the stairs and into the plane. To hell with all of them.

THERE was as much air inside the plane as there is in a telephone booth. The No Smoking sign was lighted, and I held a cigarette in my fingers turning it end over end like a bullet.

I found a seat, a double, in the middle of the plane, three seats in front of me, three behind. The singles across the aisle were full and all the doubles except mine had two people in them. That helped. Having everybody in the place talking like people at a theater waiting for the curtain to go up, that was good. They didn't bother me; that made it gin.

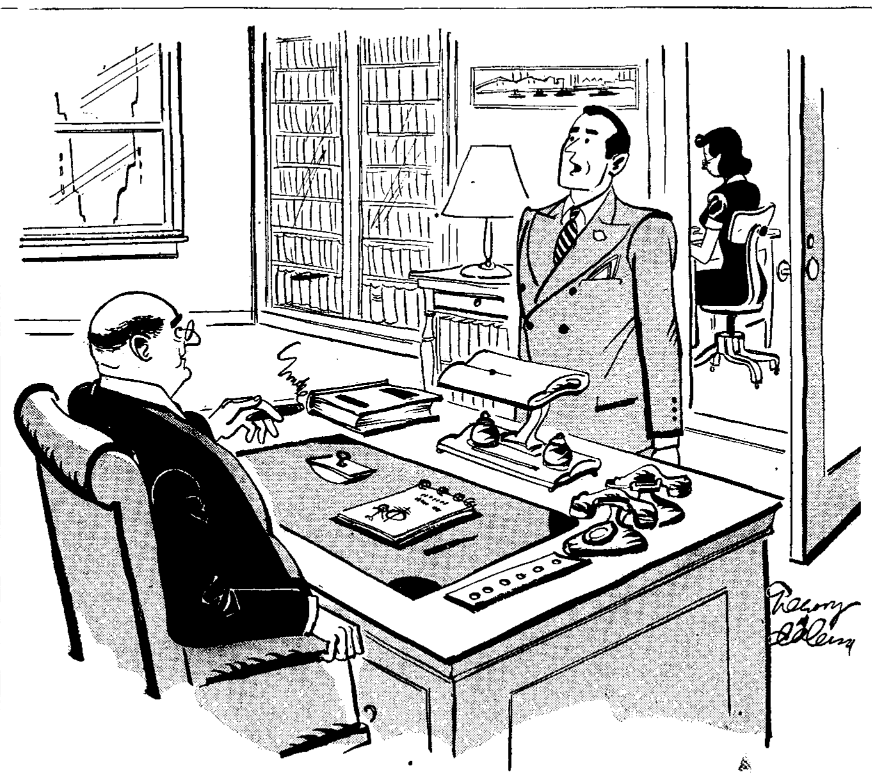
I looked out of the window again, thinking that there was always this pane of glass between me and the world, but I saw nothing except Joe Kamm. The face startled me. My chin was blue, the skin dark and drawn, and I could even see the half-dozen gray hairs at the temple. Phyllis' going-away present. I held up my hand at the window to see if it trembled. It did. Oh, I was a romantic bastard, all right. All I needed was a note to my mother in St. Paul and a .45. I didn't want to think of that again. I unbuckled the safety belt, thinking I'd have time to smoke outside before we got away. When I turned my head to see if the door was still open, a girl came down the aisle wearing a mink coat in the heat as casually as a grocery clerk wears a pencil behind his ear.

The stewardess was behind her, holding on to the seat backs as she came down the aisle, but the gal in mink took as much space with her feet as a tight-rope artist. I was willing to bet the seventy bucks that she was a dancer. She had the legs for it; just a little bundle of muscle the size of a small peach behind each calf. Her face was white. She held the coat around her as though she were walking toward a throne to be crowned. She looked as cool as a Daiquiri and as alive as last year's newspaper. I knew where she was going to sit and for an instant I wanted to tell the stewardess to get me a single. I didn't want this minked, wealthy dame with me. Then she sat down and I couldn't help watching her face and I almost rose out of my seat I was that startled. I was looking at myself.

Oh, sure, we didn't look alike, but the same fear was in her eyes, and the desperation and disappointment. There were beads of sweat on her upper lip and she kept swallowing.

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Sir, Mr. Jones has permission of the private secretary to speak to the company president on a matter of utmost importance"

COLLIER'S

Don't ask me how I could notice all that. I'm a newspaperman allegedly and it was my business, or it had been. Now I was a washed-up newspaperman. I'd gotten tired of working for eighty bucks a week, sitting on the rewrite desk with the rest of the minor leaguers, watching the good ones, the lads who threw the fast balls, move along while I stayed put. Then Phyllis! . . . Now just before I was leaving this town, I was really mad at her and through with her. I suppose there were a lot of things worse than teaching journalism at a Middle Western university. Just now I couldn't think of any.

I looked at Lovely next to me and I couldn't be angry that she had cut in on my loneliness. She was so nice and shiny on the outside, her hair piled on top of her head like a bale of hay, her hands white and beautiful; and she was obviously so smashed up on the inside. I didn't know I had any pity to spare for anyone else, but I had for her. Her eyes when I looked at them were as sparkling as a minister's jacket.

She turned toward me looking out toward the window, and then she shrank back, plastering herself against the seat, sitting erect, with her head back. I looked out to see who she was afraid of and saw a guy waving at the gate. That would be him all right: camel's-hair coat, gray hat with a brim as wide as a skating rink. He was big and heavy, and he looked moneyed and well-barbered. I wondered what he'd done to his darling that made her scared, or what she'd done to him. He kept waving, but then the pilot got the motors going and when I looked at Mr. Big he was bouncing because the plane was trembling. I looked at her, I looked at him. I thought nuts to both of them, and I buckled my safety belt.

IN THE air, the night was as black as the inside of a photographer's hood. It was the kind of evening where you walked with your hands stretched out before you. There wasn't a star east of Cleveland.

When the smoking light went out, I lighted up, and as I had the match to my smoke, I noticed she was fumbling for a light. I moved my hand over twelve inches. She took a drag a dying man would have been proud of, let the coat fall back on the seat and crossed her good-looking legs.

"A nice night," I offered. Why didn't I keep still? I knew why, I guess. First, this girl was in as bad shape as I was. Talking would help her. Second, it would help Joe.

"I'm Joe Kamm," I said. That made it love-thirty.

The stewardess came out of the pilot's compartment. Miss Talkative raised her finger. "May I have a glass of water?" she asked. Her voice was like a kindergarten teacher's on the first day of school: as warm, as kind, and as gentle.

I switched off the light and settled back. I didn't want to look out of the window. New York at night is something to see, but only when you still think it's your town. I'd just given my divorce papers to the stewardess: a one-way ticket.

The stewardess brought the water. I watched my seatmate take a white box out of her purse with her free hand. She took one, and then another, and they weren't aspirin. She had two more in her hand when I got her wrist. There I was, I thought. My God, that could be me with guts. I remembered enough to know they were phenobarbital, and I knew suddenly why I'd grabbed her wrist. Anybody headed that way was cheating God, and when she started, in my head I'd started, and when I grabbed her wrist, I was stopping myself.

I leaned over as though I were going to whisper. "You got enough now to sleep on," I said.

That made it love-forty-five, but the only way she could get another one of those pellets was to chop off my wrist.

"It's going to be a beautiful night," I promised. "We can both tell each other who rooked us out of being the best newspaperman and the greatest dancer who ever lived." She let her breath out as slowly as a druggist who's just been robbed.

There were about a dozen pills in the box. If they were three-grain, and they looked it, they would have taken her up a lot higher than we were now.

I set the box down on the carpeting under my feet and ground one heel into it. Then I bent over, spilled the pieces in a neat little pile and put the sole of my shoe down on it hard. When I got through, the carpeting was white.

I gave her a cigarette, took one for myself and lighted them both. There was a little color in her cheeks now. I took the purse off her lap, looking at her eyes as I did, and felt for a gun. Then I gave it back to her. "I'm Joe Kamm."

"I'm Mary Heller." It was true. She was too shaken to make one up.

"You need anything?"

"Just an acre of land, all to myself." I was glad she didn't start any of that "Why-didn't-you-let-me" stuff.

"Room for me?"

"You can stand in a corner."

"You got an acre?" Someone started snoring. It was an old guy across the aisle.

"Twenty of them."

"Where, Mary?"

"God's country." She smiled and I could see she was back there now wherever it was. "In northern Minnesota near Ely." *It was* God's country. I'd gone to Y.M.C.A. camp there when I'd been a Scout.

"You're a long way from home."

"I'm going home." She said it again. "I'm going home if they'll let me." She bent her head, her hands cupping her face and she cried as desperately as anyone I'd ever seen.

THE stewardess came by, wearing the publicity-picture smile, asking if we wanted anything to drink or eat. "Two coffees," I said. Mary shook her head in refusal but I nodded at the stewardess.

When she went to get them, I put my hand over Mary's. "Coffee," I insisted. "For Pete's sake am I going to have trouble with you all night?" I didn't want to take my hand away. The stewardess came with coffee, and Mary held hers not paying any attention to it. I reached over with one hand, cupped her hands around the paper container and raised it to her lips. "I'll slug you if you don't," I warned her.

She drank. I made her drink the whole thing while I finished mine. Then I set the cups on the floor and settled back for fifteen minutes. An hour ago I'd been thinking what a miserable guy I was: nobody was for me, there wasn't anybody in worse circumstances in the forty-eight states, and the only out was the gas pipe. Now I had the guts but I didn't want the other. I wanted to talk with Mary.

"Who was that guy, Mary?" She knew who I meant.

"My boss." That was something new now, wasn't it?

"What'd he do to you?" You had to pry it out of this girl. I didn't think that maybe she didn't like to take up with blokes in planes.

"Nothing."

"Sure?"

"He didn't. He didn't, damn you." She was mad now. That was good. If she got mad enough she'd forget about that Svengali.

"All right."

"Joe," she said, and I wanted her to say my name again. "Honestly, he didn't do anything."

I believed her. About her I wanted to believe only good, and whatever you believe about a person, then that's the way it is.

"What was he going to do then? Tell me that."

"Marry me." There was loathing in her voice.

"Were you going to marry him?" I *wanted* to know.

"He was married. He didn't live with his wife. He said that when he got a divorce then he wanted to marry me, only he always said it would be next month and next month and next month." If she kept talking she wouldn't cry. "When I started working there, he was very nice and would always see that somebody took me home. I lived on Barrow Street with another girl.

"I'd been in New York a year when I went to work there. I wasn't broke, I had some money, and my dad would always have sent me some, but he'd been against my going, and I wanted to prove something." She gestured with her hands. "You know how stubborn you can be when you're young." She looked at least twenty-four.

"Then my roommate got married. I couldn't afford the apartment, but he raised my salary. He was always raising my salary. He'd come over on Sunday afternoon, and he seemed so lonesome. I'd make dinner. He always wanted me to move uptown, Central Park West, that was his idea of Park Avenue."

SHE talked on. That isn't too strange. I've told things to guys I met on subways that I wouldn't tell my closest friend. People have told me things on the Boston train that they'd kept from their wives for ten years. People talk to strangers. You want to talk, and they listen because they don't give a damn.

"I wanted to quit," she said. "He threatened to commit suicide." Holy smokes, everybody wanted to knock themselves off. "Once I went to Philadelphia, stayed in a hotel for three days. When I got back he was near crazy. He'd had the police looking for me.

"I wanted to run away a thousand times." I didn't ask her why she didn't. She'd gotten stuck. She didn't have a friend, and she was afraid of that jerk.

"Yesterday he called me and said he was coming over. It was in the afternoon. He said that he was going out of town for two weeks. St. Louis on business. He wanted me to come. He showed me a compartment reservation. I wouldn't. He wanted to know if I thought he was a sucker." She pressed her palms against her cheeks.

"He hit me. He said the train was leaving at eleven tonight. He said I was going and I'd better make up my mind to like it." She pulled the coat about her. I wondered about the coat.

"When he left, I called my dad. He said to come home. I didn't tell him anything except I wasn't feeling well. So last night I danced just the same." She was having trouble talking now. "I made the reservation today. My landlady must have told him. Now I'm afraid."

"You don't have to be."

"I am."

The stewardess came through, buttoning safety belts of the sleeping passengers. "Detroit," she said.

We set down a few minutes later. I wanted Mary to stretch her legs, but she wouldn't budge. "Come on," I said.

"Joe, no. Please, Joe, no."

"He's not here."

"Joe, please."

I pulled her up and pushed her ahead of me. "You've got to stop being afraid. That guy is going to stay in New York. Forget it."

I should have left her in the plane. As we walked into the terminal, the loudspeaker said: "New York is calling Miss Mary Heller. New York is calling Miss Mary Heller." She almost passed out against my arm. I steered her over to a bench and found the girl at the microphone. I said I was Miss Heller's fiancé and where was the phone. She pointed to a tiny office.

There was an argument with the operator in New York, but she finally put him on. He had a voice like a bulldog's growl; full of cigar smoke and whisky.

"This is Joe Kamm," I said. "Miss Heller's fiancé. What is it?"

"Wanna talk with Miss Heller."

"You're not going to. She's ill. What do you want?" I didn't even ask his name.

"Wanna speak wid her."

"Listen to me, mister. You're not going to talk to her. Never. You're not going to call her, or wire her or see her. If you try, the F.B.I. is going to be on you so fast . . ." I let it go. He hung up. I didn't know what the F.B.I. would do even if I did call them. I did know that no gin-mill operator is afraid of local cops, but when Mr. Hoover's boys are mentioned, he runs.

I went back to Mary. She couldn't get up. I got her arm, walked her around a bit and led her back to the plane. I thought suddenly that if I did this well with her, I might be able to teach the Richard Harding Davises something at that.

"What did you tell him?" she asked me in the plane.

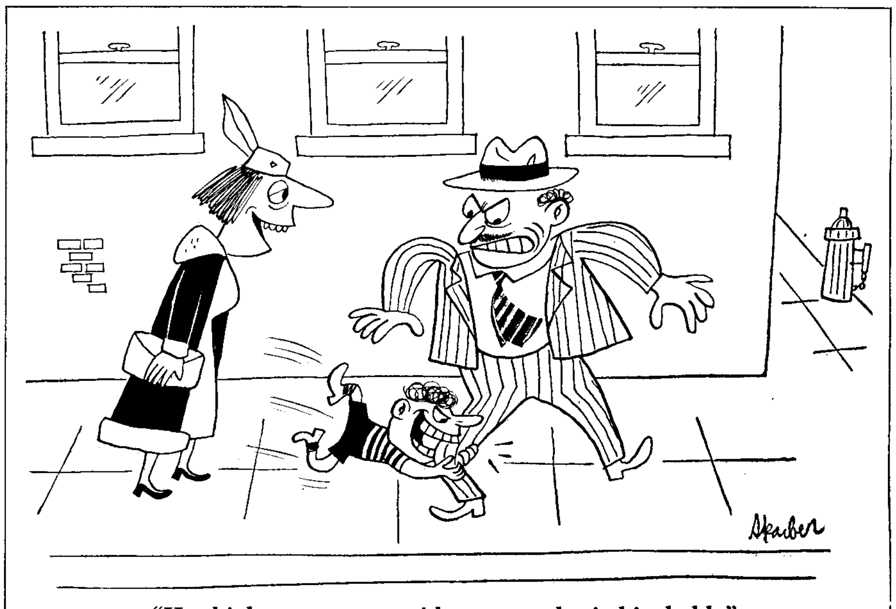
"Not to bother you."

"He will!" She almost screamed it.

"Mary, he won't—believe me. Just go home and don't worry. He won't bother you." I put my arm around her shoulders and she let her head fall back. When we were over Detroit she was asleep.

I let her sleep all the way across Lake Michigan toward Milwaukee. She needed it. When we'd been over the lake for what seemed about six days, the stewardess stopped by on her way from the pilot's room. She leaned over when she saw I was awake.

"We're going to skip Milwaukee, Mr.



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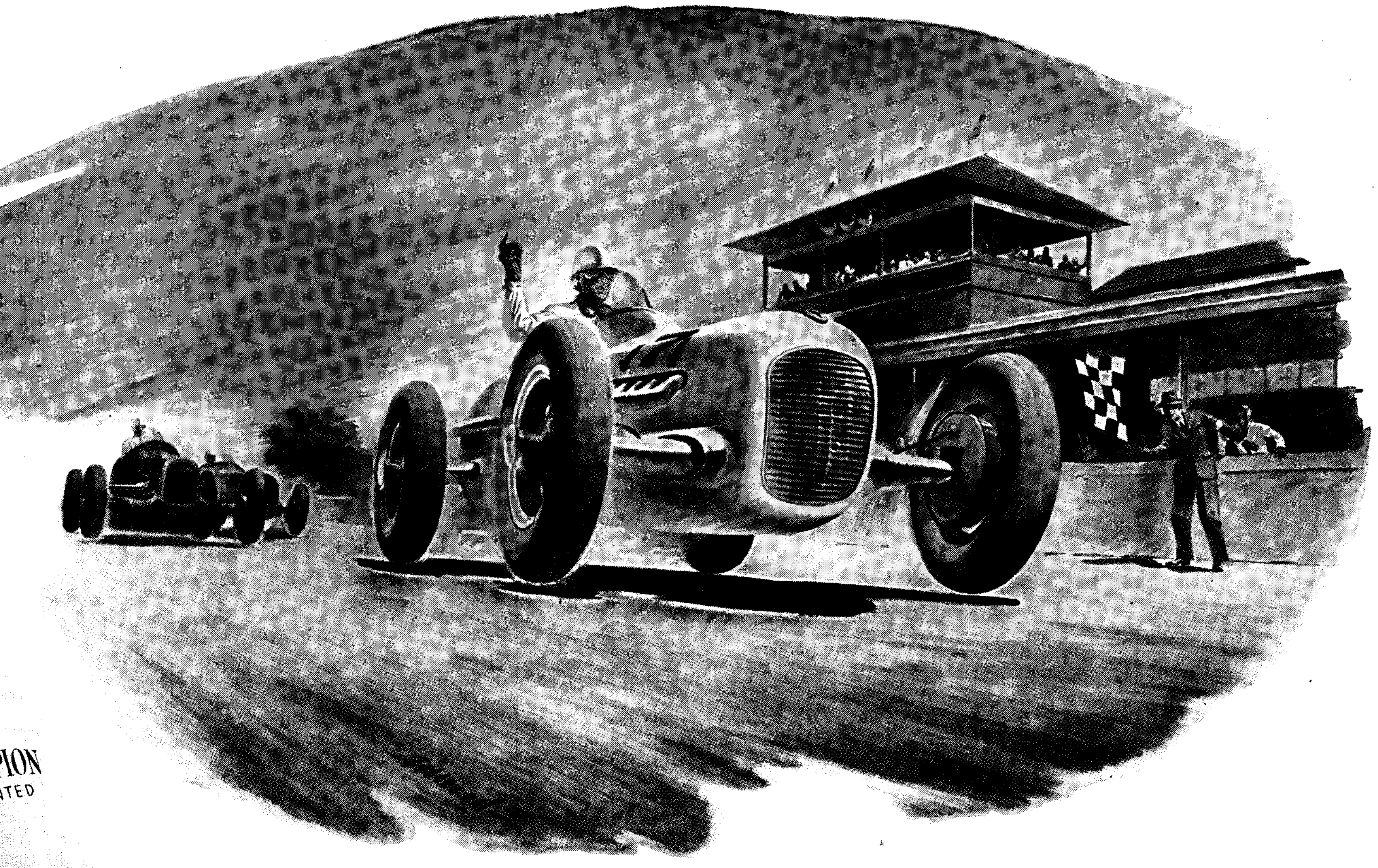

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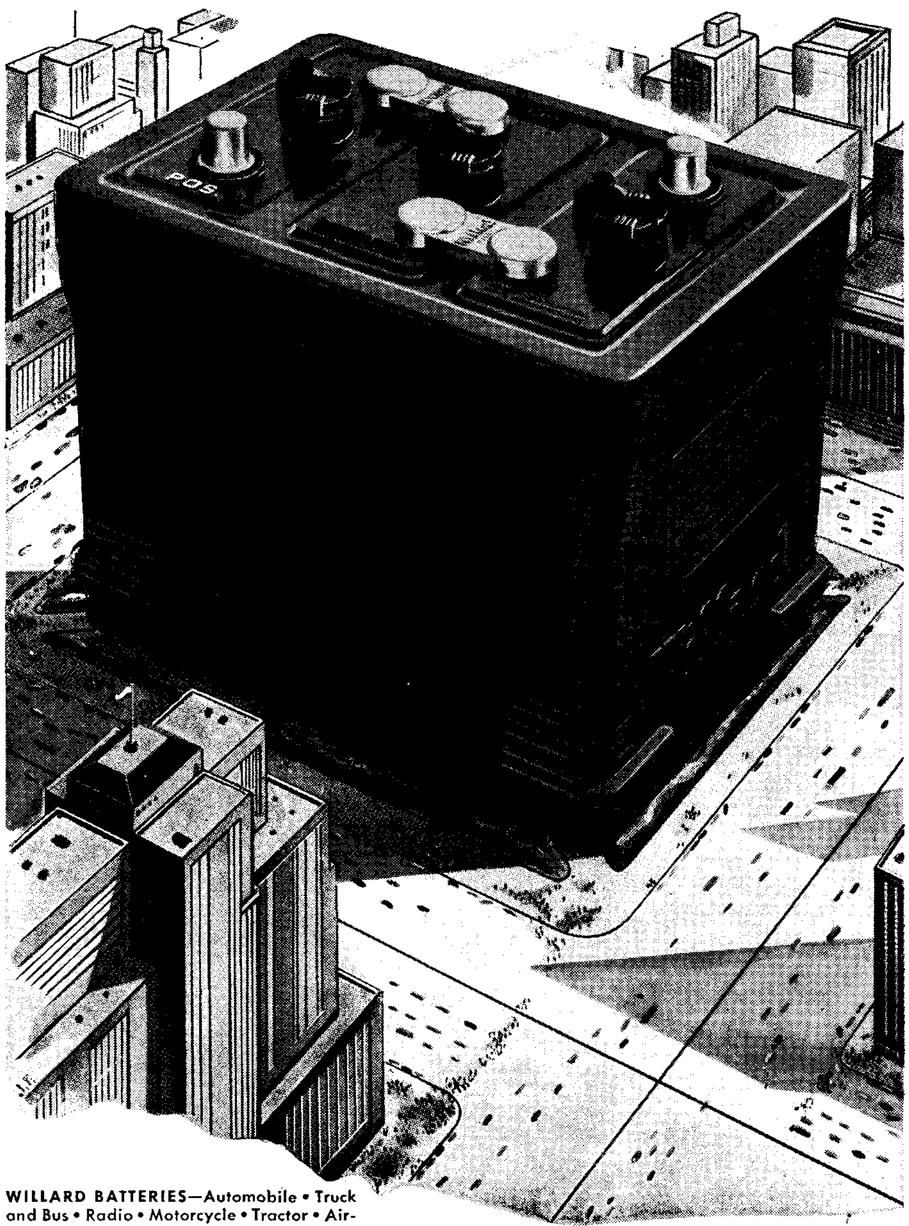

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Kamm," she said. She was smiling, but planes set down where they're supposed to unless there's something wrong.

"What's up?"

"A little fog."

"Where we going now?"

"The Twin Cities."

"How's our gas?"

She smiled. "Wonderful." She walked away. She would have said wonderful if the plane was burning. I let Mary sleep, wondering about this evening. I didn't pick up women in planes. I didn't solve other people's troubles, I always had enough of my own. I was a guy who took care of Joe, and that's all. What was I doing with this girl whom I didn't know, who had told me a story that might be half true? But I didn't take my arm away.

I MUST have been sleeping because when I sat up, the plane was dropping about a hundred feet. Everybody in the plane was awake and talking. Mary was watching me, smiling. "You're cute when you sleep," she said. The plane went up about forty floors and then dropped again. The old guy had stopped snoring, he was yelling for the stewardess, but she was busy with a dame in the rear who wanted to get out of the plane right here and now. Somebody was rapping on the window, and when I turned to see who it was, I saw the rain. The sky was suddenly as bright as Ebbets Field at a night game. A woman screamed. We were in a pretty rough storm.

The stewardess was busy in the rear when the old guy started to get up from his seat. He was wild with fear. He could have given us trouble if Mary hadn't been kneeling at his side, her knees on the floor, talking to him. The coat was sprawled over the seat. She quieted him down in about five minutes, talking to him, stroking his arm, and then she got him buckled up and put the blanket over his legs. When she got through with him, there was another patient behind me, a woman about forty and a girl, probably her daughter, about ten.

Mary stayed with them while the plane bounced over most of Wisconsin. I couldn't have gotten up from that seat if there was a thousand bucks in it. I was sick, brother.

That plane was like a tilt-a-whirl. I knew what I'd get if I asked the stewardess anything. One thing was for sure—that guy had to set this plane down. We didn't have any gas. It was getting gray outside, and we should have been near the Twin Cities now. The plane took a terrific drop just then, and I saw a middle-aged guy make a break from his seat across and behind me and lurch toward the pilot's compartment. I got my foot out in time and he went down and I went after him, cursing him for getting me up. I was as scared as he was, but the pilot knew more about things than I did. The dope on the floor was too full of fear to move, so I pulled him back and got him in the seat. As I tried to straighten up I bumped into Mary, and the girl was smiling. She wasn't scared. She was getting a bang out of helping these people. I wasn't scared any more then, either. Looking at her I couldn't be.

I got back to my seat and fell into it. If I could only find my stomach and hold it in one place, then everything would be all right. The plane began to start down at an angle and I knew he was going to try it. I started praying a little. I just didn't want things to end now.

The plane was still sliding around but staying fairly even. I wished Mary would come, but she was too busy back there.

I felt the plane ease down, down, down, and still I couldn't see anything out of the window. It felt like we were dropping for an hour and then suddenly we were about fifty feet off the ground and I could see the administration building as we went past. That pilot set down as easily as a fry cook flips flapjacks. We ended up in a corner of the field, but we were still in one piece.

WHEN he started taxiing toward the building, Mary sat down beside me. "Those poor people," she said. Now her eyes were something to see.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Wonderful. Those poor people." I could see the administration building again.

"Scared?" I asked. Maybe it was a dirty trick to bring it up. This girl had more guts than anybody I'd ever seen, and maybe helping these people had beat the fear for her.

She shook her head still smiling at me. "Almost not," she said. The plane stopped. I helped her with the coat.

"What time's your train?" I asked.

"Six tonight." We were walking toward the door.

"I'll buy coffee."

She nodded.

"I'll take you to the train."

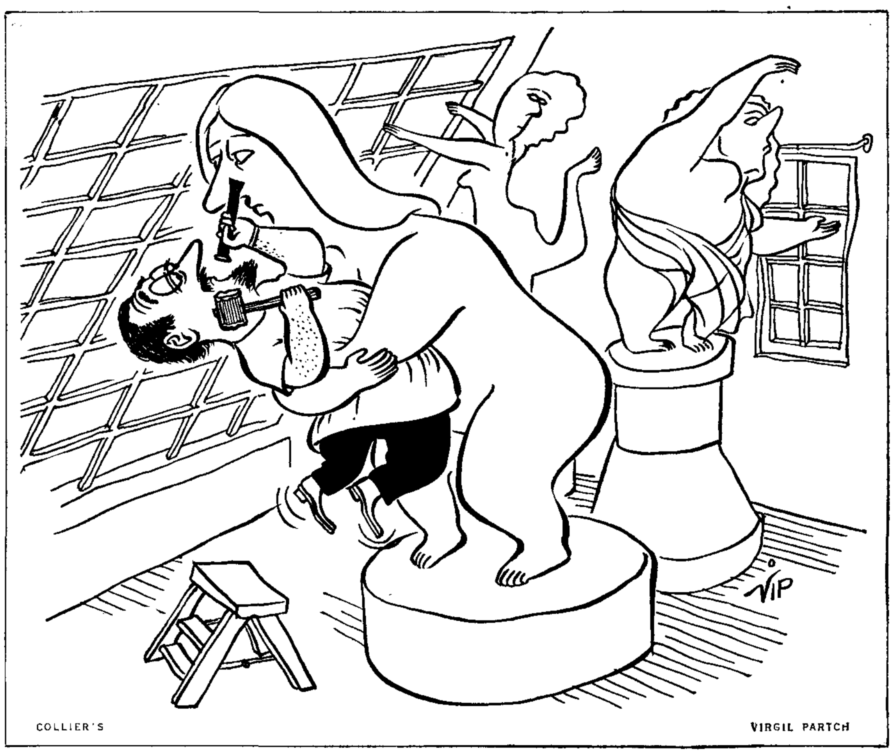
She nodded.

"You can clean up at my house." She nodded again. They shoved the steps against the plane and opened the door. It was still raining.

"My ma will make us breakfast." We were at the door. I pushed her collar up around her head. She turned, kissed me, and grabbed my hand. We started running together.

Midway across the apron she stopped and turned to me again. "I bought the coat, Joe," she said gravely. I put my arm around her and we walked to the building, the rain behind us.

THE END



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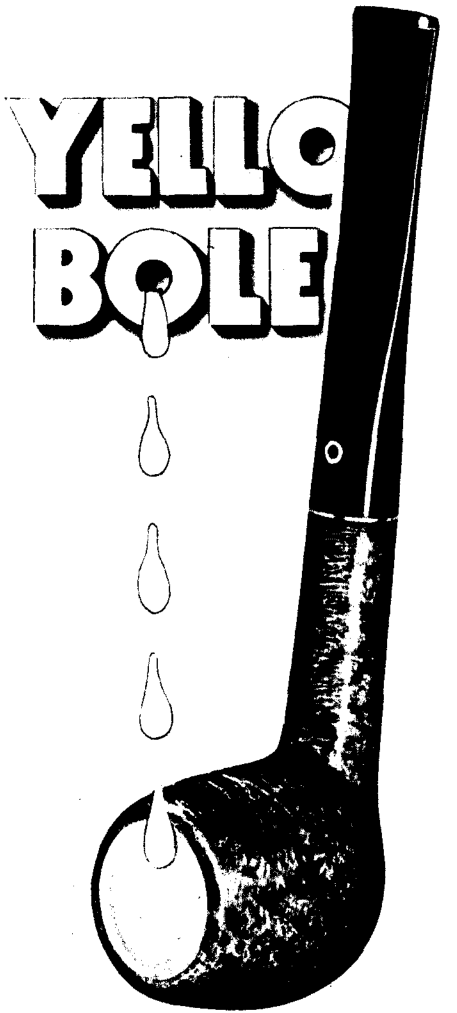

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$1 STANDARD $1.50 IMPERIAL $2.50 PREMIER

this seal in bowl, this mark on stem · this seal in bowl, this mark on stem · this seal in bowl, this mark on stem

Everything Shipshape

Continued from page 16

from behind her came a roaring voice: "Who is it, Emily?"

Mrs. Dixon turned from the door. "It's a young lady, Walter," she said. She left the door and went into the suite. "It's a young painter lady, Walter." Leslie was right behind her, and her hands were busy unwrapping the painting as she moved.

Mr. Dixon was in an easy chair with his lap full of papers, and papers were strewn on the floor around him. He looked up and saw Leslie and his heavy face began to set. "What—" he began.

Leslie said smoothly, "I am a painter here, Mr. Dixon, and I have read about your new plant, and I know what it will mean to Encino Beach."

"And?" said Mr. Dixon.

Leslie swallowed. She brought the painting into view. "And I brought this to you, as a gift, because I think you're doing a wonderful . . ." Her voice trailed off and she held the painting out dumbly.

Mrs. Dixon looked at it. "Why," she said, "it's beautiful! It's just beautiful, isn't it, Walter?"

Mr. Dixon was staring at the canvas and at the detail of the sloop; and he was feeling the heel of the little boat and hearing the sound of the water hissing along her side, and the set went out of his big face. He looked up at Leslie. "Why?" he asked bluntly.

"Why, Walter," said Mrs. Dixon. "I think it's sweet of this young lady and I don't see why you should be so ungracious." Walter was silent, his eyes on the picture again.

Leslie took a deep breath. "I wondered," she said timidly, "if you and Mrs. Dixon would come to the Yacht Club on Sunday to watch the races. As my guest, I mean, and—"

Mrs. Dixon said quickly, "Why, child, how sweet of you! I'm sure we'd love to come." She looked at her husband. "Wouldn't we, Walter?"

But Walter was staring hard at Leslie's face, and Leslie had the feeling that he was looking far into her mind. He looked at the picture again. Then back to Leslie. "Will that sloop be racing?" he demanded.

Leslie swallowed. He *had* been looking into her mind. "Yes," she said in a small voice.

Walter nodded. "Now I see it," he said. "And who owns that sloop?"

Leslie breathed a silent prayer. "My fiancé—I mean, Jake—uh—that is, John Thomason," she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon looked at each other. Leslie waited and held her breath. Walter said in a friendly tone, "I've heard of him since I've been here. But he's in the service, isn't he?" He didn't add that he had not heard of Jake Thomason's engagement.

"He just got home this morning," said Leslie. She waited again.

Walter said, "I see." He looked at the picture once more. Then he looked back at Leslie, and he was smiling. "We'll come," he said. "And we'll look your, uh, this Jake Thomason over." There was a twinkle in his eyes and his voice was kindly. "And we thank you for the picture. It *is* beautiful."

Going down in the elevator Leslie hugged herself. She walked past the desk clerk and smiled at him. "I'll show Mr. Thomason," she told herself.

THE catboats were racing when the Dixons arrived at the Yacht Club. Leslie met them and took them through the trophy room and through the big combination living and dining room and past the bar to the broad porch overlooking the bay and the jetty and the harbor entrance. They found chairs and Leslie produced field glasses, and they watched the catboats and then the centerboard knockabouts romp around their courses. Walter Dixon drank long, cool drinks with enjoyment; Mrs. Dixon and Leslie had tea. The conversation flowed along smoothly while Jake worked the sloop up and down the bay, shaking down his crew.

The keelboat race was on a triangular course, from the club out through the channel to a marker, up the coast, and then back and in through the channel again. They watched the jockeying for the start closely, Leslie sitting tense in her chair. But there was no need to worry; Jake had forgotten nothing in five years. He bore away from the starting line, running free and trailing two of his four competitors. Through the glasses, Leslie could see him at the tiller, stop watch in hand, shifting his eyes rapidly to his sails, to the feather at his truck, to the changing positions of his opponents. She watched the two leading boats begin to come about and she saw Jake alter course to block them. For perhaps half a minute he held them; and Walter Dixon, watching, grunted his approval. And then, quite suddenly, Jake put the tiller over and the little sloop swung around and the crew hauled hard on main and jib sheets as she pointed up into the wind and heeled over hard and bore down on the starting line with her keel showing plainly. The starting gun went off and Jake tore across the line with the rest of the fleet trailing hopelessly.

Walter Dixon said, "He's a sailor, your—uh—Jake." And Leslie relaxed gratefully.

The start decided the race. There was jockeying for second and for third, but first place was already won. Jake broke out his spinnaker coming back up the channel to the finish, but so much canvas was not really necessary.

IDLE BRIDAL

I used to think I'd marry young,
And now that I am grown,
I always weep at weddings 'cause
They never are my own.

—ANITA LIPTON

Leslie made no move to go down to the float when Jake and his triumphant crew rowed in from the moored sloop. She waited patiently, talking of all manner of things and drinking her tea, until Jake came onto the porch. And then she called to him, "Jake, we're over here."

He turned and saw her. He saw, too, the Dixons; Walter Dixon was rising from his chair. "You can spare a moment from your triumph," Leslie said, smiling, and she hoped that her voice was easy.

Jake spoke a word to his crew and they went on into the trophy room. He came across the porch, frowning a little.

Leslie said, "This is Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Jake. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dixon."

Jake's frown deepened. He nodded his head and mumbled politely and shook Walter's hand.

"We've been watching the race," Walter said. "You do know sailing."

Leslie reached up and took Jake's hand. She squeezed it ostentatiously. "Sit down with us," she said softly. "Your celebration can wait."

Jake sat down. Leslie still held his hand. He looked at Leslie's face and saw nothing there and the puzzled look in his eyes could have passed for adoration. Emily Dixon caught Walter's eye and smiled briefly. "Miss Robbins," Emily said to Jake, "has been telling us a lot about you."

"Oh?" said Jake cautiously.

Walter picked it up from there. "Not too much," he said. "Enough to make me want to know more. I'd like to talk with you sometime, Thomason, sometime when you're not busy, when we can have some privacy."

Jake swallowed. "I'd like to talk with you, too, sir," he said.

"Good," said Walter.

Leslie clung to Jake's hand. She squeezed it desperately and let a little prayer drift silently upward. "Dinner?" she asked. "Couldn't we have dinner, say tomorrow night?"

"Fine," said Walter. "At the hotel. We can talk in the room afterward."

Emily shook her head. Her eyes were shining at the thought of young love. "Couldn't we," she said timidly, "I mean, wouldn't it be better—that is, if you wouldn't mind—"

Leslie's mind sprang like a cat, and the sparkle in her eyes was magnificent to behold. "At our—I mean, at Jake's house? It would be marvelous! Do come! There's the most beautiful view of the bay from there and—"

"Fine," said Walter. "Fine." He pushed back his chair and rose. "Come, Emily. We'll go now. We've enjoyed this, Miss Robbins, and we'll look forward to tomorrow night."

"And so will we," said Leslie. "Won't we, Jake?"

There was nothing else to do. Jake nodded. "Yes," he said. "Yes, we certainly will." He made himself smile, and he squeezed Leslie's hand viciously until he felt her wince. "We certainly will," he repeated.

WHEN the Dixons were gone, Jake sat down again and dropped Leslie's hand like a rock. He looked at her coldly. "Now will you tell me what in hell you think you're doing?"

Leslie's eyes were wide. "Why," she said, "why, nothing! The Dixons wanted to meet you. That's all. Did I do wrong, Jake?"

He stared at her for a moment and then he lifted his shoulders and let them drop hopelessly. "No," he said. "No. Everything's just ducky." He pushed back his chair and got up and walked into the trophy room. Leslie watched him go, and the corners of her mouth were lifted ever so slightly. . . .

At four-thirty the next afternoon, Leslie knocked on Jake's door. He opened the door and stood aside silently and let her come through. Her arms were filled with bundles. "There's more in the car," she said. There was no impishness in her tone or in her eyes; she was serious now, uneasy. She was dressed in a simple print frock that set off her slim brown arms and legs and her slender, rounded body. Jake noticed both the new attitude and the new clothes, and he looked impressed. He went out to the car without a word and loaded his arms with the packages and the flowers he found on the seat. He brought them into the kitchen and laid them on the table, with an air of complete resignation.

Leslie had produced an apron from nowhere. She was at the sink unwrapping bundles of greens and bundles of vegetables for a salad; and while Jake leaned against the wall, she reached into one of the drawers without looking and brought out a paring knife and set to work. Over her shoulder, Leslie said, "Is there a fire laid and wood in the box?" Jake disappeared without a word.

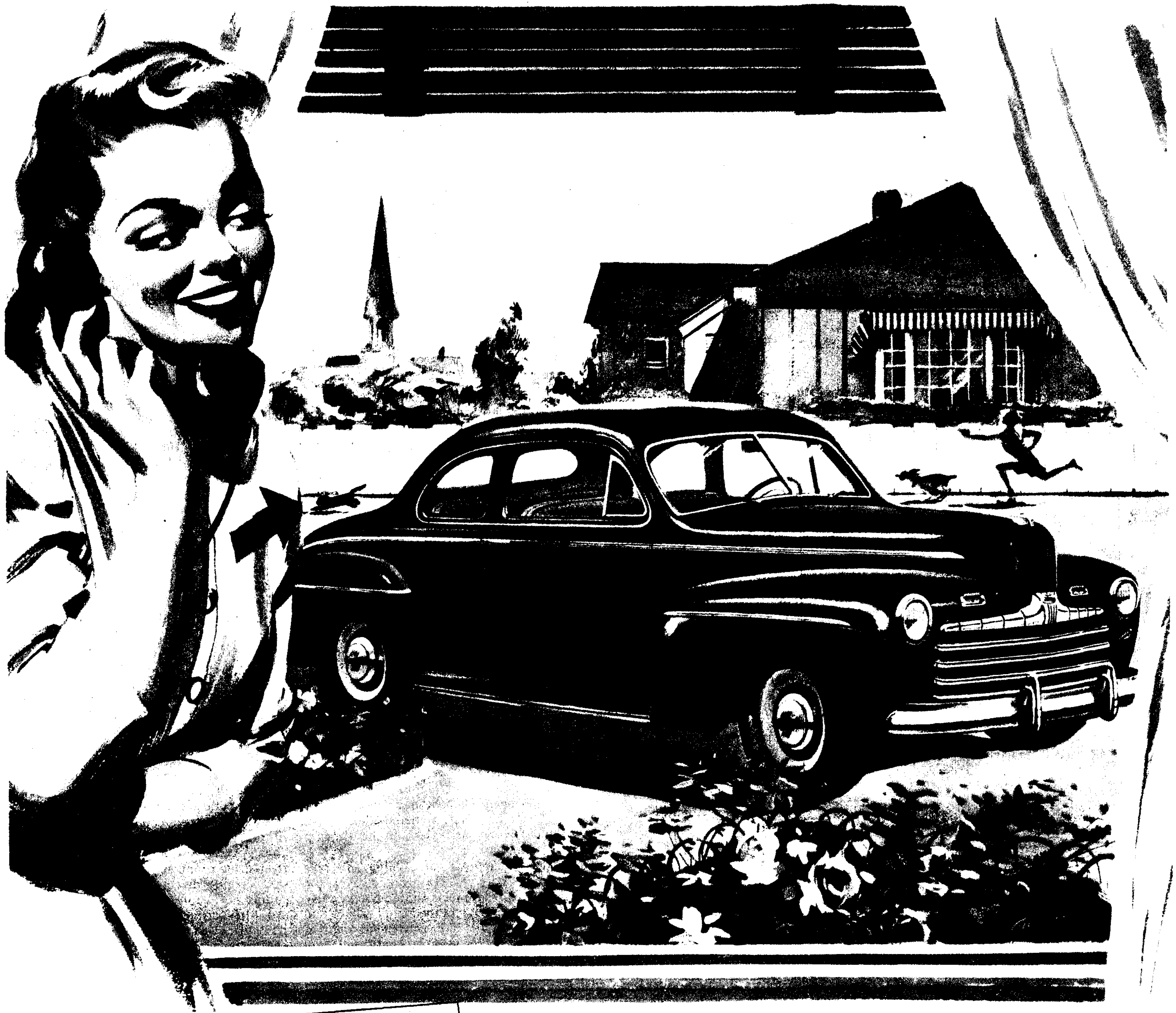
When he returned to the kitchen, the greens and the vegetables were cleaned and peeled and sliced and trimmed and wrapped neatly in a wet tea towel. Leslie handed the bundle to him. "In the icebox," she said. Jake obeyed meekly.

Leslie had the flower paper off and was trimming stems. "I'll need the red vase from the cupboard," she said, "and the blue bowl from the living-room table." Jake fetched them, wonderingly, and stood by for further instructions.

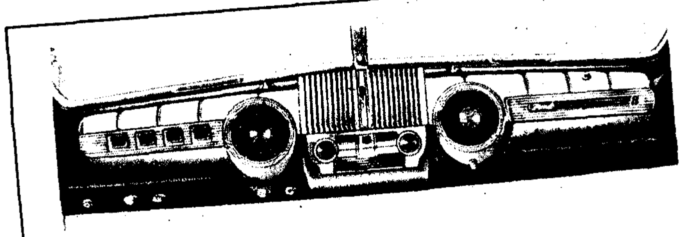
Leslie indicated two more packages. "There is rum there and lemons and there's plenty of sugar in the canister. Can you mix Daiquiris?"

Jake took a deep breath and grabbed for

FORD'S OUT FRONT in style, too!



The Big New 1946 Ford Sedan Coupe



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TUNE IN The FORD-Bob Crosby Show—CBS, Wednesdays, 9:30-10 P. M., E.S.T.
The FORD Sunday Evening Hour—ABC, Sundays, 8-9 P. M., E.S.T.

—And now I saw Bubbles in half!

1 I was "Mysto the Great." Yeah, but "great" in name only—a magician whose act had gone sour. The right cards *wouldn't* turn up. The rabbits bit me. And every time I sawed a girl in half, I *nicked* her! Did I ever have the shakes!

2 That's how things stood when we heard that Mr. Big would talent-scout our next performance. "If I could get a good night's sleep," I said to Bubbles, the dancer, "maybe I'd get rid of these jitters." "Stop worrying," she cried, "and have some of this nice hot Java."

3 "Beat it," I yapped. "You *know* it's coffee that keeps me awake—and makes me jumpy as the bunnies." "But, Mysto, darling," she cajoled, "it's the *caffein* in coffee that affects you. And *this* is Sanka Coffee—you know, it's 97% caffein-free. *Can't* keep you awake."

4 "Yeah, but how does it taste?" I argued. "Simply delish!" she exclaimed. "Try it!" I sniffed—sipped—and then gulped. Gosh, it was good—*gosh*, what grand, rich flavor! "And just to prove my faith in Sanka Coffee," Bubbles went on, "I'll let you saw *me* up *tomorrow!*"

5 Did I pound the hay that night! And next day, I felt like a million—steady as the Rock of Gibraltar! All the right cards turned up. The rabbits chewed only their carrots. And when I sawed Bubbles in half, the crowd went wild!

6 Was Mr. Big *impressed!* He signed me up at twice the chips—with the condition that *I* sign up Bubbles! "O.K.," says Bubbles, "and as an added attraction, how about a sparkler on my left hand?" "Had that in mind," I said, "even *before* you told me about that swell Sanka Coffee."

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Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A Product of General Foods.

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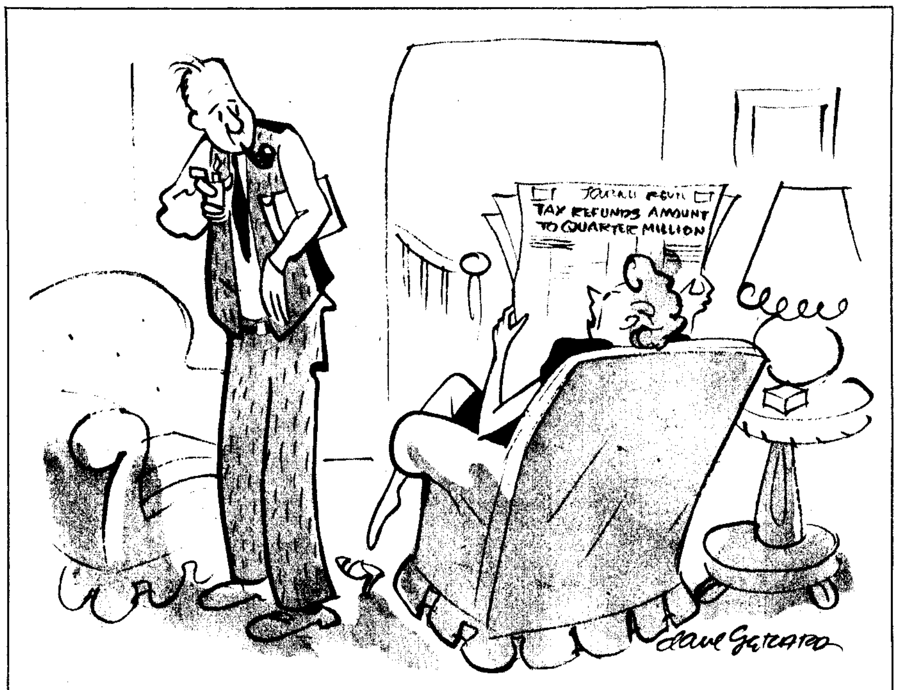

TAX REFUNDS AMOUNT TO QUARTER MILLION
dave Gerard

"Why don't you ever overpay the government so we could get a refund check?"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

his disappearing ego. "I not only can make Daiquiris," he said, "I can make the finest Daiquiris in this part of the country."

"They'd better be," said Leslie. And then she turned from the sink and looked at him, and for a moment her smile was brilliant and warm and there was a look in her eyes that Jake had never seen before. She turned quickly back to the flowers again and her voice came over her shoulder. "We're having steaks and baked potatoes and a tossed green salad," she said. "For dessert I'll rig up some sort of custard. Walter Dixon looks like the kind of man who would favor food that has authority." Jake nodded dumbly and clung to the wall, watching, until Leslie told him to go and get dressed.

The flowers were in their bowls and properly arranged and the fire was a cheery warmth and Jake's jib and mainsail bags and pea jacket were out of the front room and the entire house was tidied from truck to keel by the time the Dixons arrived. Jake looked at the place with awe as he went to the front door with Leslie. There was the same quality to its neatness that there had been when he had arrived home from the wars. He wondered about that, but the Dixons' arrival took the thought from his mind.

Leslie's diagnosis of Walter Dixon's tastes was correct. He worked over the Daiquiris with appreciation and relish. He set upon the steak and the baked potato and the tossed salad like a trencherman of prowess. And he sighed deeply when he saw the custard with the wine sauce, and he tucked it away and expanded happily when Leslie told him that there was another for now and still another for later when he might like a snack.

After coffee, Leslie and Emily disappeared and for a time the subdued clatter of dishes located them, and then that noise was silenced and the front room was quiet.

WALTER DIXON got out a cigar and set it to drawing well. Jake produced his pipe. They sat for a time, staring into the fire, each busy with his own thoughts. Presently Walter Dixon spoke. "I'm glad to find that you're getting yourself married," he said. "Married men are steadier."

Jake choked briefly on his pipe and for a time he thought smoke would come out his ears. He stared at Walter, wordlessly, opening and closing his mouth like a fish on a pier.

"Your fiancée tells me that you have an engineering degree," Walter went on. "Marine engineering. That's good. I like my men to have theoretical as well as practical knowledge. I saw your practical knowledge yesterday, thanks to Miss Leslie." He waved his cigar vaguely. "There's a fine woman, Thomason. Your fiancée, I mean. You're a lucky man." He touched his full belly gently. "And she can cook, too. There's a rare combination—a woman with brains who can cook." He looked at Jake and mistook Jake's look of utter confusion for some sort of objection. "These days, I mean," Walter added. "Usually, nowadays, when a woman has brains she thinks in terms of a career instead of a home. Your fiancée is the exception; that painting she gave me when she forced her way into our hotel room the other day is tremendous, and now this dinner. She'll have a career both in her art and in her home." He blew smoke at the ceiling, and leaned back, pleased with his apt phrase.

"I," said Jake helplessly, "that is, we—I mean—"

"Exactly," said Walter Dixon. He sat up straight in his chair. "Now let's get down to business. This plant I'm opening here needs a salesman . . ."

FOR a long time after the Dixons had gone, Jake sat in front of the fire and stared at the glowing coals. Leslie had disappeared into the depths of the house. Jake drew on his pipe steadily, without thought, although the pipe had been dead for some time. Occasionally he let his eyes wander around the room, seeing the flowers in their vases, seeing the books in their place and finding no extraneous material littering the furniture or the floor. He frowned at the fire and chewed hard on the stem of his pipe. Leslie was waiting somewhere in the back of the house, waiting for a time and then she would come out into the front room and confront him and expect him to fall at her feet. He swore.

He got up out of his chair suddenly and marched into the little back hall, with his pipe jutting angrily from his teeth. The bedroom and the bathroom were both dark. He looked into the kitchen. It was dark, too. He took his pipe out of his mouth and pressed his nose against the window. Leslie's car was gone.

He marched back into the living room and sat down in his chair and swore at the fire. He got up and fetched the telephone and the book and sat down again. He looked up Leslie's number and dialed it savagely and listened to the ring.

Leslie's voice answered. "Hello," she said.

"Listen," Jake began. "I'll be damned—"

"You must have the wrong number," said Leslie, and she hung up.

Jake swore and dialed again. The line was busy. "That little brat!" he said.

He got his cap and his pea jacket and went out to his car. He got in and started the engine and took off like a PT boat.

Leslie's house was dark. Jake went around back, to the bedroom window. He pounded on the glass until Leslie's head appeared in the darkness. She raised the window.

"I don't like coercion," Jake snapped. "I won't stand for it!"

"I don't blame you," said Leslie. She closed the window and disappeared. She wondered if the tear marks on her cheeks showed in the darkness. She got back into bed and lay stiffly on her back, holding the tears in check.

Jake's fist beat on the glass again. She ignored it until his voice came, muffled, through the closed window. "I'll break this damn' thing if you don't come here!" he roared.

Leslie threw back the covers and went to the window again. She opened it. "I called Walter Dixon at the hotel," she said coldly. "I told him we weren't engaged, that it was all my idea and that it was a fool thing to do and that I was sorry. He said it wouldn't make any difference about what he told you tonight." She swallowed hard and forced her voice to retain its coldness. "Good night," she said and turned away from the window and went back to her bed and buried her face in the pillow so that Jake couldn't hear what was coming. The tears began again, and with them came choking sobs which she managed to keep quiet, but which tore at her chest like iron barbs.

JAKE stood at the window a few moments. He heard nothing; Leslie did not reappear. He turned away and walked slowly out to his car. He opened the door of the car and stood for a time with one foot on the running board. Then he closed the door again and went back to the bedroom window. It was still silent. "Leslie," he said. "Leslie."

Leslie heard him. She took her face out of the pillow and forced her throat to behave. "What is it now?" she asked. And her voice was small in the darkness.

"You took care of my boat and my house while I was away," Jake said. "I realized tonight that it was you." There was a long pause. Then, "I want to thank you."

Leslie fought down the disappointment. "You're welcome," she said finally. "Good night." There was cold anger in her voice, anger at herself. She pressed her face into the pillow again.

Jake lifted one foot and then set it down again with uneasiness. There was uncertainty in his voice when he spoke. "Look," he said. "About tonight—"

"Oh! Go away!" Leslie wailed suddenly, slamming the window shut. "Go on home and leave me alone!"

Jake turned away. Then he turned back again. This was worse than coercion; this was mutiny. "Dammit, woman!" he roared. "Get out of that bed and come over here!" The uncertainty slid away like a bad dream. "Jump!" he roared. "Or I'll come in and get you!"

"Why?" said Leslie in a very small voice.

"Stop asking questions!" Jake bellowed. "You're through conniving! I'm running things from now on, and what I say goes! If you're not out of that bed in ten seconds, I'm coming in!"

Leslie didn't answer, but she felt meek and warm and happy. The tears were gone. She threw back the covers and slipped out of bed. She snatched her house coat from the foot of the bed and put it on.

"I'm counting," Jake said threateningly.

"So am I."

In the dark room, she ran silently to the window and stood hidden in the shadow of the curtains.

"Three . . . four . . ."

Every muscle of Leslie's body was tense, and shivers ran up into the back of her neck. She closed her eyes, and her fingers were pressed hard against her mouth.

"Five . . . six . . ."

She heard Jake's feet scraping for a foothold on the side of the house, saw his arm reach up onto the sill, and heard the window fly open.

"Eight . . . nine . . ."

Leslie jumped to the window, but all she could see of Jake was his hands gripped on the sill. She leaned out and looked down, and in that second he sprang from a crouch, straight up. Everything went black.

Shaking her head to clear the stars away and holding her ears to stop the ringing of bells, Leslie looked out to see Jake sprawled on his back on the ground.

"Are you hurt?" she said timidly.

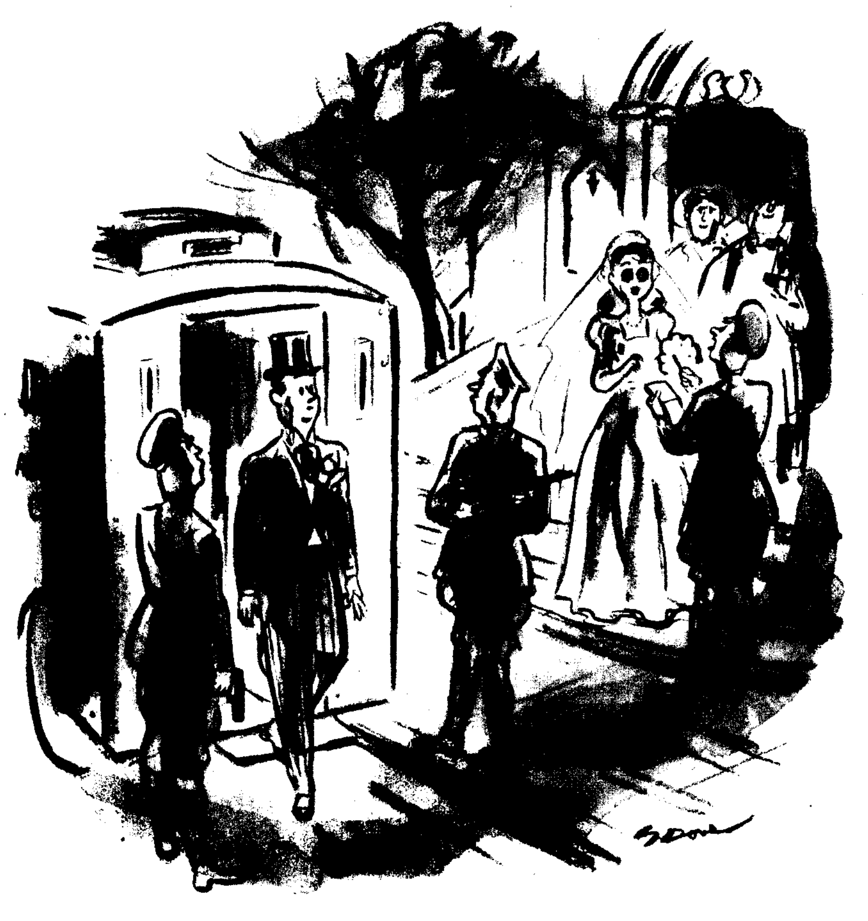
"Who hit me?"

"I did, Jake. I was coming out."

He laughed suddenly, and she laughed with him.

"That's funny," he said. "I was coming in."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Just sign here, Miss, and he's all yours" LEONARD DOVE

8: A.M. Check blueprints
12:30 P.M. Trades Luncheon
6:00 Architects conference

These are times that try men's clothes!

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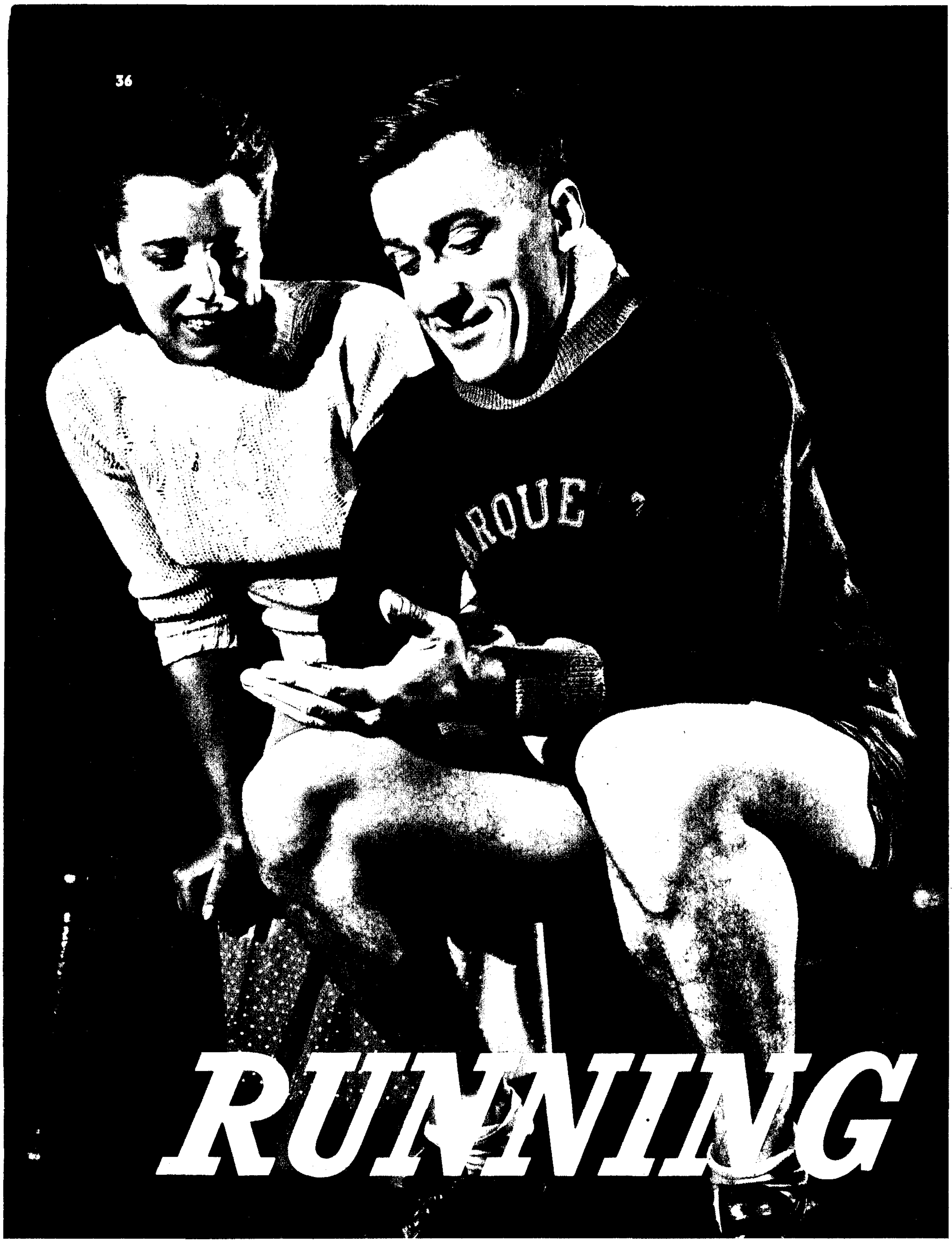
RUNNING from DEATH

BY CHARLES DEXTER

Fifteen years ago Charles Beaudry was a puny youngster of 80 pounds, and his doctors said he would surely die of tuberculosis. Today he is America's greatest athlete, winner of the 1945 decathlon



Charles Beaudry and his wife, who helped him become decathlon champion, plan an athletic campaign

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGO GORSKI

CHARLES BEAUDRY is very much alive these days, and his hours are crowded with work. Mornings, he's "Mr. Beaudry," French instructor at Marquette High School in Milwaukee. Afternoons, he's down at the school gym, showing awed members of the track team how he ran the 100 in 9.7 at Chicago. Evenings, in a comfortable chair at home, he prepares for his university doctorate.

"I never used to think I'd live this long," he admits. And the pride of Milwaukee and America's greatest athlete of today puts aside his book. "But here I am. . . ."

At Bloomfield, N. J., last July, lanky Chuck Beaudry became A.A.U. decathlon champion. For two grueling days he was a super one-man track team who ran, jumped, hurdled, pole-vaulted, put the shot, and hurled the javelin and the discus. Then, under a broiling sun, he raced 1,500 meters in a supreme test of heart, muscles—and tubercular lungs.

Yes, tubercular lungs. For Beaudry was once a sickly, wasted child, apparently doomed. His triumph last year was more than a mere incident in an extraordinary athletic career. It was the long last lap in his race with death.

Eight Beaudrys—the boy's grandfather, sister, four uncles, an aunt and his mother—died of tuberculosis. A few months after the death of Charles' mother, in 1930, the family physician said, "Look at these X-ray plates." The areas were circled in crimson. "Charles weighs less than 80 pounds—he has a chance, but only if he is sent to a sanitarium."

For months the boy reclined in open air, bundled in blankets. Convalescent children, clad in loincloths, frisked in below-zero cold. As spring returned, he enviously watched them play baseball, soccer. His father's cheerful jollity was assumed, for Chuck had overheard the head doctor saying, "I'm afraid all three lobes on the right side are affected now, Mr. Beaudry."

That fall he walked again, attended a few classes, gained weight. He was fourteen when the doctor said, "You're thirty pounds heavier. But you must be careful. You have a bad family history. Avoid exercise and overexertion." He handed Chuck an embossed certificate of discharge. The boy read: "He can do a fair amount of school work in hygienic surroundings."

But Charles was determined to be healthy. He experimented. He found he could run. He ran for the fun of it, secretly, across fields and on dusty country lanes. One noon he read a chalked notice on the bulletin board: "Ralph Metcalfe, Olympic champion sprinter, will speak in the auditorium. Friday, 8 P.M. Admission free."

Chuck sat in the front row beside his father. Metcalfe described exciting races in Los Angeles, Tokyo, New York. He explained that track stars are not always physical marvels. Self-discipline, an inner compulsion and rigorous training, he said, are the secrets of track success. "And it pays off!" Metcalfe enthusiastically added. "When you win a mile race against time and a speedy opponent, you know you have conquered yourself. For you must be in perfect condition."

A question period began. Chuck asked: "Can a boy who's had bad lungs make good on the track?"

The champion smiled. "Well, I'm not a doctor. But I'd say that if he's okay now—why not?"

Later Chuck asked his father, "Am I okay now?" Mr. Beaudry said the spots had healed.

"I want to be a runner, Dad," Chuck insisted. "Uncle Herman and Uncle Fred and the rest—they lay around waiting to die. What good did it do them?"

He became a familiar figure in the gym, a scrawny kid who answered every call for track candidates and entered every trial. He always trailed. He was already a junior when he saw his name on the blackboard: "220-yd. dash . . . Beaudry . . . 3d . . ." Proudly he told his father.

"How many were in the race?" Dad asked.

The boy's face fell. "Three," he replied. As usual, he had finished last.

A Coach's Gesture of Encouragement

He was a senior when the sympathetic coach said, "I'm putting you on the relay team in the meet with North Side, Charles." Chuck knew why: Despite his inability to run as fast as the other boys, the coach was rewarding him for his perseverance.

But he didn't give up. During his freshman year at Marquette University, his life fell into a regular pattern: classes, followed by a two-hour workout in the gym. He continued to respond to calls for the track team. He was a sophomore when Coach Conrad M. Jennings said, "You're wasting your time, son . . ."

That spring, Chuck studied his body in a full-length mirror. He saw a finely tempered youth, chest broad, legs tapering, hard-muscled. He frowned at himself. The trouble was in his mind. His passion for running consumed him, because he was trying to prove to himself that he was free forever from the fear of death. Certainly, something was wrong. Why couldn't he compete on equal terms with other boys?

A chum, Johnny Udovic, owned a bicycle. Chuck saved enough to buy a bike of his own. In June, the boys set forth on a tour of Minnesota, Iowa and Michigan. It was no pleasure jaunt; often they pedaled

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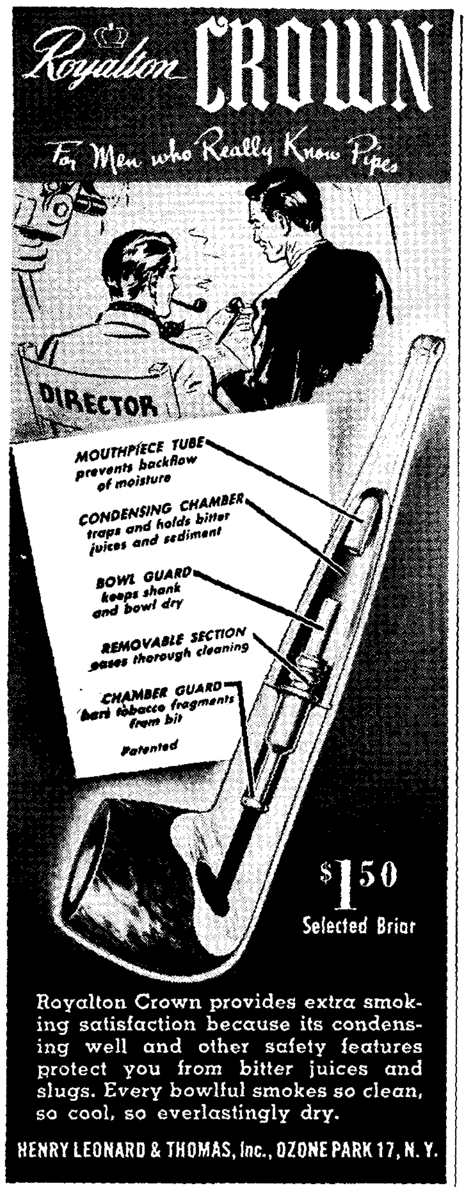
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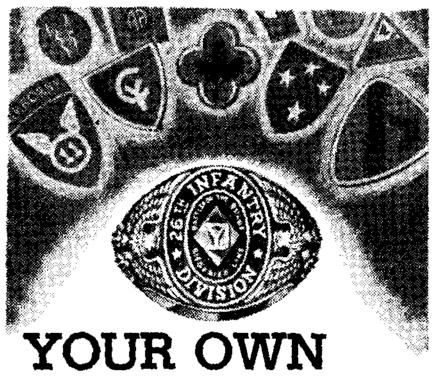

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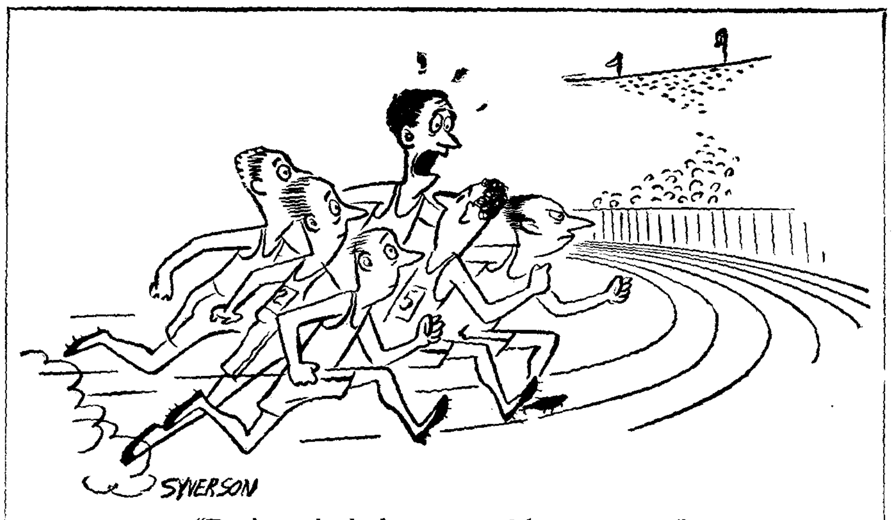


COLLIER'S "Don't anybody leave me—I lost my pants" SYVERSON

two hundred miles a day, seldom less than one hundred.

In September he again looked into the mirror. He was two inches taller, nearly six feet. His arms and legs were solid, his chest was deep. He felt swell!

All-class track tryouts were scheduled for that week. Chuck entered the 40-yard dash. Privately, on a back-alley cinder path, he had tried out a new way of getting the jump at the start. Poised on the balls of his feet he would crouch. Then, as if released by a giant spring, he would catapult into action at the split second of Johnny Udovic's signal: "Go!"

On the great day, he faced forward in the blocks, breathlessly awaiting the signal, "Go!" He plunged forward, left arm high, stride long. He flung himself against the air, held a lead, gained, breasted the line first. He had won at last!

Coach Jennings was at his side. "See me after practice," he said.

Anxiously Chuck waited in the office. Jennings entered, sat behind the big desk. "Boy," he said, "that was a sweet race."

They chatted. Chuck described his bicycle tour. "Well," smiled the coach, "you've arrived. Do you know how fast you did the 40?" Chuck shook his head. "In four and a half seconds, that's what!"

"Is that good?"

"Good? The record's one tenth of a second faster."

"Whose record?"

"Ralph Metcalfe's. . . ."

The Tide of Fortune Turns

What happened to Chuck Beaudry that year is history at Marquette. He earned his letter in the Central Collegiate quarter-mile in a stunning 49.7. He vanquished the 220-yard champion, Holmes of Florida. He won at least two sprints in every meet, 78 points in all. Unanimously he was elected team captain for the season of 1939.

Trophies rained in: the athletic board gave him its prized gold medal for excellence in athletics and scholarship—his lowest classroom mark in four years had been a B. He personally drove Marquette into the upper ranks of Middle Western track competition.

And then it was over. He was graduated. One June day in 1940, as America was girding herself for war, Chuck strolled down Wisconsin Avenue and saw a recruiting poster. A few weeks later he was an Air Cadet in Texas.

He was already a pilot, waiting on a ramp for his plane when another cadet handling the stick for the first time, jammed against the throttle. The machine careened. The panicky novice tried to taxi. Chuck's legs nearly bore him to safety—the plane was faster. Slammed to earth, he lay bleeding.

"A bad concussion," a doctor said later. "Your flying days are probably over, Lieutenant Beaudry." They were. Chuck disconsolately returned to Milwaukee.

He tried to keep busy. He took a job as instructor in Romance languages at the high school, coached his old South Side track team without pay, and re-entered the university to earn a master's degree. But his days of victory on the track were over. And fear returned: If he stopped running, if he permitted his body to grow flabby and slow, the curse of the Beaudry family would fall upon him again.

Running became a fetish. He worked out in the gym on inclement days for two hours and a half. In fine weather, on Sundays, he put himself through three hours of running and jumping. But to what end? His college days were over. . . .

One morning his old mentor, Coach Jennings remarked, "Looks as though the colleges will waive eligibility rules, Chuck. It's the only way we can keep sports going through the war."

"Then you'll be able to use freshmen?" Chuck suggested.

"Freshmen, yes. And postgraduates. And you, Chuck!"

That winter Chicago was the scene of an epochal track meet. Warmerdam vaulted a skyscraping 15 feet eight inches, Dodds ran the mile in 4 minutes 8 seconds. And Chuck Beaudry brushed aside the nation's four fastest humans in a demonstration of superspeed. Racing in the lane reserved for collegians, he defeated Herb Thompson, who hadn't lost in three seasons, in the 55-yard dash. He outran Barney Ewell in the 45, Grover Klemmer in the 100, and Eulace Peacock in the 220.

He was a champion at last. . . .

He was relaxing that spring, swimming easily in a public pool, when he spied an attractive brunette. Eileen Wiesner had captained the high-school swimming team. "I hear you're the speed marvel of the century," she said. Chuck modestly admitted that he'd equaled a few records here and there. "I'm a *runner*, too," she said. "I've tied Stella Walsh's marks in the high jump and the 220. And she's Olympic champion."

"Think you could beat me?"

"I'd like to try."

They began to see each other daily. It was fun working out handicaps, then flying past the girl with giant strides. Chuck began to train against time, with Eileen holding the stop watch. Not long afterward, on a rain-soaked track at Stagg Field, he ran 100 yards in 9.7 seconds, the fastest time in ten years.

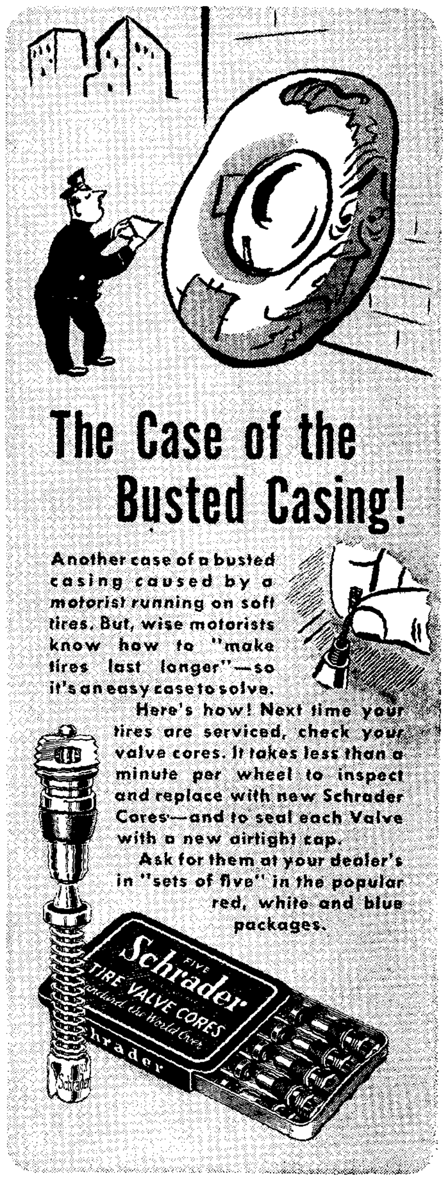
Said Eileen: "You can do better than that. I timed you in 9.5 the other day."

"You should have been timing me tonight," Chuck laughed. "How about signing a contract for life?"

"It's a deal," she replied. "But on one condition. I want to go back to school for my degree."

They signed a contract to love, honor, obey and train together that spring. Beaudry and Marquette then went ahead to defeat Notre Dame for the first time in history. In another meet Beaudry and Marquette were trailing the University of Wisconsin, when Coach Jennings said, "How about trying the broad jump, Chuck?"

Beaudry had never broad-jumped in competition. Now he leaped 22 feet to earn a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tie for his alma mater. It was no Jesse Owens jump, but good enough.

Records piled up. He ran the 40-yard dash in 4.4 seconds and the 75 in 7.5. He held five world's marks, 33 local track records. Medals and ribbons flowed out of drawers, and cups fell off tables in the Beaudry apartment on North 18th Street, Milwaukee.

One evening he showed up at the armory in which the Drake Relays were to be run. He fumbled in his overcoat pocket for his ticket. He had left it at home.

At the door he said, "I'm Beaudry of Marquette. I'm supposed to race here."

"Wha'd'ye think I am?" growled the ticket taker. "A push-over for gate crashers?"

Precious minutes ticked by as they argued. At 9:30 he was scheduled to run the 100. At 9:20 he saw a familiar face, that of Tom Jones, an official from the University of Wisconsin. He explained his dilemma.

"I have no extra ticket," said Jones. "But here's my badge."

Chuck breathlessly dashed into the building, located the dressing room, donned shorts and shirt, loped down a corridor to the arena. Rival runners were already lined up. Without a warm-up, he sprinted the 100 in 9.9 to win.

At home Eileen sorted sacks of mail and found a letter from the A.A.U. announcing conditions for entry in the decathlon.

They talked it over. In a dog-eared history book Eileen found an account of the Fifteenth Olympiad, the World Series of the ancient world. Greece had faced Sparta in the five-part pentathlon. A dead man had won for Sparta—Ladas, who fell lifeless at the last step of the body-racking 1,500-meter race.

The modern A.A.U. counterpart of the pentathlon is the ten-part decathlon. It would, Eileen and Chuck decided, be twice as tough. A decathlon champion must possess brawn, speed, stamina and an inflexible determination to stay on his feet until he drops from exhaustion.

Chuck, with Eileen agreeing, entered the 1944 decathlon. He lost. The test was too great. But he was not discouraged. He immediately entered for the next year. Together he and Eileen planned a Spartan campaign; three hours' training, rain, snow or shine; nine hours' sleep, no tobacco, no alcohol, a severe protein diet. Under October skies, they jogged cross-country, picked up speed, learned to maintain the distance runners' steady rhythm. In December, indoors, Chuck fondled the smooth surface of the discus, and threw it 75, 90, 110 feet. Poised, back arched, he flung the ancient javelin, learned how to space steps for the running high and broad jumps, slowly watched the bar rise as he pole-vaulted up and up to nine feet. From April to June, he concentrated on the 1,500-meter run, added new touches, tested new muscles, developed control.

And then July and Bloomfield again. The first event was the 100-meter dash—meters, not yards. Beaudry won in 11 seconds flat. He held his own in the jumps, but lost ground with a poor shot-put. In the day's closing test, the 400-meter run, his long legs beat like pistons, his feet were light—he won.

That night he wired Eileen: "Not even out of breath and 219 points ahead of Charlie Morgan of New Orleans. . . ."

Morning dawned, dry and hot; the sun blazed down upon Bloomfield. Morgan gained in the hurdles, passed Chuck to take a lead with a superb discus throw of over 117 feet to Chuck's 100.

A Setback in the Pole Vault

The pole vault came next. Chuck practiced. To win was out of the question—Bruce Davis, ace vaulter, would easily skim beyond 11 feet. But Morgan, what would Morgan do? Chuck flung himself eight feet into the air, slowly edged up and up to nine, nine one, nine two, nine three. Then, at nine four, he failed to clear the bar. It tumbled to earth.

Morgan vaulted nine feet seven inches, gained 35 precious points. And Chuck, body wrenched, legs jarred, aching, watched Morgan pick up more tallies in the javelin throw.

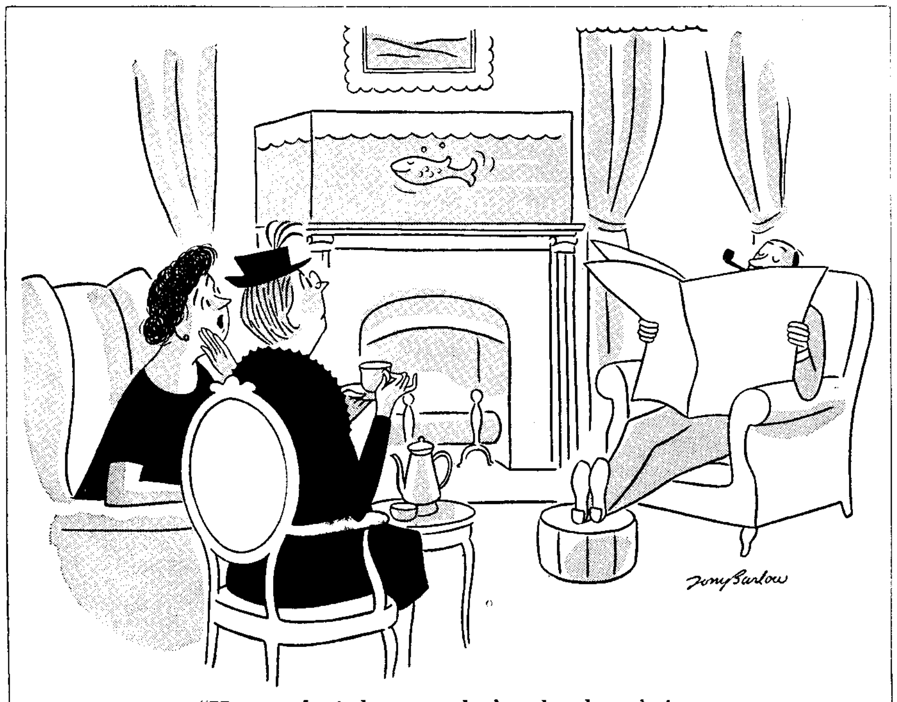
One last event remained—the punishing 1,500-meter run, the race for which he had prepared for ten months, the race that had killed the Spartan, Ladas.

Chuck reviewed his strategy. He would spurt to a wide lead, building distance to the halfway mark. Then he would conserve energy and coast, keeping an eye on his nearest rivals in total points. For there were others than Morgan to be feared—Schnacke of New York, Boyd of Philadelphia.

Four of Chuck's fifteen rivals failed to appear at the start of the 1,500-meter race; exhausted, they had given up. Tensely, alertly, Chuck crouched, fingers touching the line. At the signal, he was off fast. At the 100 he was leading, at the 400 he was far ahead. Distance runners passed him. But where were Morgan, Schnacke, Boyd? They were lagging, half a lap behind. . . . And Chuck did the last 100, breathing almost as easily as if he had been on a back-alley cinder path.

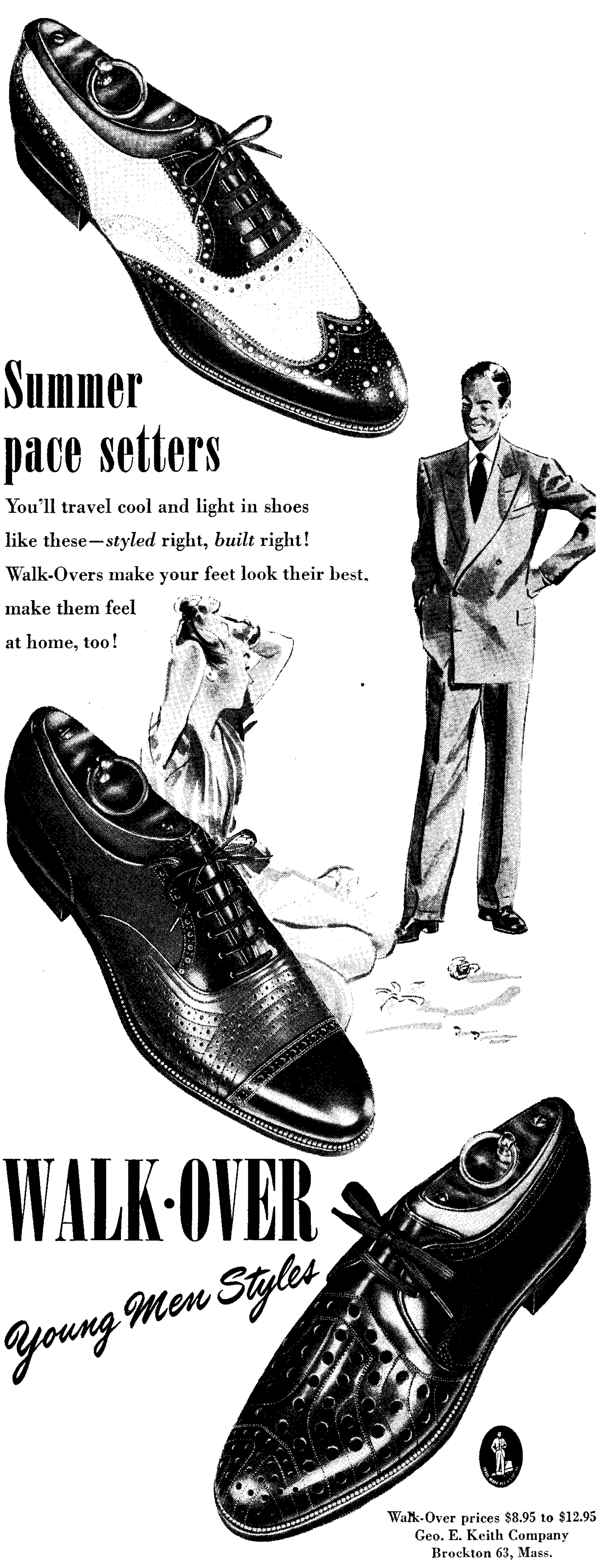
When they computed totals, Charles Beaudry was decathlon champion, 5,886 points to Morgan's 5,850.

THE END



"He caught it last month, but he doesn't intend to have it mounted until it grows up"

COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW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The Outraged Heart

Continued from page 21

several different paths converged here at the swimming pool and that these people had each arrived by a different path.

It was all very mathematical and artificial.

He sighed. *Enfin,* what did they expect him to do? Was he to pretend to believe in this "crime"? Was he to register dismay—alarm? Or was he to bow, to congratulate his hostess—"Ah, but it is very charming, what you arrange for me here!"

Really the whole thing was very stupid—not *spirituel* at all! Was it not Queen Victoria who had said, "We are not amused." He felt very inclined to say the same. "I, Hercule Poirot, am not amused."

Lady Angkatell had walked toward the body. He followed, conscious of Gudgeon, still breathing hard, behind him. He is not in the secret, that one, Hercule Poirot thought to himself. From the other side of the pool, the other two people joined them. They were all quite close now, looking down on that spectacular, sprawling figure by the pool's edge.

And suddenly, with a terrific shock, with that feeling of blurring, as on a moving-picture screen before the picture comes into focus, Hercule Poirot realized that this artificially set scene had a point of reality.

For what he was looking down at was, if not a dead, at least a dying man. . . .

It was not red paint dripping off the edge of the concrete, it was blood. This man had been shot, and shot a very short time ago.

Poirot darted a quick glance at the woman who stood there, revolver in hand. Her face was quite blank, without feeling of any kind. She looked dazed and rather stupid.

Curious, he thought.

Had she, he wondered, drained herself of all emotion, all feeling, in the firing of the shot?

Then he looked down on the shot man, and he started. For the dying man's eyes were open. They were intensely blue eyes and they held an expression that Poirot could not read but which he described to himself as a kind of intense awareness.

And suddenly, or so it felt to him, there seemed to be in all this group of people only one person who was really alive—the man who was at the point of death.

Poirot had never received so strong an impression of vivid and intense vitality. The others were pale shadowy figures, actors in a remote drama, but this man was *real.*

John Christow opened his mouth and spoke. His voice was strong, unsurprised and urgent.

"Henrietta—" he said.

Then his eyelids dropped, his head jerked sideways . . .

Hercule Poirot knelt down, made sure, then rose to his feet, mechanically dusting the knees of his trousers.

"Yes," he said. "He is dead. . . ."

THE picture broke up, wavered, refocused itself. He was aware of Lady Angkatell's hand relaxing its grip on her basket and Gudgeon springing forward, quickly taking it from her. "Allow me, my lady."

Mechanically, quite naturally, Lady Angkatell murmured, "Thank you, Gudgeon."

And then, hesitantly, she said, "Gerda—"

The woman holding the revolver stirred for the first time. She looked round at them all. When she spoke, her voice held what seemed to be pure bewilderment.

"John's dead," she said. "John's *dead. . . .*"

With a kind of swift authority the tall young woman with the leaf-brown hair came swiftly to her.

"Give that to me, Gerda," she said.

And dexterously, before Poirot could protest or intervene, she had taken the revolver out of Gerda Christow's hand.

Poirot took a quick step forward.

"You should not do that, Mademoiselle—"

The young woman started nervously at the sound of his voice. The revolver slipped through her fingers. She was standing by the edge of the pool and the revolver fell with a splash into the water.

Her mouth opened and she uttered an "Oh" of consternation, turning her head to look at Poirot apologetically.

"What a fool I am," she said. "I'm sorry."

Poirot did not speak for a moment. He was staring into a pair of clear hazel eyes. They met his quite steadily and he wondered if his momentary suspicion had been unjust.

He said quietly, "Things should be handled as little as possible. Everything must be left exactly as it is for the police to see."

There was a little stir then—very faint, just a ripple of uneasiness.

Lady Angkatell murmured distastefully: "Of course. I suppose—yes, the police—"

In a quiet pleasant voice, tinged with fastidious repulsion, the man in the shooting coat said, "I'm afraid, Lucy, it's inevitable."

Into that moment of silence and realization, there came the sound of footsteps and voices, assured brisk footsteps and cheerful incongruous voices.

ALONG the path from the house came Sir Henry Angkatell and Midge Hardcastle talking and laughing together.

At the sight of the group around the pool, Sir Henry stopped short, and exclaimed in astonishment:

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

His wife answered, "Gerda has—" she broke off sharply. "I mean—John is—"

Gerda said in her flat, bewildered voice:

"John has been shot . . . he's dead. . . ."

They all looked away from her, embarrassed.

Then Lady Angkatell said quickly:

"My dear, I think you'd better go and—and lie down. . . . Perhaps we had better all go back to the house. Henry, you and Monsieur Poirot can stay here and—and wait for the police."

"That will be the best plan, I think," said Sir Henry. He turned to Gudgeon: "Will you ring up the police station, Gudgeon? Just state exactly what has occurred. When the police arrive, bring them straight out here."

Gudgeon bent his head a little and said. "Yes, Sir Henry." He was looking a little white about the gills, but he was still the perfect servant.

The tall young woman said, "Come, Gerda," and putting her hand through the other woman's arm, she led her unresistingly away and along the path toward the house. Gerda walked as though in a dream. Gudgeon stood back a little to let them pass and then followed carrying the basket of eggs.

Sir Henry turned sharply to his wife.

"Now, Lucy, what is all this? What happened exactly?"

Lady Angkatell stretched out vague hands, a lovely helpless gesture. Hercule Poirot felt the charm of it, and the appeal.

"My dear, I hardly know . . . I was down by the hens. I heard a shot that seemed very near, but I didn't really think anything about it. After all," she appealed to them all, "one *doesn't!* And then I came up the path to the pool and there was John lying there and Gerda standing over him with the revolver. Henrietta and Edward arrived almost at the same moment—from over there."

She nodded toward the farther side of the pool, where two paths ran up into the woods.

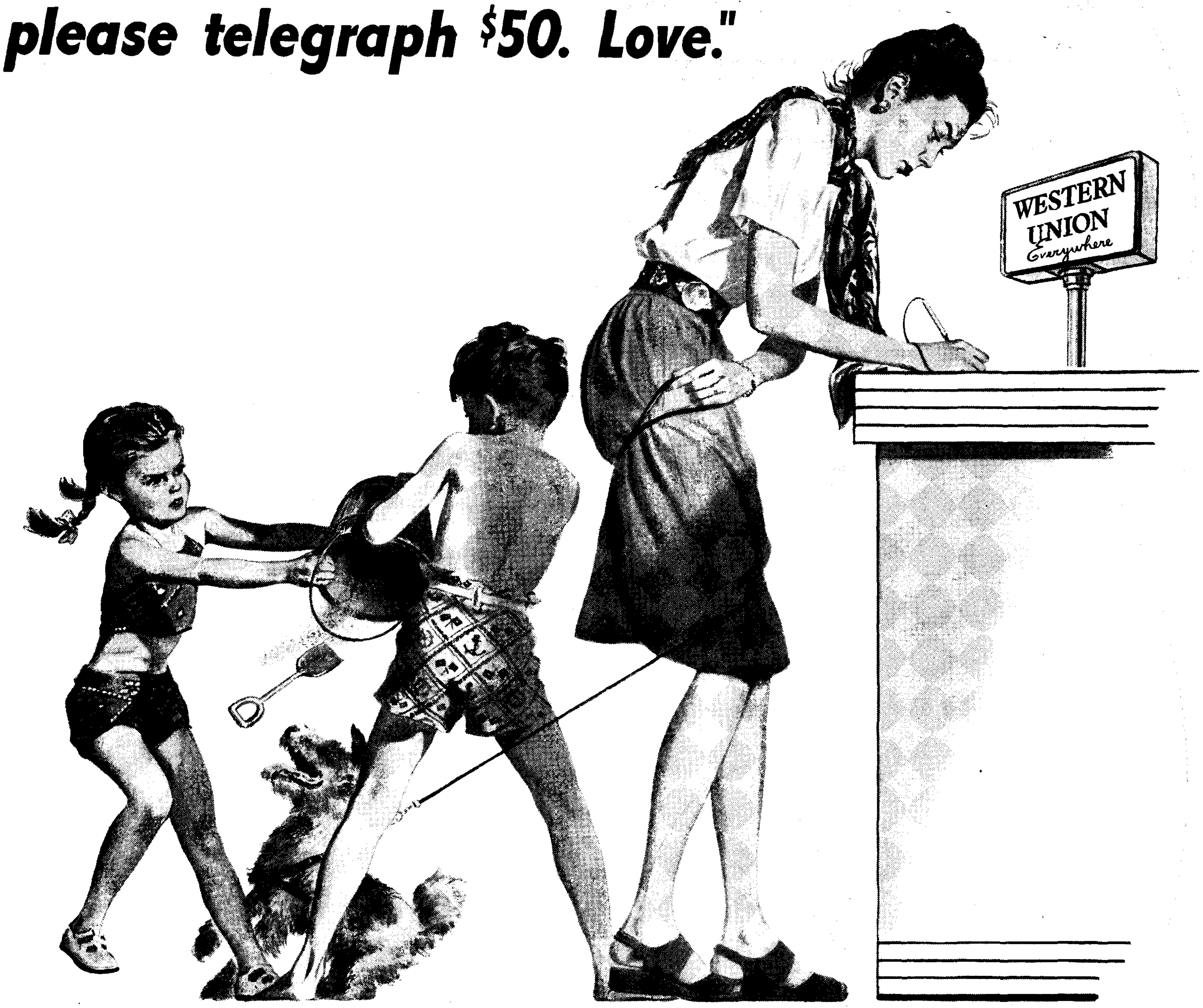
Hercule Poirot cleared his throat.

"Who were they, this John and this Gerda? If I may know," he added apologetically.

"Oh, of course." Lady Angkatell turned to him in quick apology. "One forgets—but then one doesn't exactly *introduce* people—not when somebody has just been killed. John is John Christow, Dr. Christow—

"Having wonderful time...

please telegraph $50. Love."



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and Gerda Christow there is his wife."

"And the lady who went with Mrs. Christow to the house?"

"My cousin, Henrietta Savernake."

There was a movement, a very faint movement from the man on Poirot's left.

(*"Henrietta!"* the dying man had said. He had said it in a very curious way. A way that reminded Poirot of something—of some incident . . . now, what was it? No matter, it would come to him.)

"I think, my dear," said Sir Henry, "that you and Midge had better go back to the house . . . I will have a word or two here with Monsieur Poirot."

"I do hope," Lady Angkatell said, "that Gerda *is* lying down. Was that the right thing to suggest? I really couldn't think what to say. I mean, one has no *precedent.* What *does* one say to a woman who has just killed her husband?"

She looked at them as though hoping that some authoritative answer might be given to her question.

Then she went along the path toward the house. Midge followed her. Edward brought up the rear.

POIROT was left with his host. Sir Henry cleared his throat. He seemed a little uncertain what to say. "Christow," he observed at last, "was a very able fellow—a *very* able fellow."

"Such a tragedy as this is very unfortunate," said Poirot politely.

"I don't think I have ever been at close quarters with a murder before," said Sir Henry. "I hope I've done the right thing so far?"

"The procedure has been quite correct," said Poirot. "You have summoned the police and until they arrive and take charge, there is nothing for us to do, except to make sure that nobody disturbs the body or tampers with the evidence."

As he said the last word he looked down into the pool where he could see the revolver lying on the concrete bottom slightly distorted by the blue water.

The evidence, he thought, had perhaps already been tampered with before he, Hercule Poirot, had been able to prevent it . . .

"A bit chilly?" said Sir Henry. "It would be all right, I should think, if we went inside the pavilion?"

Poirot, who had been conscious of damp feet, acquiesced gladly. The pavilion was at the side of the pool farthest from the house and through its open door they commanded a view of the pool and the body and the path to the house along which the police would come.

The pavilion was luxuriously furnished with comfortable settees and gay native rugs. On a painted iron table a tray was set with glasses and a decanter of sherry.

"I'd offer you a drink," said Sir Henry, "but I suppose I'd better not touch anything until the police come."

Poirot glanced around the pavilion, noting anything that struck him as unusual. An expensive cape of platinum fox had been flung carelessly across the back of one of the chairs. He wondered whose it was. Its rather ostentatious magnificence did not harmonize with any of the people he had seen up to now.

It worried him. It breathed a mixture of opulence and self-advertisement—and those characteristics were lacking in anyone he had seen so far.

"I suppose we can smoke," said Sir Henry, offering his case to Poirot.

Before taking the cigarette, Poirot sniffed the air.

French perfume . . . an expensive French perfume . . .

Only a trace of it lingered, but it was there, and again the scent was not a scent that associated itself in his mind with any of the occupants of The Hollow . . .

As he leaned forward to light his cigarette at Sir Henry's lighter, Poirot's glance fell on a little pile of matchboxes—six of them—stacked on a small table near one of the settees. It was a detail that struck him as definitely odd. . . .

"Half past two," said Lucy Angkatell. She looked, they all looked, at the door to the study where Inspector Grange was closeted with Sir Henry and Hercule Poirot.

"You're sure Gerda has everything she wants, Henrietta? Brandy, I mean, or hot sweet tea as they advise for shock nowadays—so very nasty. *Does* one suffer from shock after killing one's husband, I wonder?"

Henrietta, her voice icy cold, said, "Why are you all so sure that Gerda killed John?"

There was a moment's pause, then Lady Angkatell said, her voice devoid of any inflection, "It seemed—self-evident."

"Isn't it possible that Gerda came along to the pool, that she found John lying there, and that she had just picked up the revolver when—when we came on the scene?"

Lady Angkatell stared at Henrietta for a moment or two, then she said, "Of course, if you *want* it that way, darling—"

"I don't—" Henrietta broke off as Gerda came through the open door. Gerda looked at them all and murmured apologetically.

"I—I really didn't feel I could lie down any longer. One is—one is so terribly restless."

"You poor dear," Lady Angkatell cried, and hastened to settle her on the sofa.

Gerda spoke in a bewildered way: "You know I haven't been able to feel—I still can't feel—that it's *real*—that John—is *dead.*" She began to shake a little. "Who could have killed him? Who could possibly have killed him?"

SIR HENRY'S door opened. He came in accompanied by Inspector Grange, who was a heavily built man with a down-drooping pessimistic mustache. Poirot followed.

"I was wondering, Lady Angkatell," said Grange, "if I could have a few words with Mrs. Christow—"

He broke off as Lady Angkatell indicated the figure on the sofa.

"Mrs. Christow?"

Gerda said eagerly, "Yes, I am Mrs. Christow."

"I don't want to distress you, Mrs. Christow, but I would like to ask you a few questions. You can, of course, have your solicitor present if you prefer it—"

Sir Henry put in:

"It is sometimes wiser, Gerda—"

She interrupted, "A solicitor? Why a solicitor? Why should a solicitor know anything about John's death?"

Inspector Grange coughed. Sir Henry seemed about to speak, but Gerda hurried on: "It seems all like a bad dream—not real. I—I haven't been able to cry or anything. One just doesn't feel anything at all. You see it was all so *sudden.* I went out from the house and along the path to the swimming pool—"

"At what time, Mrs. Christow?"

"It was just before one o'clock—about two minutes to one. I know because I looked at that clock. And when I got there—there was John, lying there—and blood on the edge of the concrete . . ."

"Did you hear a shot, Mrs. Christow?"

"Yes—no—I don't know. I knew Sir Henry and Mr. Angkatell were out shooting . . . I—I just saw John—"

She paused and then went on: "I picked up the revolver—"

"Why?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Why did you pick up the revolver, Mrs. Christow?"

"I—I don't know."

"You shouldn't have touched it, you know."

"Shouldn't I?" Gerda was vague, her face vacant. "But I did. I held it in my hand . . ."

She looked down now at her hands as though she were, in fancy, seeing the revolver lying in them.

She turned sharply to the inspector. Her voice was suddenly sharp—anguished:

"Who could have killed John? Nobody

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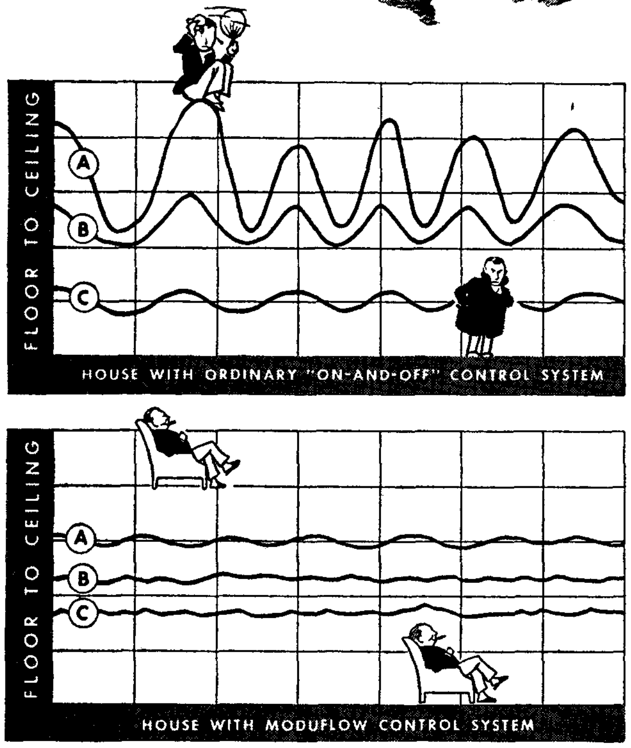

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could have wanted to kill him. He was—he was the best of men. So kind, so unselfish—he did everything for other people. Everybody loved him, Inspector. He was a wonderful doctor. The best and kindest of husbands. It must have been an accident—it must—*it must!*"

She flung out a hand to the room. "Ask anyone, Inspector. Nobody could have wanted to kill John, could they?"

She appealed to them all.

Inspector Grange closed up his notebook.

"Thank you, Mrs. Christow," he said in an unemotional voice. "That will be all for the present."

HERCULE POIROT and Inspector Grange went together through the chestnut woods to the swimming pool. The thing that had been John Christow but which was now "the body" had been photographed and measured and examined by the police surgeon and had now been taken away to the mortuary. The swimming pool, Poirot thought, looked curiously innocent. Yet John Christow's life blood had welled away into the artificially blue water . . .

Artificial—for a moment Poirot grasped at the word . . . there had been something artificial about it all. As though—

A man in a bathing suit came up to the inspector—

"Here's the revolver, sir," he said.

Grange took the dripping object gingerly.

"The fingerprints are likely spoiled by now," he remarked, "but luckily it doesn't matter in this case. Mrs. Christow was actually holding the revolver when you arrived, wasn't she, M. Poirot?"

"Yes."

Grange cast a glance around the pool.

"Now, let's have it again to be quite clear. The path below the pool comes up from the farm and that's the way Lady Angkatell came—the other two, Mr Edward Angkatell and Miss Savernake, came down from the woods—but not together. He came by the left-hand path; and she by the right-hand one which leads out of the long flower walk above the house. But they were both standing on the far side of the pool when you arrived?"

"Yes."

"And this path here, beside the pavilion, leads on to Podder's Lane. Right—we'll go along it."

As they walked, Grange spoke, without excitement, just with knowledge and quiet pessimism.

"Never like these cases much," he said. "Had one last year—down near Ashridge. Retired military man he was—distinguished career. Wife was the nice quiet old-fashioned kind, sixty-five, gray hair—rather pretty hair with a wave in it. Did a lot of gardening. One day she goes up to his room, gets out his service revolver, and walks out into the garden and shoots him. Just like that! A good deal behind it, of course, that one had to dig out."

"You mean," said Poirot, "that you have decided that Mrs. Christow shot her husband."

Grange gave him a look of surprise.

"Well, don't you think so?"

Poirot said slowly, "It could all have happened as she said."

"It *could* have—yes. But *they* all think she killed him! They know something we don't." He looked curiously at his companions. "You thought she'd done it all right, didn't you, when you arrived on the scene?"

Poirot half closed his eyes. Coming along the path . . . Gudgeon stepping aside . . . Gerda Christow standing over her husband with the revolver in her hand and that blank look on her face. Yes, as Grange had said, he *had* thought she had done it—had thought, at least, that that was the impression he was meant to have.

Yes, but that was not the same thing . . .

A scene staged—set to deceive . . .

Had Gerda Christow looked like a woman who had just shot her husband? That was what Grange wanted to know.

And with a sudden shock of surprise, Hercule Poirot realized that in all his long experience of deeds of violence he had never actually come face to face with a woman who had just killed her husband . . . What would a woman look like in such circumstances? Triumphant, horrified, satisfied, dazed, incredulous, empty?

Any one of these things, he thought. . . .

Inspector Grange was talking. Poirot caught the end of his speech.

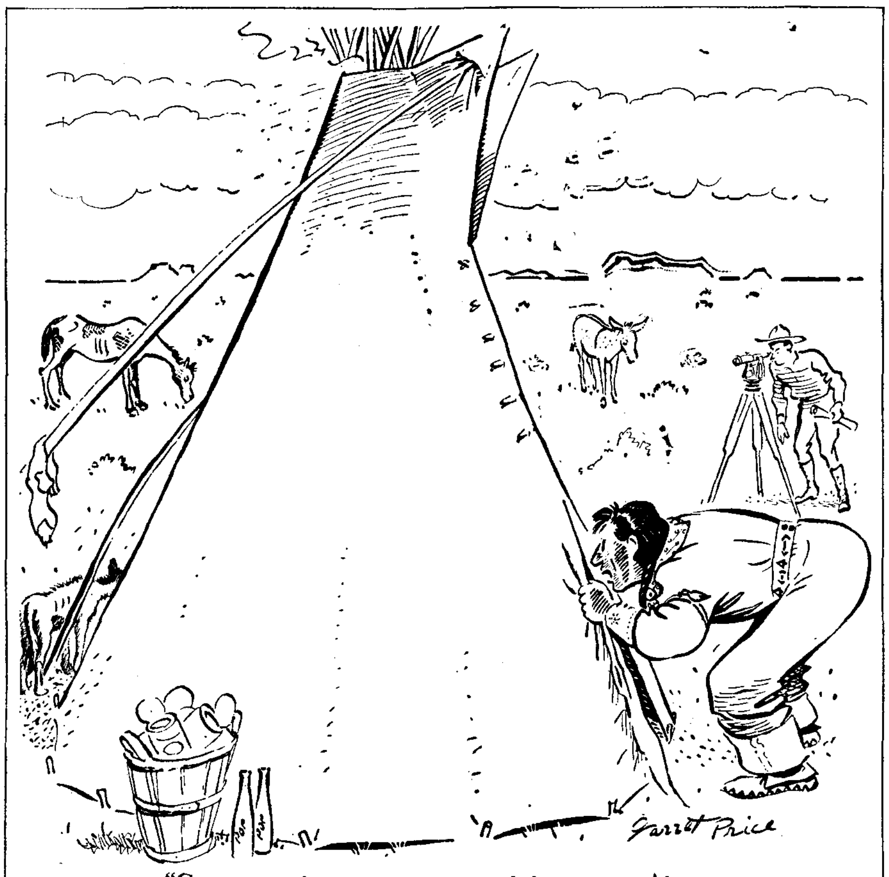
"—to London."

"Mrs. Christow is going back to London?"

"Yes. There's a couple of kids there. She feels she should get back to them this evening. Have to let her go. She thinks she's got away with it all right. Looks rather a stupid kind of woman to me . . ."

Did Gerda Christow realize, Poirot wondered, what the police thought—and what the Angkatells thought? She had looked as though she did not realize anything at all—she had looked like a woman whose reactions were slow and who was completely dazed and heartbroken by her husband's death. . . .

"You recognize this, Sir Henry?" Inspector Grange indicated the revolver which had been retrieved from the swimming pool.



"Government surveyor—we got to move. Atom-bomb test, U. N., superhighway, or something"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Sir Henry picked it up and examined it.

"Yes, Inspector, this comes from my collection here."

"When did you see it last?"

"Yesterday afternoon. We were doing some shooting in the garden with a target, and this was one of the firearms we were using."

"Who actually fired this revolver on that occasion?"

"I think everybody had at least one shot with it."

"Including Mrs. Christow?"

"Including Mrs. Christow. Just after she and her husband arrived."

"And after you had finished shooting?"

"I put the revolver away in its usual place. Here."

He pulled out the drawer of a big bureau. It was half full of guns.

"And you keep your ammunition—where?"

"Here."

Simple enough, thought Grange. The Christow woman had only to come along and help herself. Jealousy, he thought, plays the dickens with women. He'd lay ten to one it *was* jealousy. The thing would come clear enough when he'd finished the routine here and got onto the Harley Street end. But you had to do things in their proper order.

"Well, thank you, Sir Henry," Inspector Grange said. "I'll let you know about the inquest."

DINNER was over—Henrietta went out through the French windows onto the terrace. After a moment's hesitation Edward followed her.

She was standing looking up at the house. Her eyes were running along the windows. Then she turned and looked toward the woods. He had no clue to what was in her mind.

He made a movement toward the open window.

"Better come in. It's cold."

She shook her head. "I'm going to the swimming pool."

He took a quick step toward her. "I'll come with you."

"No, thank you, Edward." Her voice cut sharply through the chill of the air. "I want to be alone with my dead."

"Oh! My dear—you do know how—how sorry I am."

"Sorry," she repeated. "That John Christow is dead?"

"I meant—sorry for you, Henrietta," he explained. "I know it must have been a—a great shock."

"Shock? Oh, but I'm very tough, Edward! I can stand shocks. Was it a shock to you? What did you feel when you saw him lying there? Glad, I suppose . . . You didn't like John Christow."

Edward murmured, "He and I—hadn't much in common."

"How nicely you put things! In such a restrained way!"

The moon came fitfully through a cloud and he was startled as he suddenly saw her face looking at him. Unconsciously he always saw Henrietta as a projection of the Henrietta he had known at Ainswick. She was always to him a laughing girl, with dancing eyes full of eager expectation. The woman he saw now seemed to him a stranger, with eyes that were brilliant but cold and which seemed to look at him inimically.

He said earnestly, "Henrietta, dearest, do believe this—that I do sympathize with you—in—in your grief, your loss."

"*Is* it grief?"

The question startled him. She seemed to be asking it, not of him, but of herself.

She said in a low voice, "So quick—it can happen so quickly . . . One moment living, breathing, and the next—dead—gone—emptiness. Oh! the emptiness! And here we are, all of us, eating dinner and calling ourselves alive—and John who was more alive than any of us is dead. I say the word, you know, over and over again to myself: Dead—dead—dead—dead—*dead* . . . And soon it hasn't got any meaning—not any meaning at all . . . It's just a funny little word like the breaking off of a rotten branch: *Dead—dead—dead—dead*— It's like a tom-tom, isn't it, beating in the jungle? Dead—dead—dead—dead—dead—dead—"

"Henrietta, stop!" Edward pleaded. "For God's sake, stop!"

She looked at him curiously.

"Didn't you know I'd feel like this? What did you think?

"I suppose it was that I'd sit gently crying into a nice little pocket handkerchief while you held my hand. That it would all be a great shock but that presently I'd begin to get over it. And that you'd comfort me very nicely." She went on fiercely, "What do you think it's been like ever since this noon, sitting around, with John dead and nobody caring but me and Gerda! With you glad, and David embarrassed and Midge distressed and Lucy delicately enjoying a new sensation! Can't you *see* how like a fantastic nightmare it all is?"

Edward said nothing. He stepped back a pace, into shadows.

Looking at him, Henrietta said, "Tonight nothing seems real to me, nobody *is* real—but John!"

Edward said quietly, "I know . . . I am not very real. . . ."

"What a brute I am, Edward! But I can't help it. I can't help resenting that John who was so alive is dead."

"And that I, who am half dead, am alive . . ."

"I didn't mean that, Edward," she assured him.

"I think you did, Henrietta . . . I think, perhaps, you are right."

But she was saying, thoughtfully, harking back to an earlier thought, "But it is not grief. Perhaps I cannot feel grief . . . Perhaps I never shall. . . . And yet—I would like to grieve for John . . ."

Her words seemed to him fantastic. Yet he was even more startled when she added suddenly, in an almost businesslike voice, "I must go to the swimming pool."

Walking stiffly, Edward went back through the open window.

MIDGE looked up as Edward came through the window with unseeing eyes. His face was gray and pinched. It looked bloodless.

Almost mechanically he walked to a chair and sat down. Aware of something expected of him, he said:

"It's cold . . ."

Midge took a box of matches from the mantelpiece. She knelt down and set a match to the fire. She looked cautiously sideways at Edward. He was quite oblivious, she thought, of everything.

How cold he looks, she thought. But it can't be as cold as that outside? It's Henrietta! What has she said to him?

"Bring your chair nearer, Edward. Come close to the fire."

"What?"

"Your chair. To the fire."

She was talking to him now loudly and slowly, as though to a deaf person.

And suddenly, so suddenly that her heart turned over with relief, Edward, the real Edward, was there again. Smiling at her gently.

"Have you been talking to me, Midge? I'm sorry. I'm afraid I was—thinking of something."

"Oh, it was nothing," Midge said. "Just the fire."

The sticks were crackling and some fir cones were burning with a bright clear flame. Edward looked at them. He said, "It's a nice fire." He stretched out his long

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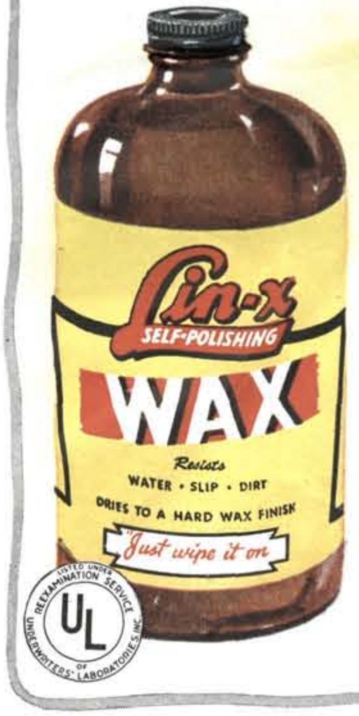
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thin hands to the blaze, aware of relief from tension.

Midge said, “We always had fir cones at Ainswick . . .”

“I still do. A basket of them is brought in every day and put by the grate.”

Edward at Ainswick . . . Midge half closed her eyes picturing it. He would sit, she thought, in the library, on the west side of the house. There was a magnolia that almost covered one window and which filled the room with a golden green light in the afternoons. Through the other window you looked out on the lawn, and a tall Wellingtonia stood up like a sentinel. And to the right was the big copper beech.

Oh, Ainswick—Ainswick . . .

She could smell the soft air that drifted in from the magnolia which would still, in September, have some great white sweet-smelling waxy flowers on it . . . And the pine cones on the fire . . . And a faintly musty smell from the kind of book that Edward was sure to be reading . . . He would be sitting in the saddleback chair and, occasionally, perhaps, his eyes would go from the book to the fire, and he would think, just for a minute, of Henrietta . . .

Midge asked, “Where is Henrietta?”

“She went to the swimming pool.”

Midge stared. “Why?”

Her voice, abrupt and deep, roused Edward a little.

“My dear Midge, surely you knew—oh, well—guessed. She knew Christow pretty well. . . .”

“Oh, of course one knew *that!* But I don't see why she should go mooning off to where he was shot. That's not at all like Henrietta. She's never melodramatic.”

“Do any of us know what anyone else is like? Henrietta, for instance?”

“After all, Edward, you and I have known Henrietta all our lives.”

“Henrietta has changed.”

Midge looked at him curiously.

“More than we have, you and I?”

“Oh, I have stood still, I know that well enough. And you—”

His eyes, suddenly focusing, looked at her where she knelt by the fender. It was as though he was looking at her from a long way off, taking in the square chin, the dark eyes, the resolute mouth. He said:

“I wish I saw you more often, Midge, my dear.”

She smiled up at him. She said, “I know. It isn't easy, these days, to keep touch.”

There was a sound outside and Edward got up.

“It has been a tiring day,” he said, “one's first introduction to murder! I shall go to bed. Good night.”

He had left the room when Henrietta came through the window.

“What have you done to Edward?” Midge demanded.

“Edward?” Henrietta was vague. Her forehead was puckered. She seemed to be thinking of something a long way off.

“Yes, Edward. He came in looking dreadful—so cold and gray.”

“If you care about Edward so much, Midge, why don't you do something about him?”

“Do something? What do you mean?”

“I don't know. Stand on a chair and shout! Draw attention to yourself.” She threw a quick glance at Midge's white face. “I've hurt you. I'm sorry. But I hate Edward tonight—”

“Hate Edward? You *can't* . . .”

“Oh, yes, I can! You don't know—”

“What?”

Henrietta said slowly, “He reminds me of such a lot of things I would like to forget.”

“What things?”

“Well, Ainswick . . . for instance.”

“Ainswick? You want to forget Ainswick?” Midge's tone was incredulous.

“Yes, yes, *yes!* I was happy there. I can't stand, just now, being reminded of happiness . . . Don't you understand? A time when one didn't know what was coming. When one said confidently, everything is going to be lovely! Some people are wise—they never expect to be happy. I did.”

She said abruptly, “I shall never go back to Ainswick. . . .”

Midge said slowly, “I wonder . . .”

SIR HENRY was just laying down the telephone receiver when Midge came down the next morning.

“That was Grange. The inquest is at eleven o'clock on Wednesday.”

“You must telephone your shop, Midge,” said Lady Angkatell. “I should tell them that—” She broke off and called to Gudgeon as he was going into the dining room: “Oh, Gudgeon, those eggs yesterday. I didn't write the date on them as I usually do.”

“I think you will find, my lady, that everything has been attended to quite satisfactorily. I saw to it myself.”

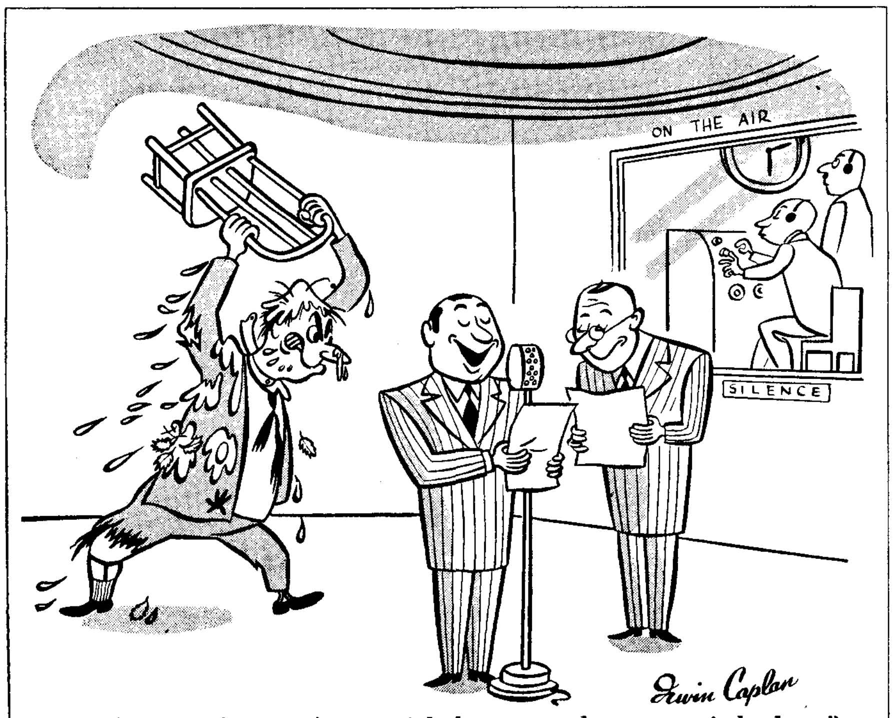
“Really,” murmured Lady Angkatell, “the servants are being wonderful.”

She drifted out of the room, and Midge, bracing herself for an unpleasant task, picked up the telephone.

She was just replacing the receiver when Edward came in, and stood in the doorway.

“Don't go, Edward. I've finished. I had to ring up the place where I work to let them know that I wouldn't be back until Thursday because of the inquest and the—the police.”

“I hope they were decent about it? What is it like, this dress shop of yours? Is the



“Well, Mr. Bedsoe, you've certainly been a good sport, yes indeed . . .”

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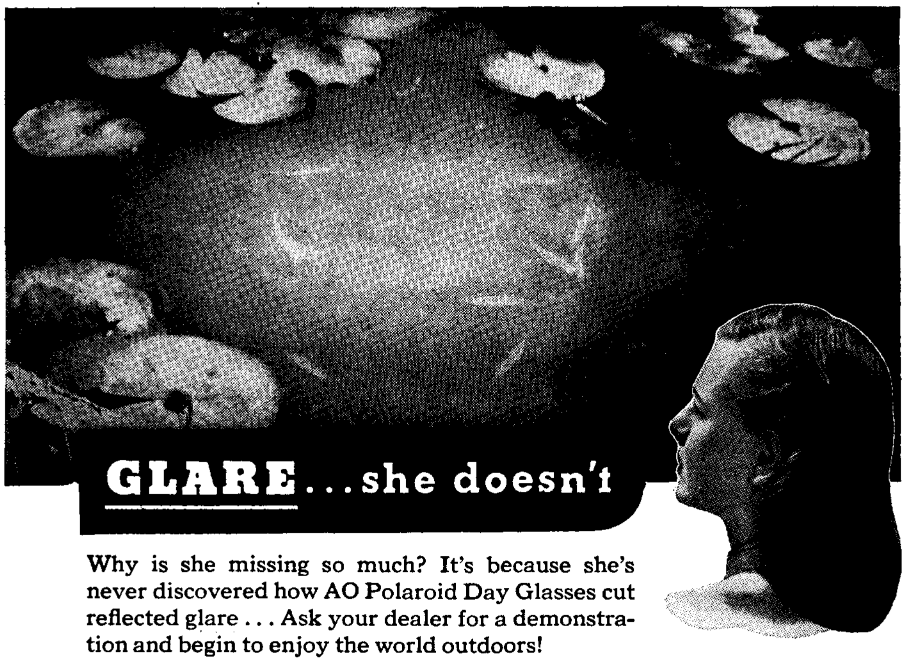

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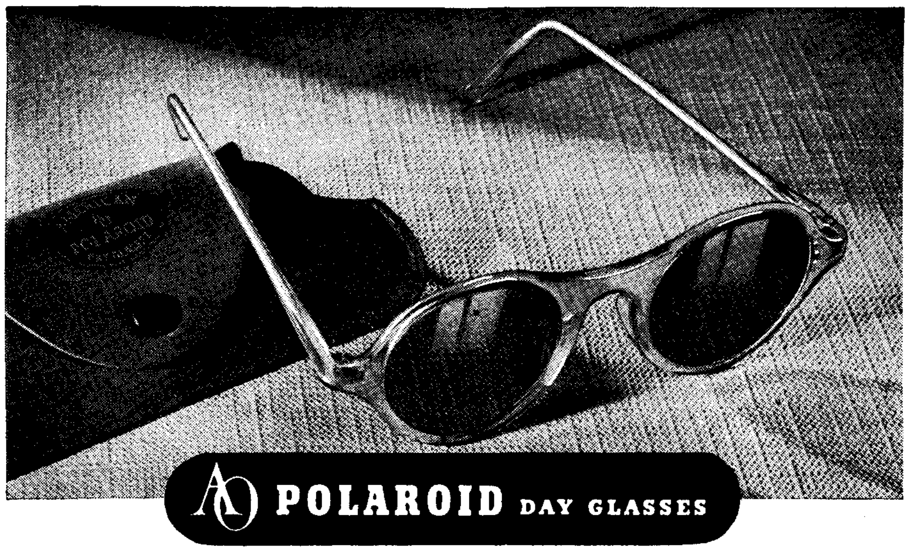

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woman who runs it pleasant and sympathetic to work for?"

"I should hardly describe her as that! She's an extremely hard-boiled businesswoman with dyed hair and a voice like a corn crake."

"But, my dear Midge—"

Edward's look of consternation almost made Midge laugh. He was so concerned.

"But, my dear child—you can't put up with that sort of thing. If you must have a job, you must take one where the surroundings are harmonious and where you like the people you are working with."

Midge looked at him for a moment without answering.

How explain, she thought, to a person like Edward? What did Edward know of the labor market, of jobs?

SUDDENLY a tide of bitterness rose in her. Lucy, Henry, Edward—yes, even Henrietta—they were all divided from her by an impassable gulf—the gulf that separates the leisured from the workers.

They had no conception of the difficulties of getting a job, and once you had it, of keeping it. One might say, perhaps, that there was no need, actually, for her to earn her living. Lucy and Henry would gladly give her a home—they would with equal gladness have made her an allowance.

But something in Midge rebelled against the acceptance of ease offered her by her well-to-do relations. To come on rare occasions and sink into the well-ordered luxury of Lucy's life was delightful. She could revel in that. But some sturdy independence of spirit held her back from accepting that life as a gift.

She had found a small job for herself and if she had actually been given the job because Madame Alfrege hoped that Midge would bring her "smart" friends to buy, Madame Alfrege was disappointed. Midge discouraged any such notion sternly on the part of her friends.

She disliked Madame Alfrege, she disliked the eternal subservience to ill-tempered and impolite customers, but she doubted very much whether she could obtain any other job which she would like better, since she had none of the necessary qualifications.

Edward's assumption that a wide range of choice was open to her was simply unbearably irritating this morning. What right had Edward to live in a world so divorced from reality?

They were Angkatells, all of them! And she—was only half Angkatell. And sometimes, like this morning, she did not feel like an Angkatell at all! She was all her father's daughter.

She thought of her father with the usual pang of love and compunction, a gray-haired, middle-aged man with a tired face. A man who had struggled for years running a small family business that was bound, for all his care and efforts, to go slowly down the hill.

Her mother had died when Midge was thirteen, and her father had grown still grayer and quieter after his wife's death. He had died quietly and inconspicuously when Midge was eighteen.

Much as Midge loved her Angkatell relations, there were times such as these when she felt suddenly and violently divergent from them. She thought with rancor: They don't know *anything!*

Edward, sensitive as always, was looking at her with a puzzled face. He asked gently, "I've upset you? Why? Seriously, Midge, I am worried—"

She interrupted him:

"The damned woman pays me my wages every Friday. That's all that matters."

She brushed past him and went out into the garden.

Sir Henry was sitting in his usual place on the low wall but Midge turned away and walked up toward the flower walk . . . Her relations were charming but she had no use for their charm this morning.

David Angkatell was sitting on the seat at the top of the path.

There was no overdone charm about David, and Midge made straight for him and sat down by him, noting with malicious pleasure his look of dismay.

How extraordinarily difficult it was, thought David, to get away from people. He had been driven from his bedroom by the brisk incursion of housemaids, purposeful with mops and dusters.

The library had not been the sanctuary he had hoped optimistically it might be. Twice Lady Angkatell had drifted in and out, addressing him kindly with remarks to which there seemed no possible intelligent reply.

So he had come out here to brood upon his position. The mere week end to which he had unwillingly committed himself had now lengthened out owing to the exigencies connected with sudden and violent death.

David, who preferred the contemplation of an academic past or the earnest discussion of a left wing future, had no aptitude for dealing with a violent and realistic present.

Murder! David shuddered distastefully. What would his friends think? How did one, so to speak, *take* murder? What was one's attitude. Bored? Disgusted? Lightly amused?

Trying to settle these problems in his mind, he was by no means pleased to be disturbed by Midge. He looked at her uneasily as she sat beside him.

He was rather startled by the defiant stare with which she returned his look. A disagreeable girl, he thought—of no intellectual value.

She said, "How do you like your relations?"

David shrugged his shoulders. He said, "Does one really *think* about relations?"

"Does one really think about anything?"

Doubtless, David thought, *she* didn't. He said almost graciously, "I was analyzing my reactions to murder. Wearisome. . . . All the clichés that one thought only existed in the pages of detective fiction!"

"You must be sorry you came," said Midge.

David sighed.

"Yes, I might have been staying with a friend of mine in London." He added, "He keeps a left wing bookshop."

"I expect it's more comfortable here," said Midge.

"Does one really care about being comfortable?" David asked scornfully.

"There are times," said Midge, "when I feel I don't care about anything else."

"The pampered attitude to life," said David. "If you were a worker—"

Midge interrupted him: "I am a worker. That's just why being comfortable is so attractive. Box beds, down pillows, early-morning tea softly deposited beside the bed, a porcelain bath with loads of hot water—and delicious bath salts. The kind of easy chair you really sink into . . ."

Midge paused in her catalogue.

"The workers," said David, "should have all these things."

But he was a little doubtful about the softly deposited early-morning tea, which sounded impossibly sybaritic for an earnestly organized world.

"I couldn't agree with you more," said Midge heartily.

ON MONDAY morning at the Harley Street house, Gerda Christow pulled a black dress up over her head and let it fall on a chair. She said, "Nothing seems to matter."

Her sister, Elsie Patterson, said, "I think I should decide on that black marocain."

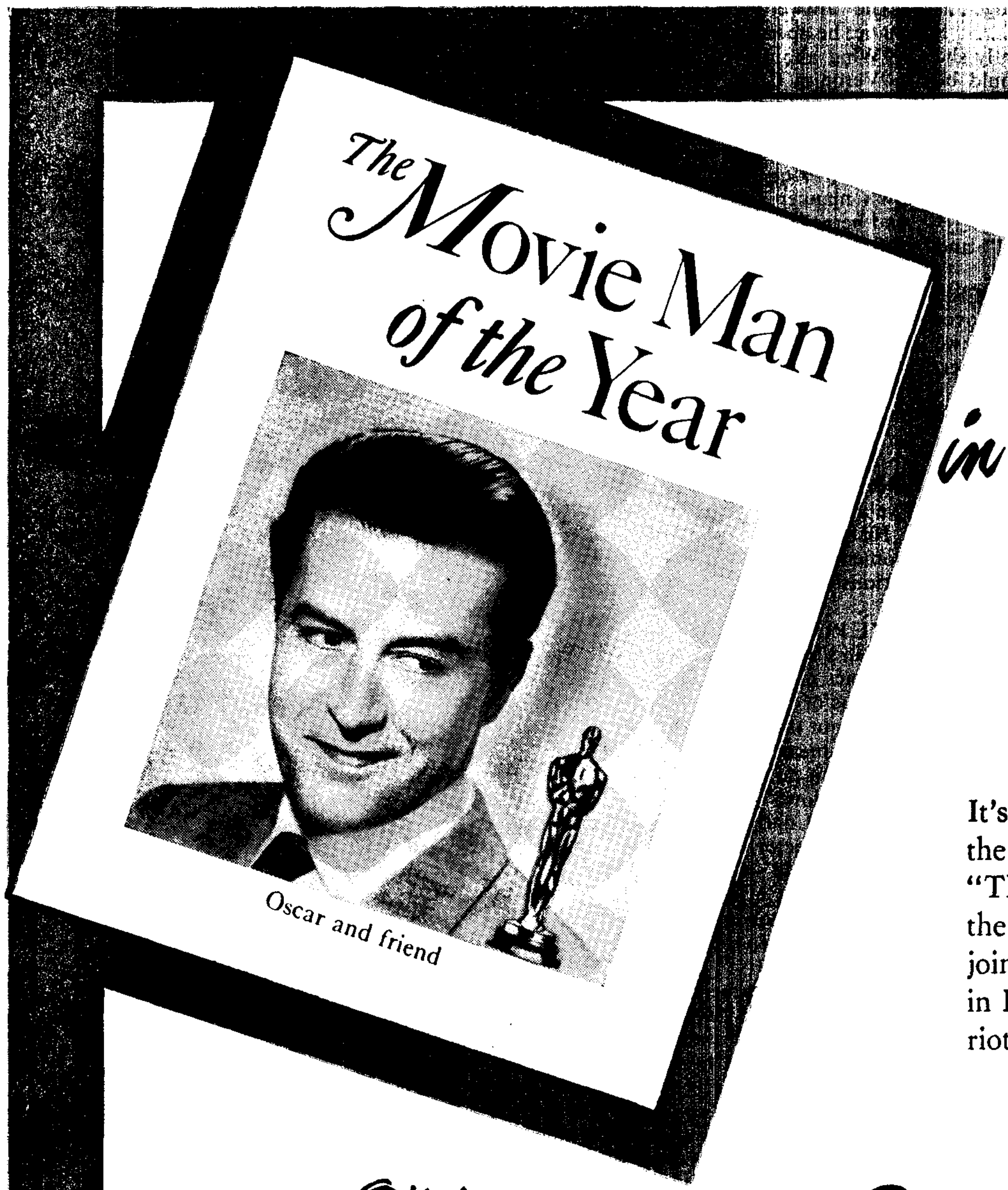
Gerda said doubtfully, "I don't really know if John liked mourning."

John, she thought. If only John were here to tell me what to do.

But John would never be there again. Never—never—never . . . Mutton getting cold—congealing on the table . . . the bang of the consulting-room door, John running up two steps at a time, always in a hurry, so vital, so alive . . .

Alive . . .

Lying on his back by the swimming pool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. . . the slow drip of blood over the edge . . . the feel of the revolver in her hand . . .

A nightmare, a bad dream; presently she would wake up and none of it would be true . . .

Her sister's crisp voice came cutting through her nebulous thoughts: "You *must* have something black for the inquest. It would look most odd if you turned up in bright blue."

Gerda said, "That awful inquest!" and half shut her eyes.

"Terrible for you, darling," said Elsie Patterson quickly. "But after it is all over you will come straight down to us and we shall take great care of you; and remember, you've got the children to live for." . . .

Terence had come to his mother in the dim drawing room directly after breakfast. His lips pursed close together, his face almost greenish in its odd pallor.

"Why was Father shot?"

"An accident, dear. I—I can't talk about it."

"It wasn't an accident. Why do you say what isn't true? Father was killed. It was murder. The paper says so."

"Terry, how did you get hold of a paper? I told Collie—"

He had nodded—queer repeated nods like a very old man.

"I went out and bought one, of course. I knew there must be something in them that you weren't telling us, or else why did Miss Collier hide them?"

It was never any good hiding truth from Terence. That queer, detached scientific curiosity of his had always to be satisfied.

"Why was he killed, Mother?"

She had broken down then, becoming hysterical.

"Don't ask me about it—don't talk about it—I can't talk about it . . . it's all too dreadful."

If only, Terence thought now, watching his mother and aunt from his chair in a corner of the room—if only there were someone who would answer questions reasonably and intelligently.

Tomorrow, Tuesday, he and Nicholson minor were going to make nitroglycerin. He had been looking forward to it with a thrill. The thrill had gone. He didn't care if he never made nitroglycerin.

Terence felt almost shocked at himself. Not to care any more about scientific experiment! But when a chap's father had been murdered . . . He thought: My father —murdered . . .

Something stirred—took root—grew . . . a slow anger.

DOWNSTAIRS in the consulting room Inspector Grange faced the cool belligerent glance of Beryl Collier. It *was* belligerent, he noted that. Well, perhaps that was only natural.

Plain bit of goods, he thought. Nothing between her and the doctor, I shouldn't think. *She* may have been sweet on *him*, though. It works that way sometimes.

But not this time, he came to the conclusion, when he leaned back in his chair a quarter of an hour later. Beryl Collier's answers to his questions had been models of clearness. She replied promptly, and obviously had every detail of the doctor's practice at her finger tips. He shifted his ground and began to probe gently into the relations existing between John Christow and his wife.

They had been, Beryl said, on excellent terms.

"I suppose they quarreled every now and then like most married couples?" The inspector sounded easy and confidential.

"I do not remember any quarrels. Mrs. Christow was quite devoted to her husband —really quite slavishly so."

Grange said, "Was he tangled up with any other woman?"

"Not to my knowledge."

A little too brusque, he thought. She doesn't know, but perhaps she guesses . . .

He said sharply: "What about Miss Henrietta Savernake? No trouble between Dr. and Mrs. Christow on her account?"

"Certainly not."

The answer was emphatic. (Overemphatic, he speculated.)

"What about Miss Veronica Cray?"

"Veronica Cray. The film star? I didn't even know that Dr. Christow knew her."

She seemed so positive on the point that the inspector abandoned it at once. He went on to question her about Dr. Christow's manner on the preceding Saturday. And here, for the first time, the confidence of Beryl's replies wavered. She said, slowly, "His manner *wasn't* quite as usual."

The telephone on the desk rang and Miss Collier picked up the receiver.

She said, "It's for you, Inspector."

"Hullo, Grange here. . . . What's that? . . ." Beryl heard the alteration in his tone and looked at him curiously.

"Yes . . . yes, I've got that. . . . That's absolutely certain, is it? . . . No margin of error . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes, I'll be down. I've about finished here . . . yes."

He put the receiver back and sat for a moment motionless. Beryl looked at him curiously.

HE PULLED himself together and asked in a voice that was quite different from the voice of his previous questions, "You've no ideas of your own, I suppose, Miss Collier, about this matter?"

"You mean—"

"I mean no ideas as to who it was killed Dr. Christow?"

She said flatly, "I've absolutely no idea at all, Inspector."

Grange said slowly, "When the body was found, Mrs. Christow was standing beside it with the revolver in her hand—"

He left it purposely as an unfinished sentence.

Her reaction came promptly. Not heated, cool and judicial: "If you think Mrs. Christow killed her husband, I am quite sure you are wrong. Mrs. Christow is not at all a violent woman. She is very meek and submissive and she was entirely under the doctor's thumb. It seems to me quite ridiculous that anyone could imagine for a moment that she shot him, however much appearances may be against her."

"Then if she didn't, who did?" he asked sharply.

Beryl said slowly, "I've no idea . . ."

The inspector moved to the door. Beryl asked, "Do you want to see Mrs. Christow before you go?"

"No—yes, perhaps I'd better."

Again Beryl wondered; this was not the same man who had been questioning her before the telephone rang. What news had he got that had altered him so much?

Gerda came into the room nervously. She looked unhappy and bewildered. She said in a low shaky voice, "Have you found out any more about who killed John, Inspector?"

"Not yet, Mrs. Christow."

"It's so impossible—so absolutely impossible."

"But it happened, Mrs. Christow."

She nodded, looking down, screwing a handkerchief into a little ball.

He said quietly, "Had your husband any enemies, Mrs. Christow?"

"John? Oh, no. He was wonderful. Everyone adored him."

"You can't think of anyone who had a grudge against him," he paused, "or against you?"

"Against *me*?" She seemed amazed. "Oh, no, Inspector."

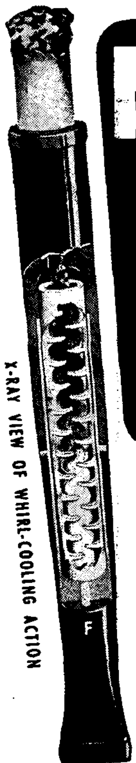
"What about Miss Veronica Cray?"

"Veronica Cray? Oh, you mean the one who came that night to borrow matches? I believe John knew her years ago—but he hadn't seen anything of her for ages."

"I suppose she might have had a grudge against him that you didn't know about?"

Gerda said with dignity, "I don't believe anybody could have had a grudge against John. He was the kindest and most unselfish—oh, and one of the noblest men."

"H'm," said the inspector. "Yes. Quite so. Well, good morning, Mrs. Christow. You understand about the inquest? Eleven o'clock Wednesday in Market Depleach. It will be very simple—nothing to upset you—



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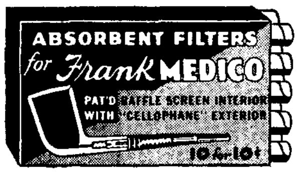

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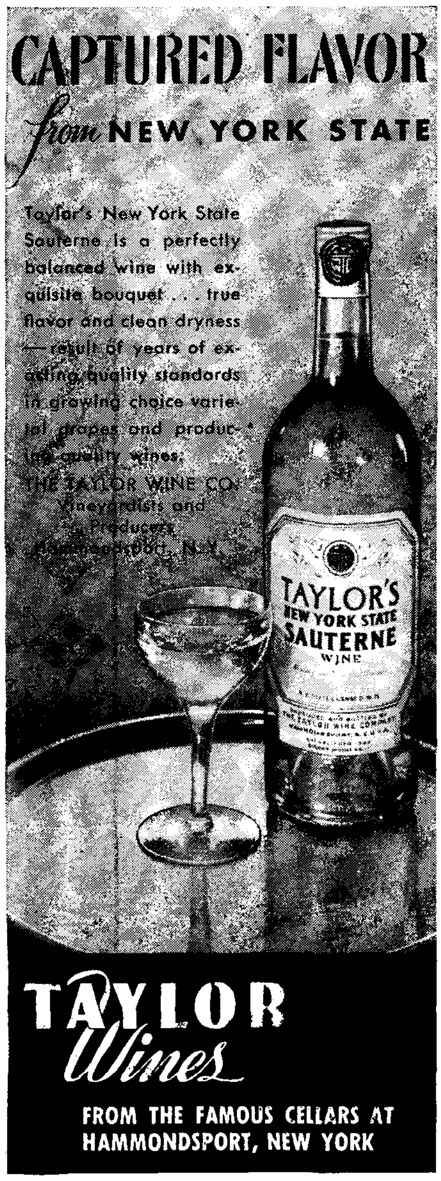
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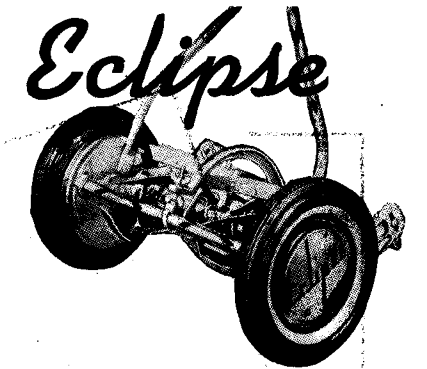

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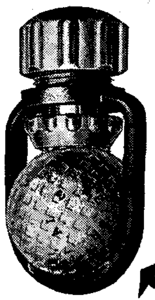

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probably be adjourned for a week so that we can make further inquiries."

"Oh, I see. Thank you."

The inspector hailed a taxi—justifiable expense in view of the piece of information he had just been given over the telephone. Just where that piece of information was leading him, he did not know. It simply did not make sense. Yet in some way that he could not yet see, it must make sense.

SIR HENRY stared curiously at Inspector Grange, whom he had been surprised to see back from London so quickly.

He said slowly, "I'm not quite sure that I understand you, Inspector. I have already identified the revolver as part of my collection."

"It isn't quite so simple as that, Sir Henry." Grange paused a moment. His instincts were always against giving out any information, but his hand was being forced in this particular instance. Sir Henry was a person of importance. He would doubtless comply with the request that was being made to him, but he would also require a reason. The inspector decided that he had got to give him the reason.

"I've just had the report from our ballistics expert. Dr. Christow was not shot with that revolver."

Sir Henry's eyebrows rose.

"Remarkable!" he said.

Grange felt vaguely comforted. Remarkable was exactly what he felt himself. He was grateful to Sir Henry for saying so, and equally grateful for his not saying any more. It was as far as they could go at the moment. The thing was remarkable—and beyond that simply did not make sense.

Sir Henry asked, "Have you any reason to believe that the weapon from which the fatal shot was fired comes from my collection?"

"No reason at all. But I have got to make sure, shall we say, that it doesn't."

Sir Henry nodded his head in confirmation. "I appreciate your point. Well, we will get to work."

Grange's attention was held by something in his voice. Sir Henry's shoulders sagged a little—he seemed suddenly an older and more tired man.

Inspector Grange frowned. He thought: Devil if I know what to make of these people down here. . . .

"Ah—"

"Yes, sir?"

"A .36 Smith and Wesson is missing. It was in a brown leather holster and was at the end of the rack in this drawer."

"Ah!" The inspector kept his voice calm, but he was excited. "And when, sir, to your certain knowledge, did you last see it in its proper place?"

Sir Henry reflected for a moment or two. "That is not very easy to say, Inspector. I last had this drawer open about a week ago and I think—I am almost certain—that if the revolver had been missing then I should have noticed the gap. But I should not like to swear definitely that I *saw* it there."

Inspector Grange nodded his head.

"Thank you, sir, I quite understand . . . Well, I must be getting on with things—"

Sir Henry stood motionless for a while after the inspector had gone, then he went out slowly through the French windows onto the terrace. His wife was busy with a gardening basket and gloves. She was trimming some rare shrubs with a pair of secateurs.

She waved to him brightly.

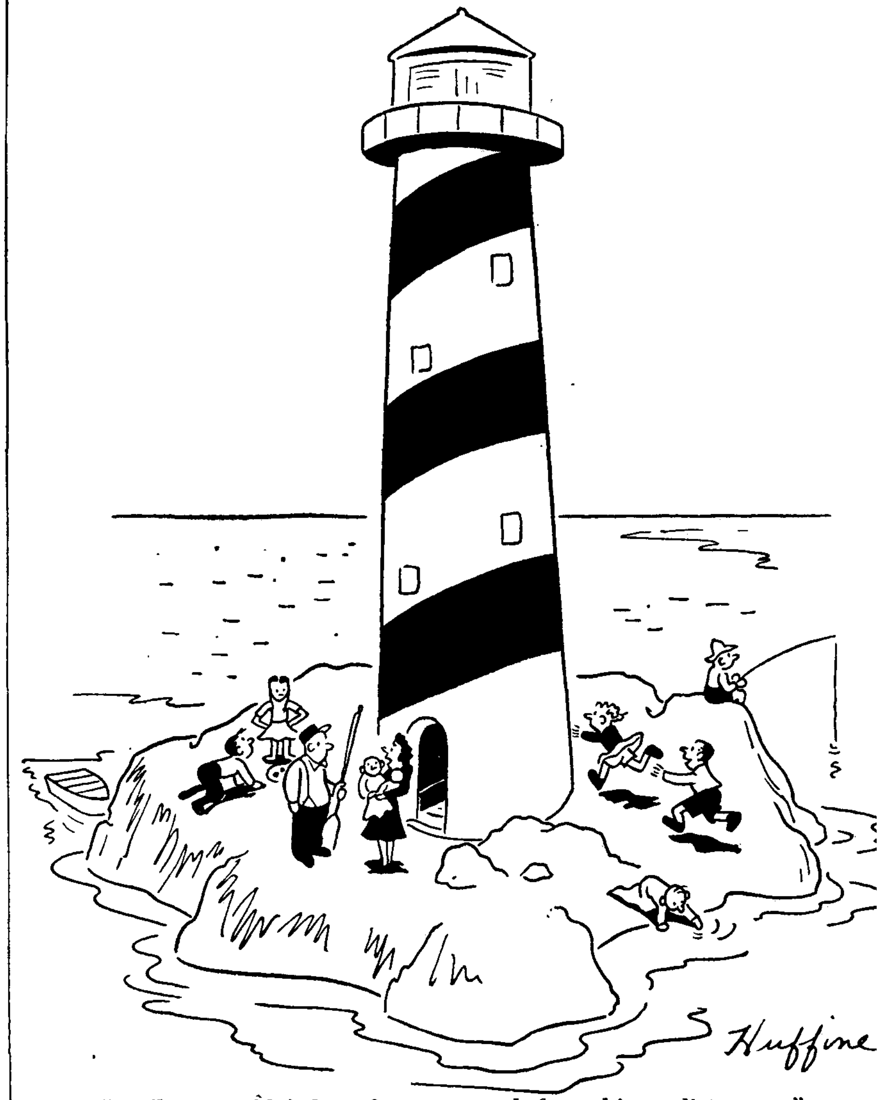
"What did the inspector want? I hope he is not going to worry the servants again. You know, Henry, they *don't* like it. They can't see it as amusing or as a novelty like we do."

"Do we see it like that?"

"How tired you look, Henry. Must you let all this worry you so much?"

"Murder *is* worrying, Lucy."

Lady Angkatell thought a moment. "But



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really, Henry," she said. "I've never seen *why*. I mean if one has to die, it may be cancer, or tuberculosis in one of those dreadful bright sanatoriums, or a stroke—horrid, with one's face all on one side—or else one is shot or stabbed or strangled perhaps—but the whole thing comes to the same in the end. There one is, I mean, dead! Out of it all! And all the worry over. And the relations have all the difficulties—money quarrels and whether to wear black or not—and who was to have Aunt Selina's writing desk—things like that!"

Sir Henry sat down on the stone coping. He said, "This is all going to be more upsetting than we thought, Lucy."

"Well, darling, we shall have to bear it. And when it's all over we might go away somewhere. Let's not bother about present troubles but look forward to the future. I really *am* happy about that. I've been wondering whether it would be nice to go to Ainswick for Christmas—or leave it until Easter. Easter, perhaps . . . Yes," Lucy smiled happily, "she will certainly have got over it by then?"

"Who?" Sir Henry was startled.

Lady Angkatell said calmly, "Henrietta . . . They might be married in October of next year. I've been thinking, Henry—"

"I wish you wouldn't, my dear. You think too much."

"You know the barn? It will make a perfect studio. And Henrietta will need a studio. She has real talent, you know. Edward, I am sure, will be immensely proud of her. Two boys and a girl would be nice—or two boys and two girls—"

"Lucy—Lucy! How you run on!" Sir Henry said reprovingly.

"But, darling"—Lady Angkatell opened wide beautiful eyes—"Edward will never marry anyone but Henrietta—he is very *very* obstinate. Rather like my father in that way. He gets an idea in his head! So of course Henrietta *must* marry him—and she *will* now that John Christow is out of the way. John was really the greatest misfortune that could possibly have happened to her."

"Poor devil!"

"Why? Oh, you mean because he's dead? Oh, well, everyone has to die sometime. I never worry over people dying . . ."

He looked at her curiously.

"I always thought you liked Christow, Lucy?"

"I found him amusing. And he had charm. But I never think one ought to attach too much importance to *anybody*."

And gently, with a smiling face, Lady Angkatell clipped remorselessly at a flowering shrub.

HERCULE POIROT looked out of his window and saw Henrietta Savernake walking up the path to the front door. There was a spaniel with her.

He hastened to the front door and opened it. She stood smiling at him.

"Can I come in and see your house? I'm just taking the dog for a walk."

"But most certainly. How English it is to take the dog for a walk!"

"I know," said Henrietta. "I thought of that." Again she smiled—a brilliant unsubstantial smile.

Poirot ushered her into his sitting room. She looked around its neat and prim arrangement and nodded her head.

"Nice," she said, "two of everything. How you would hate my studio. All messy, with a lot of clay sticking to things."

"Oh—but that—you are an artist."

"Aren't you an artist too, Monsieur Poirot?"

Poirot put his head on one side.

"It is a question, that. But on the whole I would say no. I have known crimes that were artistic—they were, you understand, supreme exercises of imagination—but the solving of them—no, it is not the creative power that is needed. What is required is a passion for the truth."

"A passion for the truth," said Henrietta meditatively. "Yes, I can see how dangerous that might make you. Would the truth satisfy you?"

He looked at her curiously. "What do you mean, Miss Savernake?"

"I can understand that you would want to *know*. But would knowledge be enough? Would you have to go a step further and translate knowledge into action?"

He was interested in her approach.

"You are suggesting that if I knew the truth about Dr. Christow's death, I might be satisfied to keep that knowledge to myself . . . Do *you* know the truth about his death?"

Henrietta shrugged her shoulders.

"The obvious answer seems to be Gerda. How cynical it is that a wife or a husband is always the first suspect."

"But you do not agree?"

"I always like to keep an open mind."

Poirot said quietly, "Why did you come here, Miss Savernake?"

"I must admit that I haven't your passion for truth, Monsieur Poirot. Taking the dog for a walk was such a nice English countryside excuse. But of course the Angkatells haven't got a dog—as you may have noticed the other day."

"The fact had not escaped me."

"So I borrowed the gardener's spaniel. I am not, you must understand, Monsieur Poirot, very truthful."

Again that brilliant brittle smile flashed out. He wondered why he should suddenly find it unendurably moving.

She sat very still staring down at the carpet, then she raised her head and looked at him steadily.

"Don't you want to know why I did come?"

"You find a difficulty, perhaps, in putting it into words."

"Yes, I think I do . . . Well, if one wants to say a thing one has to say it! The inquest is tomorrow. Is it necessary, do you think, that the police should know that I was John Christow's mistress?"

HER voice was dry and unemotional. She was looking, not at him, but at the wall over his head. With one forefinger she was following the curve of a jar that was filled with purple flowers. He had an idea that in the touch of that finger was her emotional outlet.

Hercule Poirot said precisely and also without emotion, "I see. You were lovers?"

"If you prefer to put it like that."

He looked at her curiously.

"It was not how you put it, Mademoiselle?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Henrietta shrugged her shoulders.

"One likes to describe things as—as accurately as possible."

His interest in Henrietta Savernake grew stronger. He said, "You had been Dr. Christow's mistress—for how long?"

"About six months."

"The police will have, I gather, no difficulty in discovering the fact?"

"I imagine not. That is, if they are looking for something of that kind."

"Oh, they will be looking, I can assure you of that."

"Yes, I rather thought they would." She paused, stretched out her fingers on her knee and looked at them, then gave him a swift friendly glance. "Well, Monsieur Poirot, what does one do? Go to Inspector Grange and say— What does one say to a mustache like that? It's such a domestic family mustache."

Poirot's hand crawled upward to his own proudly borne adornment.

"Whereas mine, Mademoiselle?"

"Your mustache, M. Poirot, is an artistic triumph. It has no associations with anything but itself. It is, I am sure, unique."

"Absolutely."

"And it is probably the reason why I am talking to you as I am . . . Granted that the police have to know the truth about John and myself, will it necessarily have to be made public?"

"That depends," said Poirot. "If the police think it has no bearing on the case, they will be quite discreet. You—are very anxious on this point?"

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Henrietta nodded. She said, "Why should things be made worse than they are for poor Gerda? She adored John and he's dead. She's lost him. Why should she have to bear an added burden?"

"It is for her that you mind?"

"Do you think that is hypocritical? I suppose you're thinking that if I cared at all about Gerda's peace of mind, I would never have become John's mistress. But you don't understand—it was not like that. I did not break up his married life. I was only one—of a procession."

"Ah, it was like that?"

She turned on him sharply:

"No, no, *no!* Not what you are thinking! That's what I mind most of all! The false idea that everybody will have of what John was like. That's why I'm here talking to you—because I've got a vague foggy hope that I can make you understand. Understand, I mean, the sort of person John was! I can see so well what will happen—the headlines in the papers—A Doctor's Love Life—Gerda, myself, Veronica Cray. John wasn't, actually, a man who thought much about women. It was in his work that his interest and his excitement—yes, and his sense of adventure really lay. If John had been taken unawares at any moment and asked to name the woman who was most in his mind, do you know who he would have said—Mrs. Crabtree."

"Mrs. Crabtree?" Poirot was surprised. "Who then, is this Mrs. Crabtree?"

There was something between tears and laughter in Henrietta's voice as she went on:

"She's an old woman—ugly, dirty, wrinkled, quite indomitable. She's a patient in St. Christopher's Hospital. She's got Ridgeway's Disease. That's a disease that's very rare but if you get it, you're bound to die—there just isn't any cure. But John was finding a cure—I can't explain technically—it was all very complicated—some question of hormone secretion. He'd been making experiments and Mrs. Crabtree was his prize patient—you see, she's got *guts,* she *wants* to live—and she was fond of John. She and he were fighting on the same side. Ridgeway's Disease and Mrs. Crabtree is what has been uppermost in John's mind for months—night and day—nothing else really counted. That's what being the kind of doctor John was really means—not all the Harley Street stuff and the rich fat women, that's only a side line—it's the intense scientific curiosity and achievement. I—oh, I wish I could make you understand."

HER hands flew out in a curiously despairing gesture, and Hercule Poirot thought how very lovely and sensitive those hands were.

He said, "*You* seem to understand very well."

"Oh, yes, I understood. John used to come and talk, do you see? Not quite to me—partly, I think, to himself. He got things clear that way. Sometimes he was almost despairing—he couldn't see how to overcome the heightened toxicity—and then he'd get an idea for varying the treatment. I can't explain to you what it was like—it was like, yes, a *battle.* You can't imagine the—the fury of it and the concentration—and yes, sometimes the agony. And sometimes the sheer tiredness. . . ."

She was silent for a minute or two, her eyes dark with remembrance.

Poirot said curiously, "You must have a certain technical knowledge yourself?"

She shook her head.

"Not really. Only enough to understand what John was talking about. I got books and read about it." She was silent again, her face softened, her lips half parted. She was, he thought, remembering. . . .

With a sigh, her mind came back to the present. She looked at him wistfully.

"If I could only make you see—"

"But you have. One recognizes authenticity when one hears it."

"Thank you. But it won't be so easy to explain to Inspector Grange."

"Probably not. He will concentrate on the personal angle."

Henrietta said vehemently, "And that was so unimportant—so completely unimportant."

Poirot's eyebrows rose slowly. She answered his unspoken protest:

"But it was! You see—after a while—I got between John and what he was thinking of. He began to be afraid that he was beginning to love me—and he didn't want to love anyone. He—he made love to me because he didn't want to think about me too much. He wanted it to be light, easy, just an affair like other affairs that he had had."

"And you—" Poirot was watching her closely. "You were content to have it—like that."

Henrietta got up. She said and once more it was her dry voice:

"No, I wasn't—content. After all, one is human. . . ."

Poirot waited a minute, then he said, "Then why, Mademoiselle—"

SHE whirled around on him. "Why?" she repeated. "I wanted John to be satisfied. I wanted *John* to have what he wanted. I wanted him to be able to go on with the thing he cared about—his work. If he didn't want to be hurt—to be vulnerable again—why, why, then, that was all right by me!"

"Just now, Miss Savernake, you mentioned Veronica Cray. Was she also a friend of John Christow's?"

"Until last Saturday night, he hadn't seen her for fifteen years. They were once engaged to be married. John loved Veronica desperately. Veronica was, and is, a greedy, selfish woman. Her terms were that John was to chuck everything he cared about and become Miss Veronica Cray's little tame husband. John broke up the whole thing—quite rightly. But he suffered like hell . . .

"His one idea was to marry someone as unlike Veronica as possible. He married Gerda, whom you might describe inelegantly as a first-class chump. That was all very nice and safe, but, as anyone could have told him, the day came when being married to a chump irritated him. He had various affairs—none of them important. Gerda, of course, never knew about them. But I think, myself, that for fifteen years there has been something wrong with John—something connected with Veronica. He never really got over her. And then, last Saturday, he met her again . . ."

"He went out with her that night to see her home and returned to The Hollow at 3 A.M.," Poirot said.

"How do you know?"

"A housemaid had the toothache."

Henrietta said irrelevantly, "Lucy has far too many servants."

"But you yourself knew that, Mademoiselle."

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

There was an infinitesimal pause. Then Henrietta replied slowly, "I was looking out of my window and saw him come back to the house."

"The toothache, Mademoiselle?"

She smiled at him. "Quite another kind of ache, Monsieur Poirot."

She got up and moved toward the door, and Poirot said, "I will walk back with you, Mademoiselle."

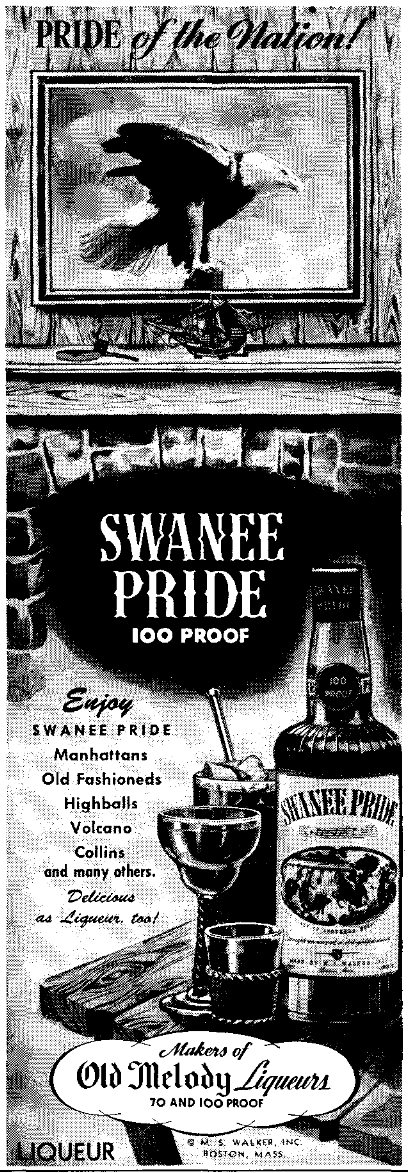
They crossed the lane and went through the gate into the chestnut plantation.

Henrietta said, "We need not go past the pool. We can go up to the left and along the top path to the flower walk."

Presently they came to a bench and Henrietta sat down, Poirot beside her. The woods were above and behind them and below them were the closely planted chestnut groves. Just in front of the seat a curving path led downward, to where just a glimmer of blue water could be seen.

Poirot watched Henrietta without speaking. Her face had relaxed, the tension had gone. It looked younger. He realized what she must have looked like as a young girl.

"Of what are you thinking, Mademoiselle?"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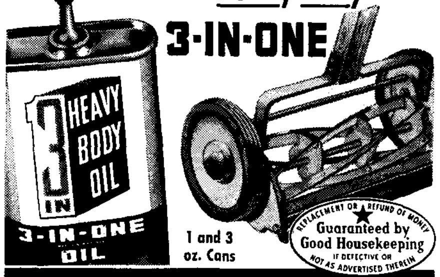
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"Of Ainswick. . . ."

"What is Ainswick?"

"Ainswick? It's a place." Almost dreamily, she described Ainswick to him. The white graceful house—the big magnolia—the whole set in an amphitheater of wooded hills . . .

"It was where we came, all of us, for holidays. Edward and Midge and myself. It was Lucy's home actually. It belonged to her father. After his death it came to Edward."

"And after Edward Angkatell, to whom does it go, this Ainswick?"

"If Edward doesn't marry—" She paused. A shadow passed over her face. "I suppose," said Henrietta slowly, "it will go to David. . . . David and Ainswick?" She shook her head. "They don't fit somehow."

POIROT pointed to the path in front of them. "It is by that path, Mademoiselle, that you went down to the swimming pool yesterday?"

"No, by the one nearer the house. It was Edward who came this way." She turned on him suddenly. "Must we talk about it any more? I hate the swimming pool. . . . I even hate The Hollow."

"I hate the dreadful Hollow behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood red heath,
The red ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers 'Death.'"

Henrietta turned an astonished face on him.

"Tennyson," said Hercule Poirot, nodding his head proudly. "The poetry of your Lord Tennyson."

Henrietta was repeating: *"And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her . . ."* She went on, almost to herself: "But of course—I see—that's what it is—Echo!"

"How do you mean—Echo, Mademoiselle?" Poirot asked.

"This place—The Hollow itself! I almost saw it before—on Saturday when Edward and I walked up to the ridge. An echo of Ainswick . . . And that's what we are, we Angkatells. Echoes! We're not real—not real as John was real." She turned to Poirot. "I wish you had known him, Monsieur Poirot. We're all shadows compared to John. John was really alive."

"I knew that even when he was dying, Mademoiselle."

"I know," Henrietta said gently. "One felt it . . . and John is dead, and we, the echoes, are alive. . . . It's like, you know, a very bad joke. . . ."

The youth had gone from her face again. Her lips were twisted, bitter with sudden pain.

"Your—cousin?—Mr. Edward Angkatell—did he like Dr. Christow?"

Her voice was, he thought, a little constrained, as she replied, "Not particularly—but then he hardly knew him."

"And—Mr. David Angkatell?" Poirot went on with his questioning.

"David, I think, hates all of us. He spends his time immured in the library reading the Encyclopaedia Britannica."

"Ah, a serious temperament."

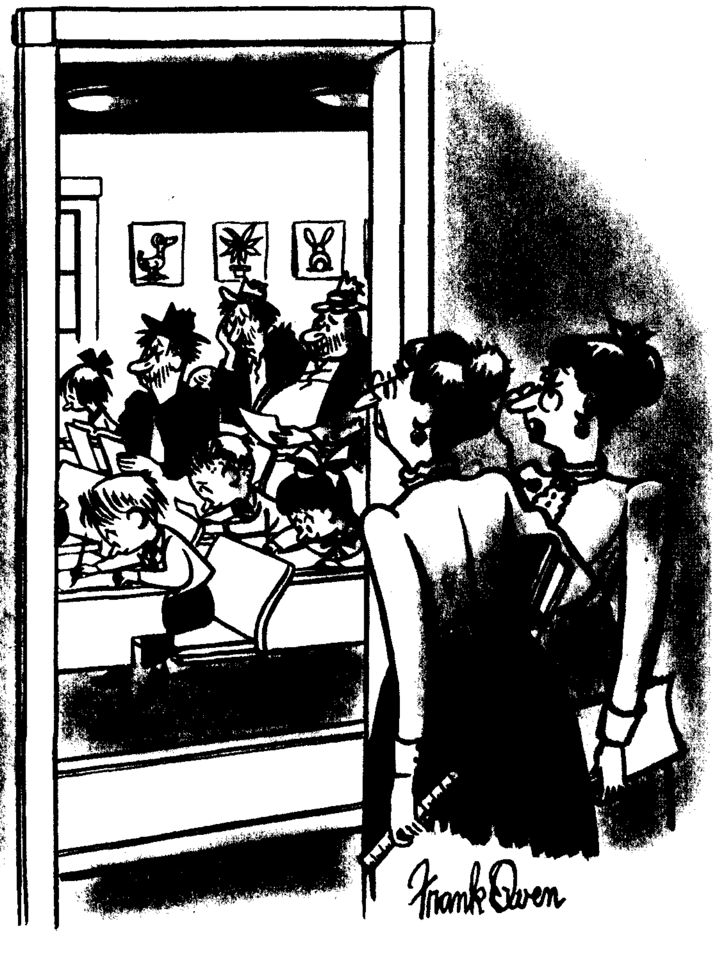
"I am sorry for David. He has had a difficult home life—his mother was unbalanced—an invalid. Now his only way of protecting himself is to try to feel superior to everyone. It's all right as long as it works, but now and then it breaks down and the vulnerable David peeps through."

"Did he feel himself superior to Dr. Christow?"

"He tried to—but I don't think it came off. I suspect that John Christow was just the kind of man that David would like to be; he disliked John in consequence."

She had taken a pencil from her jacket pocket and was drawing with it on the arm of the seat—a rough sketch of a rather fantastic tree. Poirot recognized the design. He had seen it twice before. Once on a bridge marker at The Hollow on the day of the crime, and again on the painted iron table in the pavilion on the following day when he had looked in and had noted that the six boxes of matches were still where they had been the day before although the fur cape had gone.

(To be continued next week)



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a short short story

complete on this page

The Happy Chance

By William A. Krauss

SHE saw Oliver Carter—you must try to understand the shock of it—half an hour after she had come ashore. She came ashore in the ship's boat with thirty other cruise passengers and walked up the Avenida Caimito in the hard white sunlight. The morning street was vibrantly alive, full of warm odors. She thought she had never seen anything half so lovely—green mountains on her left, on her right the fine dark-blue sea.

But the West Indian sun was, even at that hour, fiercely hot. She went more slowly, glancing into side streets that, offering shade, seemed cooler. At a narrow intersection, a gaudy sign—Hotel Inglesa—caught her eye. From somewhere the odor of coffee assailed her. She went toward the hotel with quick steps.

There, after two years, she saw him.

He was sitting at a table in the tiled restaurant that opened wide onto the street. His back was toward her—but she knew him instantly. She knew his shoulders and the way he held his head. She had especially not forgotten the way he held his head. She caught her breath. "Oliver," she said, with the soft note of astonishment and unbelief in her voice.

At the sound of his name he looked quickly around. There were a few seconds of inaction, when neither spoke nor moved but only stared; and then the tension snapped and he stood up, holding out both hands. "Marian," he exclaimed. "You! I don't believe it—"

Both knew the almost comic inadequacy of the words. She gave him her hands and he held them firmly, waiting for her to speak. She said, low, "I'm in the cruise ship, Oliver. The Miramar. We anchored an hour ago."

"And you didn't know—"

"Heavens. How should I?" He dropped her hands and hurried to place a chair for her. "Please sit," he said breathlessly. He grinned and sat beside her. "I really don't—can't!—believe this, you know—"

The girl looked at him evenly. Then she took off her hat and put it on the table. "Yes, it's strange," she agreed, almost whispering. "To meet again like this. And you—you haven't told me what you are doing here. You're working here?"

"For Carib-Central Fruit Company." There was a small silence. "I've been here almost two years, Marian."

"Have you?"

He regarded her gravely, his brown face creased by little lines. In the pause, she found herself remembering—vividly, but with an odd kind of detachment—the evening in spring, two years ago, their last evening; and she knew that he was, at that moment, remembering it, too, though in a different way. . . . They had been walking in Central Park; they had wanted to escape the closeness of walls. They had spoken little, and later they had gone to an obscure restaurant off Fifth Avenue. At dinner he'd been very gay. After the coffee, he had, abruptly, asked her to marry him.

She had not actually been surprised, but she had felt suddenly, bitterly cold at the pit of her stomach. "Please, Oliver," she had said. "Please. . . . Not now."

He had said, "Marian. Why not now? What's wrong?"

Were there any words to tell a man you love him—*think* you love him—yet feel no compelling *need* for him? No need that cancels all other considerations? Marriage would have demanded an immense revision of her comfortable world—in her Park Avenue shop she earned a great deal more money than Oliver made at his newswriting. And if there were babies . . . It simply would not be sensible. *That* was it, that flatly summed it up: Marriage clearly would not be sensible—

THERE had been no words to tell him she was afraid to place in his hands all the unknowable dark responsibilities of years to come. Other women did this thing, of course, gave themselves into the hands of men—but few other women had so carefully arranged their lives.

Then she had withdrawn painfully within herself, silent; and when he had persisted in seeking an answer she had perversely wanted to hurt him. In something akin to hysteria, she had spoken not of love, but of money!

Naturally he had been hurt; she'd been wonderfully successful in hurting him on that night of bitter words, and because he'd gone away without calling her, without leaving any address with her or any friend, he never knew of the months and months in which she'd struggled with herself toward a new maturity. Or of her discovery that, without him, she was not even half alive. . . .

But now the girl drew a long breath slowly, and said again with animation that it was—yes!—exceedingly strange that they should meet so, after two years, in a West Indian banana port—

"It's beyond belief," he said.

"Shall we put it down to fate?"

A quick smile moved his mouth. He looked down at the table, and at his hands. "How long do you mean to stay?"

"This is my vacation. I'm making the round trip. We sail tonight."

"A single day," he said. "You'll let me spend it with you?"

The girl touched the rim of the table. "I hope you will."

"I didn't know how you'd feel."

"Didn't you, Oliver?" Her face was grave, unsmiling. She brushed back her hair with her hand, a sudden movement. "You were thinking of—the last time?"

"Did you suppose I had forgotten it?"

She made no answer. She turned away from him, toward the bright street. After a space she said, hardly above a murmur, "I behaved badly, Oliver. Is it too late to forgive that?"

"It isn't a matter of forgiveness."

Then the fear drained out of her, and she knew with burning clarity that Oliver had not changed. No; nothing in him was different. This was her proof, this moment—her heart lifted up. "I'm glad, Oliver," she said softly. "I'm composing a little prayer for the happy chance that led me to turn into this street—"

"Are you? I've already said one."

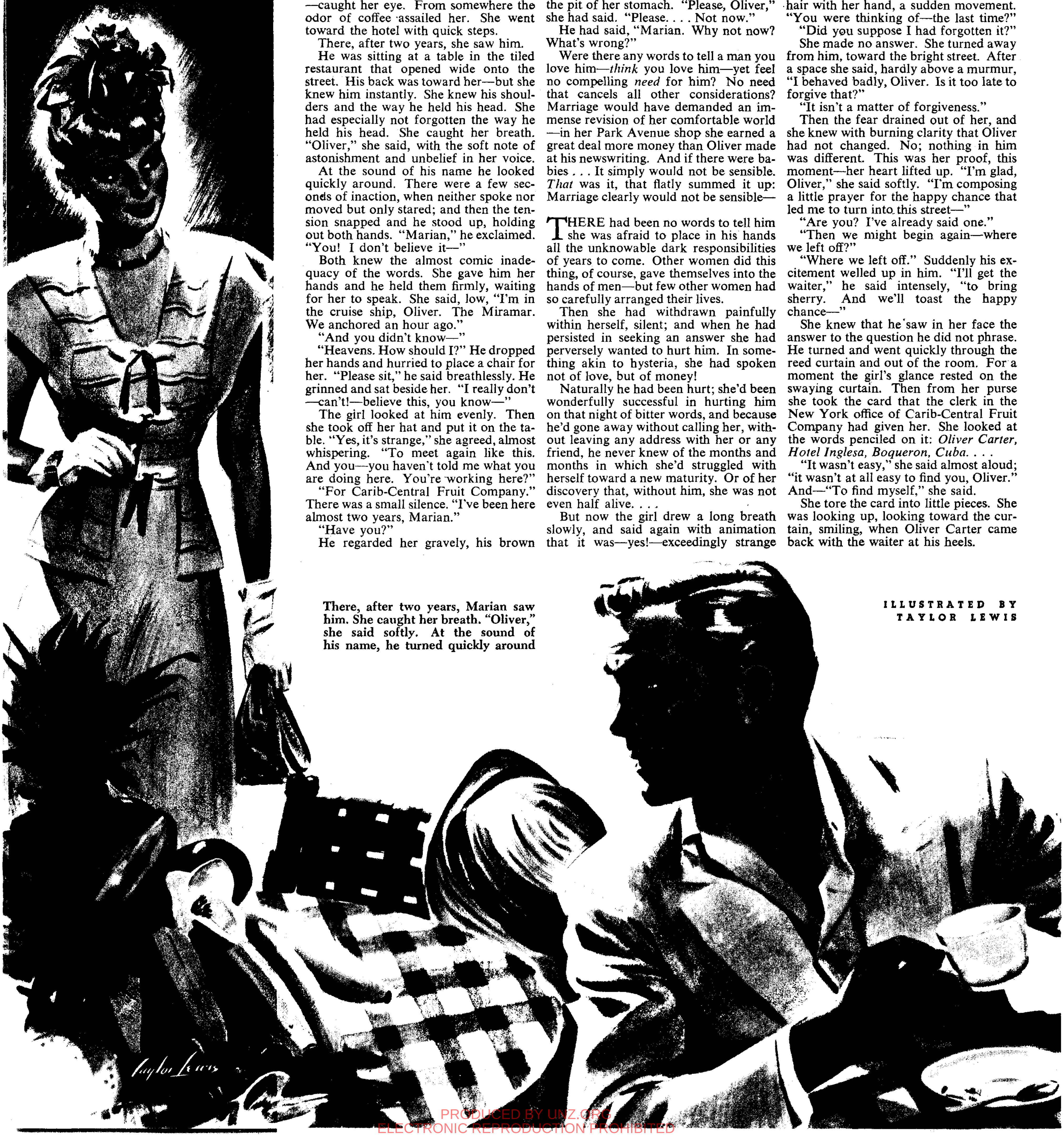
"Then we might begin again—where we left off?"

"Where we left off." Suddenly his excitement welled up in him. "I'll get the waiter," he said intensely, "to bring sherry. And we'll toast the happy chance—"

She knew that he saw in her face the answer to the question he did not phrase. He turned and went quickly through the reed curtain and out of the room. For a moment the girl's glance rested on the swaying curtain. Then from her purse she took the card that the clerk in the New York office of Carib-Central Fruit Company had given her. She looked at the words penciled on it: *Oliver Carter, Hotel Inglesa, Boqueron, Cuba. . . .*

"It wasn't easy," she said almost aloud; "it wasn't at all easy to find you, Oliver." And—"To find myself," she said.

She tore the card into little pieces. She was looking up, looking toward the curtain, smiling, when Oliver Carter came back with the waiter at his heels.



There, after two years, Marian saw him. She caught her breath. "Oliver," she said softly. At the sound of his name, he turned quickly around

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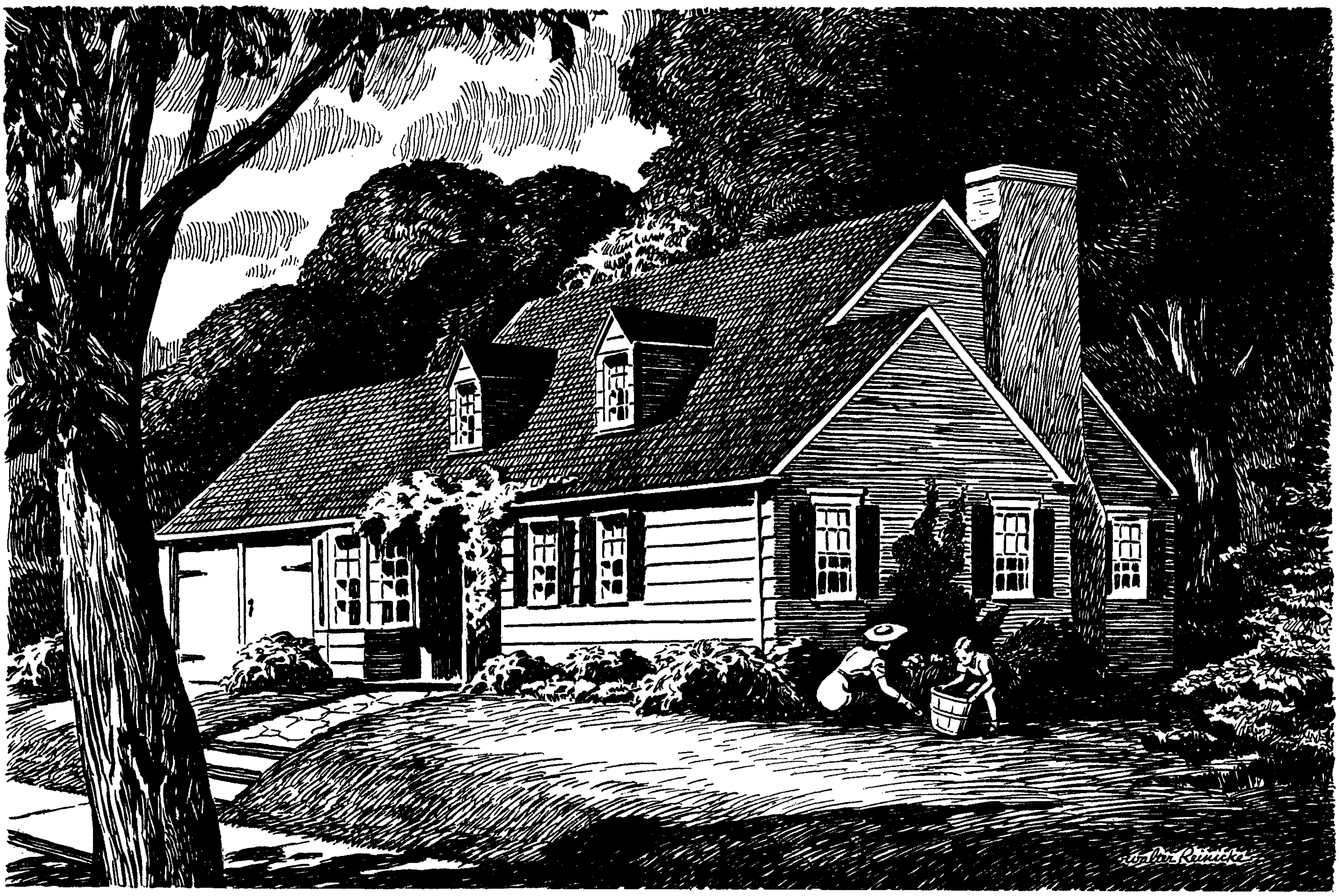
TAYLOR LEWIS



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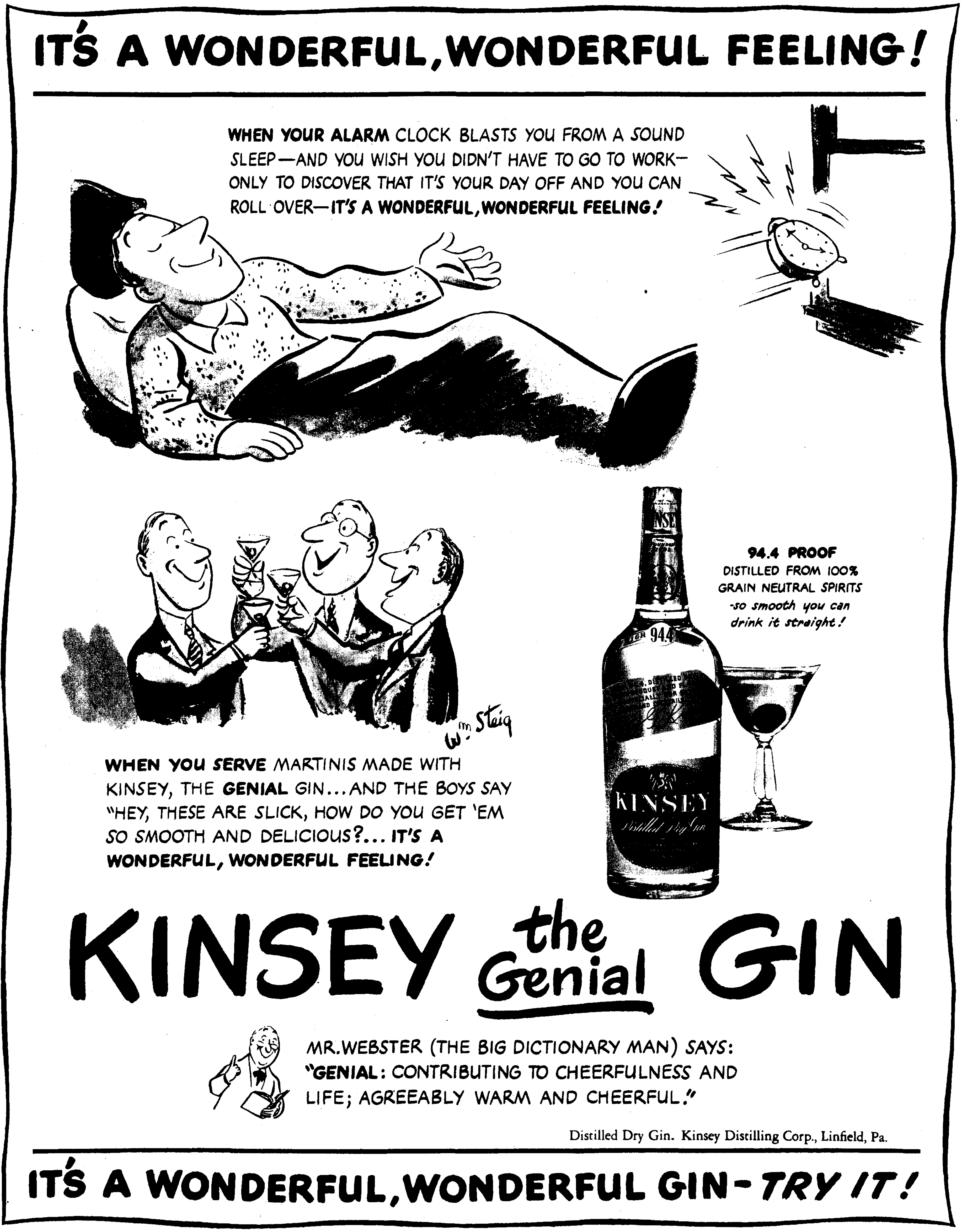

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There'll Come a Day

Continued from page 11

really did do. Intelligence, or interpreters, or even spies, maybe. Or maybe raiders. Anyway, something dangerous and pretty special, and there's a whole mess of them here for the week end on their way out. And this will be," Susy said solemnly, "their first chance to taste the joys of home life since they've come back, so we're going to do simply everything we can to make this evening one they'll never forget."

When Susy paused for breath, Iris asked, "But what can I do, Susy?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, if you won't interrupt," Susy said. "We've invited all these soldiers to our homes for dinner before the dance. They're going two by two. The soldiers, that is. We drew their names out of the USO punch bowl. Mine are," Susy paused as if searching for the piece of paper on which her two were listed, "Sergeant Josika and Sergeant McAndrews. They all seem to be sergeants," Susy explained. "Nobody higher. But then nobody lower, either. I don't know who bosses whom in a setup like that, but I suppose the Army has that all worked out. But maybe not," Susy said, possibly recalling the number of things the townspeople had discovered that the Army did not have worked out in regard to its personnel. "Anyway," she went on, "if they were spying they wouldn't have been going out in big batches together, so the who-bosses-whom part wouldn't enter into it. And for a soldier out alone, just the knowledge he was a sergeant would help his morale, I suppose."

"Susy," Iris had said, "it's cold here in the hall. I came right down to the phone without putting anything on over my nightgown and I'm shaking."

"Well, Iris," Susy told her, "I took it for granted you'd want to know who you were having."

"Having?" Iris asked.

"The soldiers. They're coming at four. I can't possibly get home before six. Maybe not before seven. Everything's fixed for dinner, so that's all right, but you, Iris, will have to entertain Sergeant Josika and Sergeant McAndrews for at least two hours."

"What'll I do with them for two hours?" Iris asked, bewildered.

"Feed them," Susy said firmly.

Iris had protested. "But, Susy, they'll be having dinner again in such a short time. It'll spoil their appetites."

"It won't do a thing to their appetites," Susy said, "except whet them. At the USO we have discovered that a soldier can eat at any hour. And give them something to drink, too."

Iris was shocked. "You know very well, Susy, I've never had any liquor in the house in my life."

"High time," Susy said unsympathetically. "I don't want those two boys reaching my place sober as owls and staring at the spaghetti and meat balls while remembering the big steaks they're missing back in their own mess hall."

"Why do we do it, then?" Iris had asked, feeling more and more confused.

"I told you," Susy said irritably, forgetting the favor she was asking. "The first taste of home life. It's what they remembered all the time in the jungle. They've got your address, Iris, and I'll pick them up the minute I get back. Thanks so much, darling," she had said and hung up quickly before Iris had a chance to say another word.

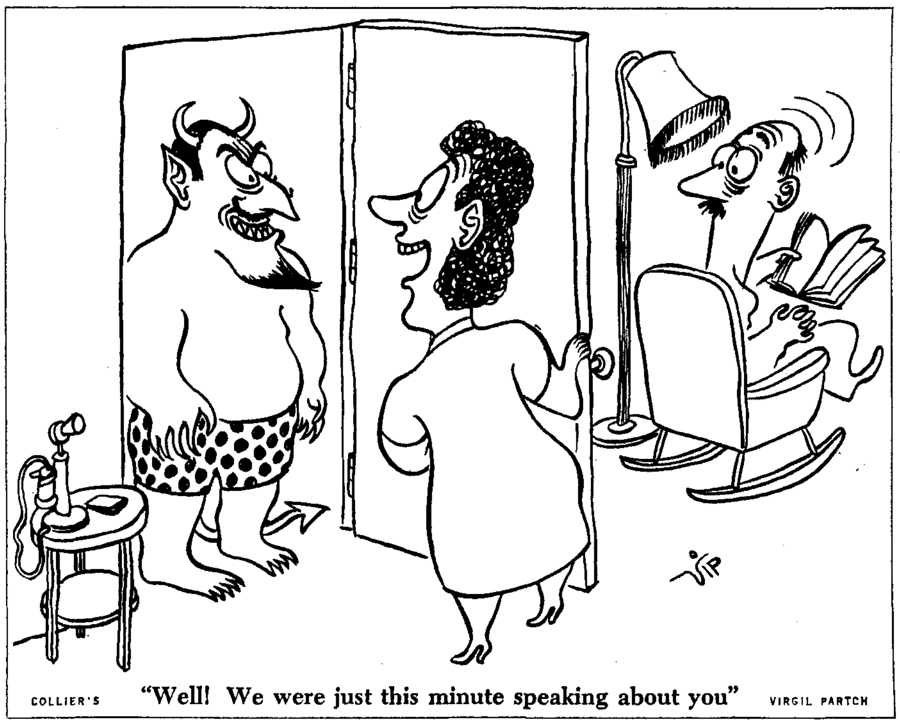
IRIS put a damp cloth over the plate of deviled-egg sandwiches, turned the fire a little lower and went into the living room.

The way in which other people could be humorous, offhand, impersonal about matters which concerned them always astounded her. The way Susy had been able to see Sergeants Josika and McAndrews against their proper backgrounds, Iris supposed, of war, USO entertainment and soldiers in general had made her very admiring, and, for perhaps a quarter of an hour after talking with Susy, she, too, had been able to be impersonal and detached in her thinking about her afternoon's guests.

Then, what always happened with everything that concerned her happened with these soldiers. In her mind they became disassociated from their former companions and experiences; they moved forward, came near to her. She began to see them in this very room; to imagine how their voices would sound, how their eyes would seek hers and how their hands would curve toward her in gestures made for her to notice. And in her imagination, while she prepared the food, burnished the room, her eyes, her voice, her gestures replied so that before Sergeants Josika and McAndrews had as much as showered or shaved in preparation for the meeting, in Iris' mind it was an occasion already memorable and significant. This, the day she had perhaps always anticipated; the day one of these soldiers, poised as he now was upon the threshold of a new life, might afterward always remember saying, "It was then it began."

Iris knew very well what her friends thought of what was now happening in her mind. They said, "Iris takes things so hard," or "Iris is so romantic," or "Iris gives everything such a big build-up."

Well, she couldn't help it. She couldn't



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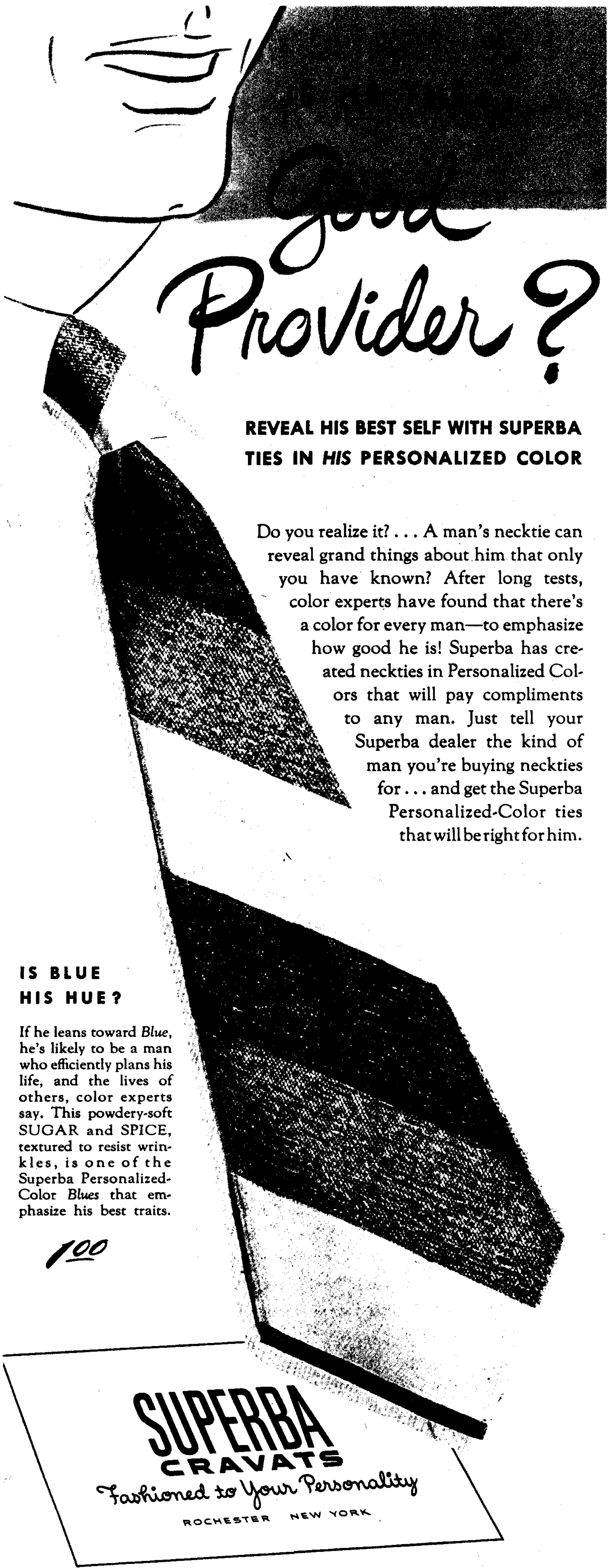

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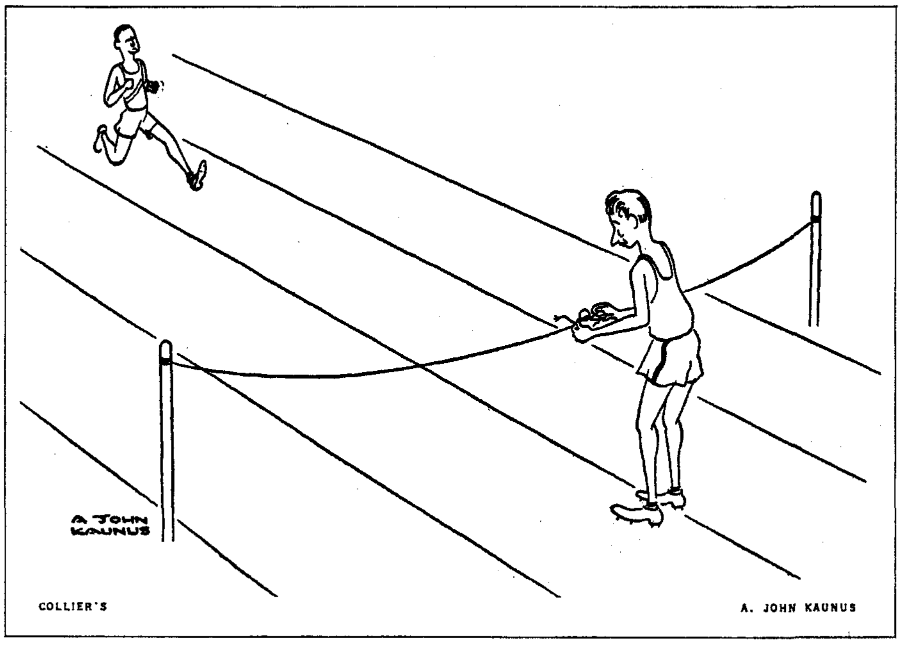


COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

help anticipating and imagining; she couldn't help living in a very personal world. She never picked a flower without wondering not only what that flower felt about being picked in general, but what it felt about being picked by her, Iris Chandler. She never looked at a star without wondering if the star looked back at her. . . .

After thinking about it all morning she had decided that the picture a soldier in the jungle would most have liked to recall would be that of autumn at home: fire crackling, candles lit, a gracious woman standing on the hearth. Early autumn was already at hand, and about that she did not have to trouble. And although it was early for candles and warm for a fire she managed them, too. It had been necessary to pull the blinds to make the room dark enough for candles and she had to dampen the eucalyptus log once or twice with a glass of water to keep it from flaming up too heatedly; but now, she thought the room was lovely. It had a kind of beautiful, waiting hush, as if it, too, might be anticipating the afternoon's meeting.

SHE dented a cushion so it would not look rigid or impersonal and went into her bedroom for a final inspection of herself before her guests arrived. She had been a little uncertain about what to wear, uncertain and tremulous. If it had still been summer she would have worn something very soft and light with daisies, perhaps, in her hair and at her belt. If the meeting had been outside, a bright sweater and plaid skirt would have been best; inside on a September afternoon, she had finally decided a tea gown would be most appropriate.

What she was wearing was not, of course, really a tea gown. It was something the salesgirl had called a hostess gown and Iris, considering it now in the mirror, had some momentary qualms about its suitability. It looked, she was afraid, a good deal like a negligee. However, after she had put on her pearls and her pearl earrings, had buckled the gold evening slippers and put the three silver bangle bracelets on her left wrist, the negligee effect was pretty much offset, she thought. She smoothed the red crepe material; screwed her earrings on a little more securely and added another touch of perfume. She was still in front of the mirror when the bell rang and she lingered a moment, deepening the wave in her brown hair before she went to the door.

Between the bedroom and the front door Iris inhaled deeply as she had been taught to do in high school when she became too excited before taking part in the annual Latin play. It still helped. Her heart steadied and the tremor about her lips quieted a little.

She knew at once which soldier was which and was pleased to find that they were a good deal as she had imagined them from their names. Sergeant Josika was the dark, rather plump young man. Closely shaven, but with beard roots purpling his skin. The spare blond young man whose blue eyes were deeply circled was Sergeant McAndrews.

"Sergeant Josika, Sergeant McAndrews," Iris said, her voice quivering a little. She took the hand of each visitor as she said his name.

"Miss Chandler," said the young men heartily and Iris, reassured, thought: What a nice picture we must make to a passer-by; the open door, the welcoming hostess, the two uniformed men, the clasped hands.

Iris released their hands and said, "Won't you come in? I've been looking forward to this."

Sergeant Josika bowed slightly and in a rather courtly way replied, "We also."

THE two men stepped up into the doorway, then paused for a minute before actually entering the room and Iris moved aside so that they could see how inviting it was: fire glowing, banked marigolds radiating light, the flame of many candles wavering somewhat as the air from the open door struck them.

Sergeant McAndrews obviously appreciated what she had accomplished. His eyes went from fire to flowers, resting finally on the candles which lightened the artificial twilight. Then, solemnly crossing himself, he stepped over the threshold and entered the room.

Iris was somewhat taken aback by this gesture, but Sergeant Josika who seemed to be the spokesman for the two said, "My friend is very religious. Whenever he smells incense he thinks of religion."

Iris was pleased by this. She was pleased, not only that Sergeant McAndrews was religious and recognizing how sympathetic she was, felt free to reveal to her something close to his heart, but that he had noticed the incense which she had lighted.

She turned to him, forgetting in her pleasure and excitement his military title, "Oh, Mr. McAndrews," she said, "did you notice it?"

Sergeant McAndrews, who was comfortably lowering himself onto the sofa, leaned back against the dented, personal cushion. "Just call me Sarge," he said.

Sergeant Josika, however, in his formal, somewhat foreign way answered her question. "We noticed it," he said.

Iris was delighted. There wasn't going to be any ice to break. She replied first to Sergeant McAndrews. "Oh, no," she said, "I wouldn't do that. That would be a breach of military courtesy." And to Sergeant Josika she said, "I'm so glad, Sergeant. It's my favorite brand."

"Just call him Doc," Sergeant McAndrews advised from behind a hand which he had raised to shield his face from the fire, which was again blazing spiritedly.

Iris closed the door behind Sergeant Josika and seated him in the wing chair on one side of the fireplace, while she herself took the Windsor chair opposite him and near the table upon which she planned to serve tea. "A doctor," she repeated smilingly, suspecting a joke.

"You were going to be, weren't you, Doc?" If Sergeant McAndrews was joking, Sergeant Josika was unperturbed by it.

"I was studying for my doctorate in jurisprudence," he admitted with dignity.

"Jurisprudence," McAndrews hooted hilariously. "He knows seven languages," he said, "five of which he can use in public. It's hot in here," he added. "Would you mind if I shed my coat?" He was already getting out of it.

NOTHING could have suited Iris better than this easy informality. Though she had imagined much about the afternoon and felt that it would perhaps be memorable, still she had feared that there might, at first, be some stiffness.

"The languages," she said to Sergeant Josika, "are explained by the fact that you are a Hungarian, aren't they?"

Sergeant Josika leaned toward her with interest. "How did you know that?" he asked.

"She's psychic," said McAndrews. "Any lady who wears long earrings is psychic. Once I knew a lady, she had only one long earring. She had unfortunately lost the other. Still she was very psychic. You're psychic, aren't you?" he asked Iris.

Iris laughed and moved her head so that her pendant earrings quivered somewhat. "I may be a little intuitive," she said.

"That's just what I meant," said Sergeant McAndrews. "You're psychic." He shifted the cushion which had been at his back to the arm of the sofa, lifted his feet from the floor and stretched out at full length. "You're psychic," he said. "I'm sleepy." He closed his eyes. "Shh," he whispered.

"McAndrews was on duty last night," Sergeant Josika explained.

"Duty?" McAndrews opened his eyes and looked at his friend, then closed them again. "When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,' the youth replies, 'I can!'" he said.

"Religious people are usually fond of poetry, aren't they?" Iris asked Sergeant Josika in a quiet voice so as not to disturb Sergeant McAndrews. But McAndrews heard her.

"Psychic, just psychic," he said drowsily.

Sergeant Josika was not interested in the relationship between poetry and religion. He crossed the room, took the second Windsor chair, placed it beside Iris' and asked, "How did you know I was Hungarian?"

"Mr. Rossi, the grocer, said you were."

"Mr. Rossi, the grocer," repeated Sergeant Josika with some wonder. "We seem to be pretty well known here."

"I told him your name," Iris said, and she paused for a little until the tremor of daring and intimacy in her throat had quieted a little, "when I was buying something for you to drink."

"What did you get?" asked Sergeant Josika at once.

"Mr. Rossi said," Iris told him, "that since you were a Hungarian, Tokay was the thing to get. He said," Iris went on, astounded and excited by the ease with which she was speaking to a man of a man's preferences in beverages, "that a Hungarian would like Tokay but that a Scotsman would drink anything."

"Psychic," murmured McAndrews from the sofa. "Just psychic. You better take off those earrings," he said. "Take off one, anyway." He opened his eyes. "Go ahead," he said, "take it off. I dare you." Then he shut both eyes once more and turned over. "Brown the other side," he said, "then I'm done."

"Do you think he's uncomfortable?" Iris asked Sergeant Josika.

"McAndrews," his friend assured her, "is always comfortable."

"McAndrews is always," said McAndrews.

IRIS was enchanted with such lightheartedness, contrasting it for a delicious second, with her usual afternoon: thirty-seven fifth-graders wriggling before her in anticipation of the closing bell; she, weary, wary, nothing but "Teacher," never, suspected of being psychic or of possessing long earrings, let alone a bottle of Tokay. She began to wonder if Imola hadn't always been too small, too provincial for her; to wonder if men like Mr. Ivor, the principal, and Mr. Masters, the woodshop teacher, weren't too staid, too old, too untraveled, to touch something in her—what was the word for it . . . impetuous . . . responsive . . . daring?

Sergeant Josika came back to the Tokay. "About Hungary," he said, "three things are known: Tokay, the rhapsodies, paprika."

"Oh, yes," agreed Iris. "That is perfectly true. That is just what I know."

"Tokay," he went on, "has long been a favorite of Hungarians, light, sweet, heady."

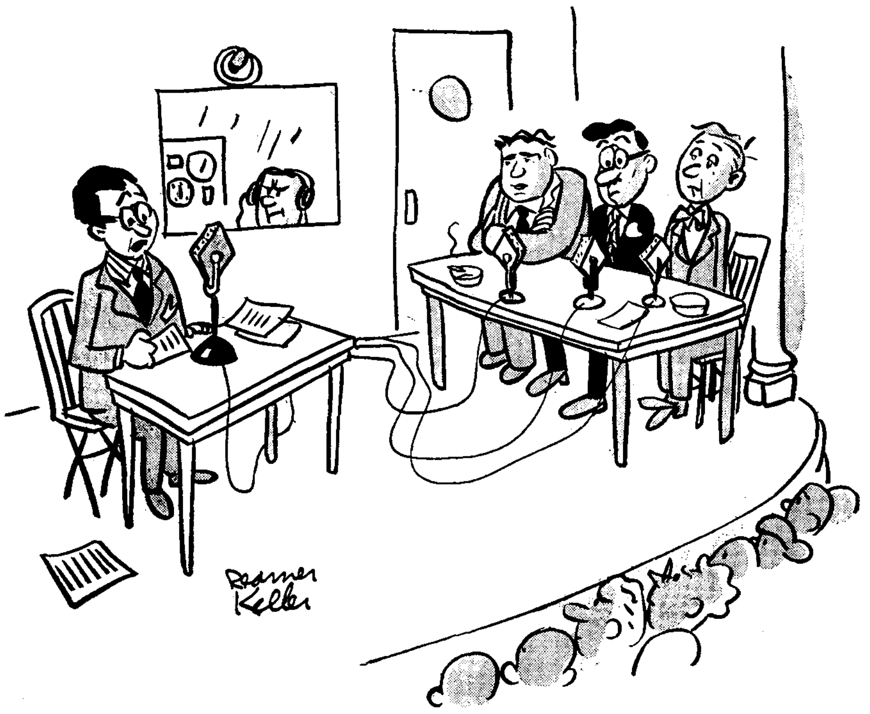
"Sweet Hedy," said Sergeant McAndrews from the sofa.

His friend disregarded him. "The perfect dessert wine."

"That's exactly what Mr. Rossi told me."

"What," suggested Sergeant Josika, "were you planning to do with it?"

Iris jumped to her feet, her bangle bracelets tinkling silverly. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked. "The conversation has



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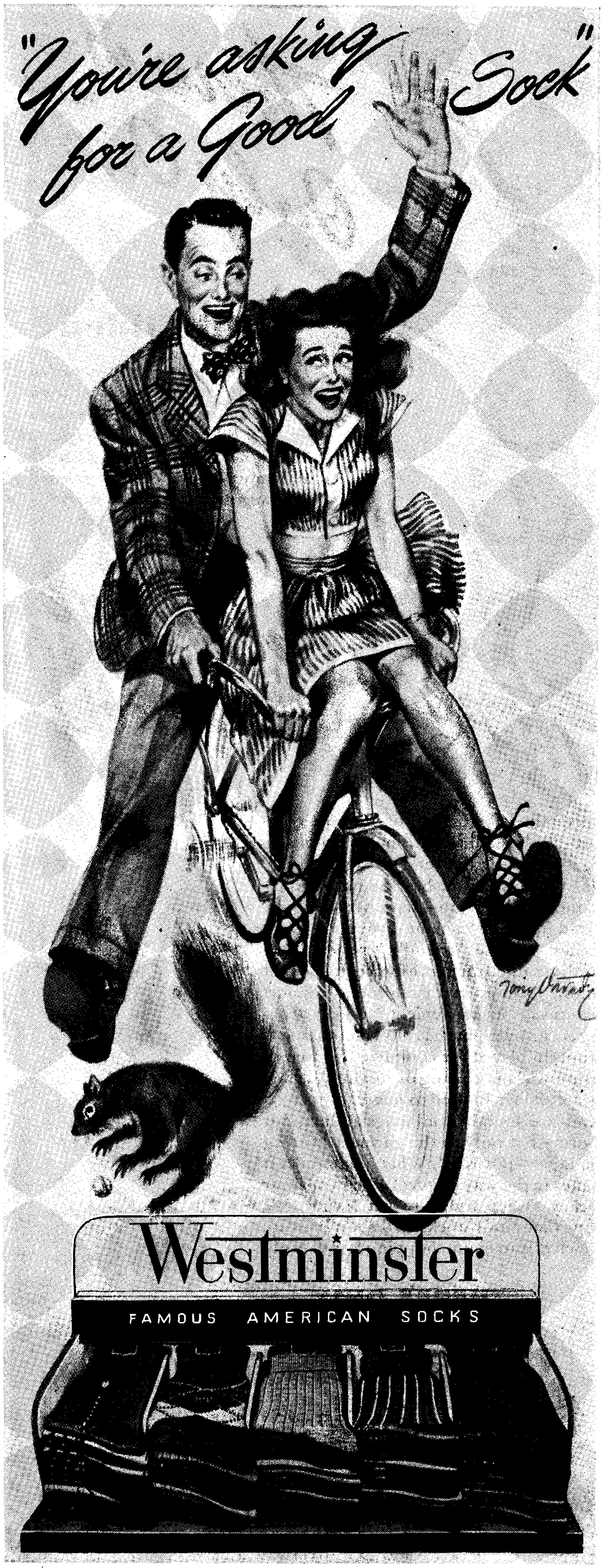

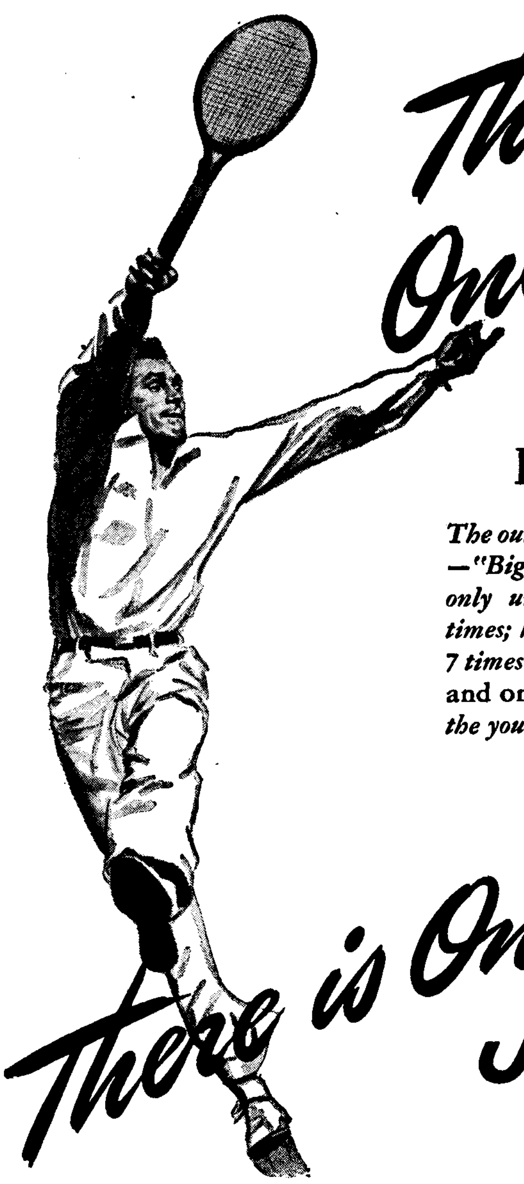

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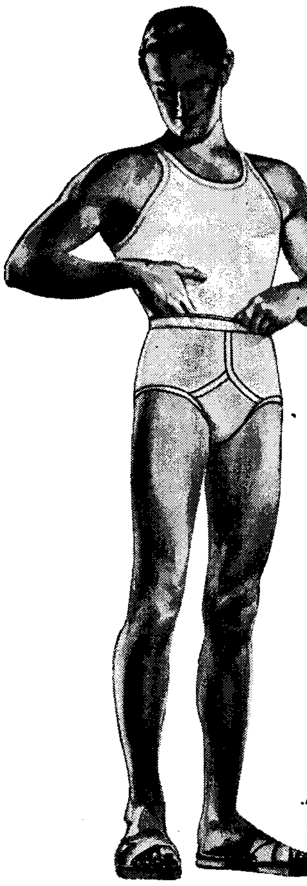

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been so interesting I forgot all about the food."

She brought the bottle of Tokay and the corkscrew in to Sergeant Josika, smiling as she remembered her earlier thoughts about bottle opening as an icebreaker. "Would you open this for me while I get the glasses, Sergeant?"

As she placed the stemmed water glasses on the table, the cork, with a fine, hollow plop of hospitality, came from the bottle.

Sergeant McAndrews, at that sound, at once sat up, smoothed his blond hair and said, "Baste me and put an apple in my mouth."

"No apples, Sergeant," said Iris, laughing, "but sandwiches and cakes." She brought them in from the kitchen.

She apologized to Sergeant Josika for the glasses. "These are just water glasses," she said. "I haven't any real wine glasses. Will these be all right?"

Sergeant Josika who was pouring the amber (bad-smelling, Iris thought) liquid into the glasses said, "For conventional people conventional containers may be necessary; for sweet wines, one size, one shape; for dry wines another size, another shape. But for us," he said, "the container is nothing." He lifted one large, well-filled glass so that the firelight sparkled through it. "For us the spirit, the essence is everything."

Sergeant McAndrews said simply, "Twice as big, twice as fast," and reached for his glass.

IN BLISSFULNESS Iris pondered how little she had known of herself; how much she was learning. An hour before she would have supposed that a man like Sergeant Josika, suave and fluent, would most appeal to her. It was not so. It was Sergeant McAndrews, unself-conscious, jeering, taut, toward whom she was most drawn. His intensity, Iris thought, corresponds to something similar in me, and he, too, feels this.

Sergeant Josika had refilled his glass and replaced the Tokay bottle but McAndrews interrupting his sipping by saying, "An hour late and a dollar short," extended his own glass for refilling.

Iris liked his way of drinking so much better than Sergeant Josika's munching and sipping. Like an old lady she decided disdainfully, watching with admiration Sergeant McAndrews' full-throated masculine quaffing. She scarcely heard what Sergeant Josika was saying, something about a movie they had seen the night before, a re-run of Ninotchka. Would Sergeant McAndrews linger, perhaps, after his friend had left? Would he speak, perhaps, of tea tomorrow? Of the long journey home? Of writing?

Iris drank from her own glass, not mincingly as did Sergeant Josika, but in deep, unpleasant, burning swallows. She looked about the room: candles, food, wine; firelight glinting across her red crepe, reflected in the toes of Sergeant McAndrews' well-polished shoes, marigolds, autumn-smelling but rich with summer colors. Nothing she had planned was amiss.

"A charming movie," Sergeant Josika was saying, his mouth full of lady fingers. "Really charming. I cannot see it too often. Dear old Russia kidded. The commissars. 'Why are you so good to me, Leon?' " Sergeant Josika in his pleasure choked on a crumb and washed it down with wine.

"And Garbo," said Iris, who had seen the picture again herself, "so beautiful. And that long, delicious laugh of hers."

She threw back her head and laughed as Garbo herself had done when she said, "Come dance with me, kind people," and felt, in an odd way, as if she were really Garbo and now extended Garbo's open-hearted, gay and loving invitation.

While her head was still thrown back and with Garbo's warm laugh still in her throat, Sergeant McAndrews said, "A good show, but why did they have to pick an old woman like Garbo for the lead?"

Iris slowly lowered her head. The leathery rustle of the poplar leaves which she had not heard all afternoon she now heard once more, dry and autumnal. The fire was dying, a candle burned unevenly, rapidly guttering. For a second she feared that the tears which lay beneath her lowered eyelids would fall onto her cheeks; then, though they still misted her eyes, she was able to look up.

What answer *had* Garbo received when she said, "Come dance with me?" None, none. It was what set her apart, illumined her, placed loneliness on her brow and sorrow beneath the delicate cheekbones—this, and the knowledge she possessed of what was possible and her tranquil and pensive acceptance of the inability of others to recognize those possibilities.

Would there ever be any response? Any hand advanced when she said, "Come dance with me," any yes to the open-hearted, the gay, the loving invitation? Someday, would someone answer?

Yes, someday; but not now. Not this hour and place. Now, hearing the slowing motor outside, Iris was able to say, "I think Susy has come for you boys."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Atoll atomic-bomb show, the "outstanding result of which," says he, "will be to further terrorize an already frightened world."

A LADY who looked to be just about the last person in the world who'd stand any nonsense, arrived in Washington's Union Station on March 25th and asked where the U.N. was holding its first session. She was told that the Security Council was meeting in New York. For a moment the lady was silent. Then: "I knew this was a wild-goose chase."

AND Miss Mary K. Sommess of New Orleans, Louisiana, got to talking to a recently demobilized sailor who had spent thirty-four months in the Pacific. He was tired of the whole thing, wanted to hear no more about any of it. But Miss Sommess asked him whether he had been in the Gilberts—Tarawa to be exact. He thought hard for a moment. Then: "Maybe, lady. In fact I wouldn't be a damn' bit surprised."

OUR Kentucky agent reports that there's a Knott County preacher who never fails to insert into his Sunday prayer, "Help some of the people who rule us, Lord." Recently a member of his congregation asked him "who he was aiming at." Said the preacher: "The Lord knows best who needs it, brother. Anyway He knows better than me."

ANYWAY we were talking to a boss bureaucrat in Washington about an all-but-forgotten New Deal holdover administrator. "Oh, him," said the B.B., "he is not important enough any more to have a Communist spy in his office."

AS FAR as she's concerned, Britannia still rules the waves, but according to a late dispatch we've received from Rosie's Pub in St. John's Wood in London, they're having a bit of trouble with our Wacs. One of our Army girls, this communiqué says, was celebrating her twenty-ninth birthday in Rosie's and refused to be impressed when the latter announced that the closing hour had come. She merely curled up on a bench and as her eyes closed said: "This is so much cozier than Westminster Abbey."

IT BEATS us how these stories get around, but here's a letter from a man who wants to know "whether it's true that your magazine runs a successful goat farm on the side, and if so, please send me details as I have never had no trouble with goats." . . . W. D.

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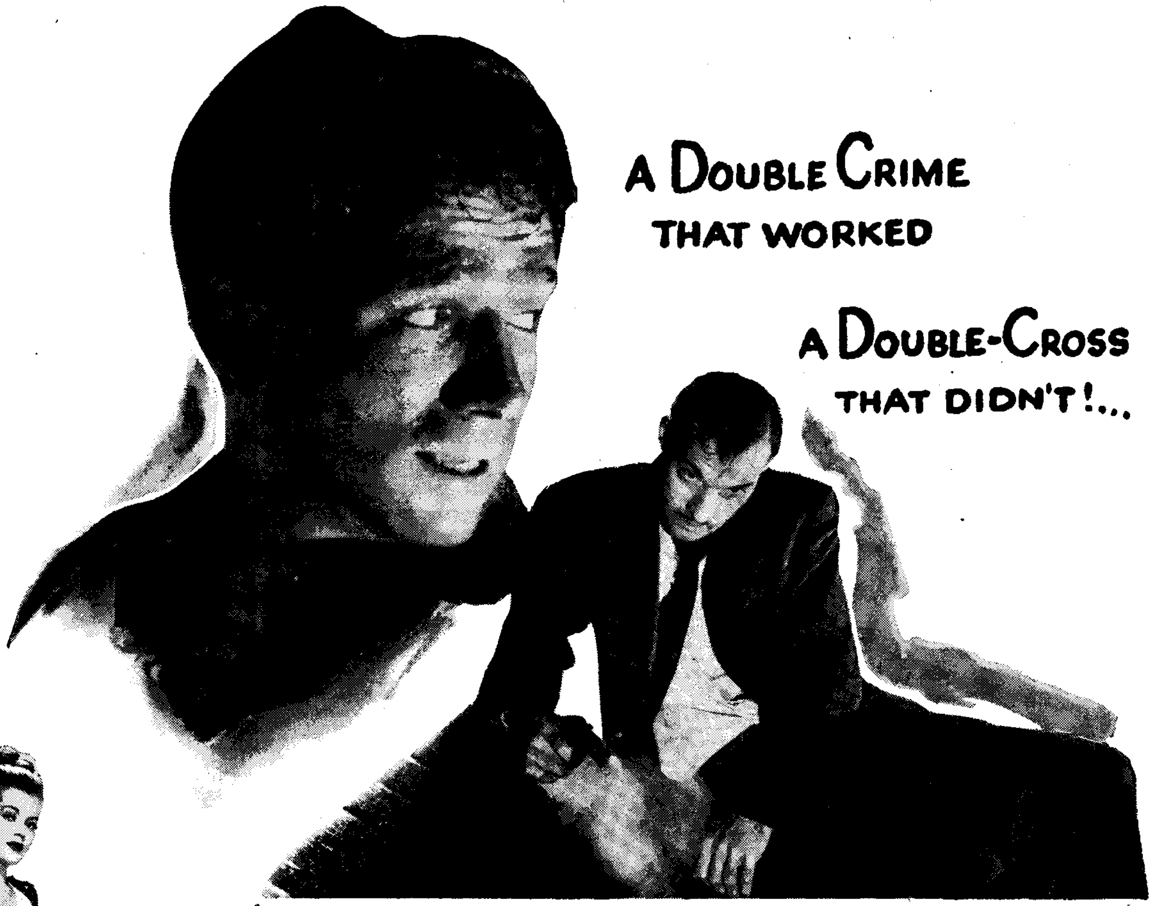

A DOUBLE CRIME THAT WORKED

A DOUBLE-CROSS THAT DIDN'T!...

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First o' the month helps

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Atomic Age Navy

Continued from page 13

subs. They had several of the 3,000-ton I-14 class which carried two planes, and a couple of the 5,500-ton I-400 class which carried four in cylindrical hangars on their decks. The planes were launched by catapult and each carried a 1,500-pound bomb. One of their objectives was to bomb the Panama Canal. That mission was never undertaken, although planes from an I-14-class sub did drop bombs on shore targets.

But ships like these in considerable numbers would *not* have given the Japs a formidable force. To enable them to carry even a 1,500-pound bomb, floats were removed from the planes, and their pilots, returning from a mission, were supposed to crash-land on the water, get into rubber boats and hope for the best. The lightness of the bomb load and the suicidal characteristics of their operation would hardly recommend them as successors to surface carriers.

No Need for Undersea Carriers

Not even our most enthusiastic submarine men believe it will be feasible to build carriers that will submerge. They don't even see a need for them. They reason that an airplane carrying bombs and flown by men is not likely to be a better weapon than a robot plane or a controlled rocket with an atomic warhead. They predict, therefore, that a submarine carrying such guided missiles will be able to do some of the fighting jobs of the aircraft carrier, and may become at least a partial substitute for it.

Subs carrying guided missiles will be able to roam the seven seas, attack from where they please and, until electronic waves are able to make reasonable penetrations of sea water, they will be relatively safe from detection and able to strike with a strong chance of surprising the enemy. Also, their bases ashore may be made to withstand atomic attack. The Germans built heavily protected submarine pens, covered with steel and reinforced concrete and camouflaged with landscaping, which subs could leave and enter without discovery.

Some day it may be possible for submarines to fire salvos against ships or land targets without coming to the surface. But even our present subs can break to the surface and go down again in 30 seconds, which might be time enough for them to attack and dive without being detected. Some of our submarine men have visualized mixed sub fleets similar to our surface fleets with ships for distant bombardment with guided missiles, for pin-point shelling with naval rifles and other specialized combat assignments.

Submarines now carry medium-heavy guns. Our fleet-type subs are armed with two five-inch guns while the 3,000-ton Argonaut class carried two six-inchers. Submarine gunners sank at least 600 small Jap ships, while, on several occasions, submarine rockets shelled Jap shore positions.

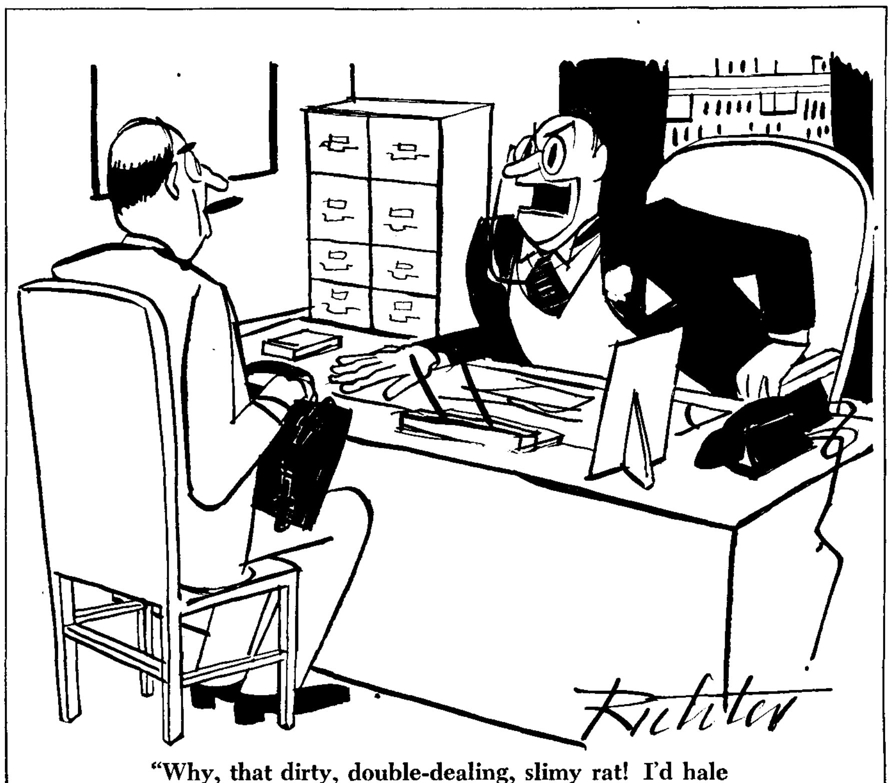
Rocket Recoil a Factor

The reaction—or the "kick"—against the submarine deck from launching large rockets is a factor that has to be taken into consideration and might limit the size of missiles that could be fired from subs and, by the same token, restrict the range at which they could attack. Submarine men, however, believe that our fleet submarines could handle 10,000-pound missiles.

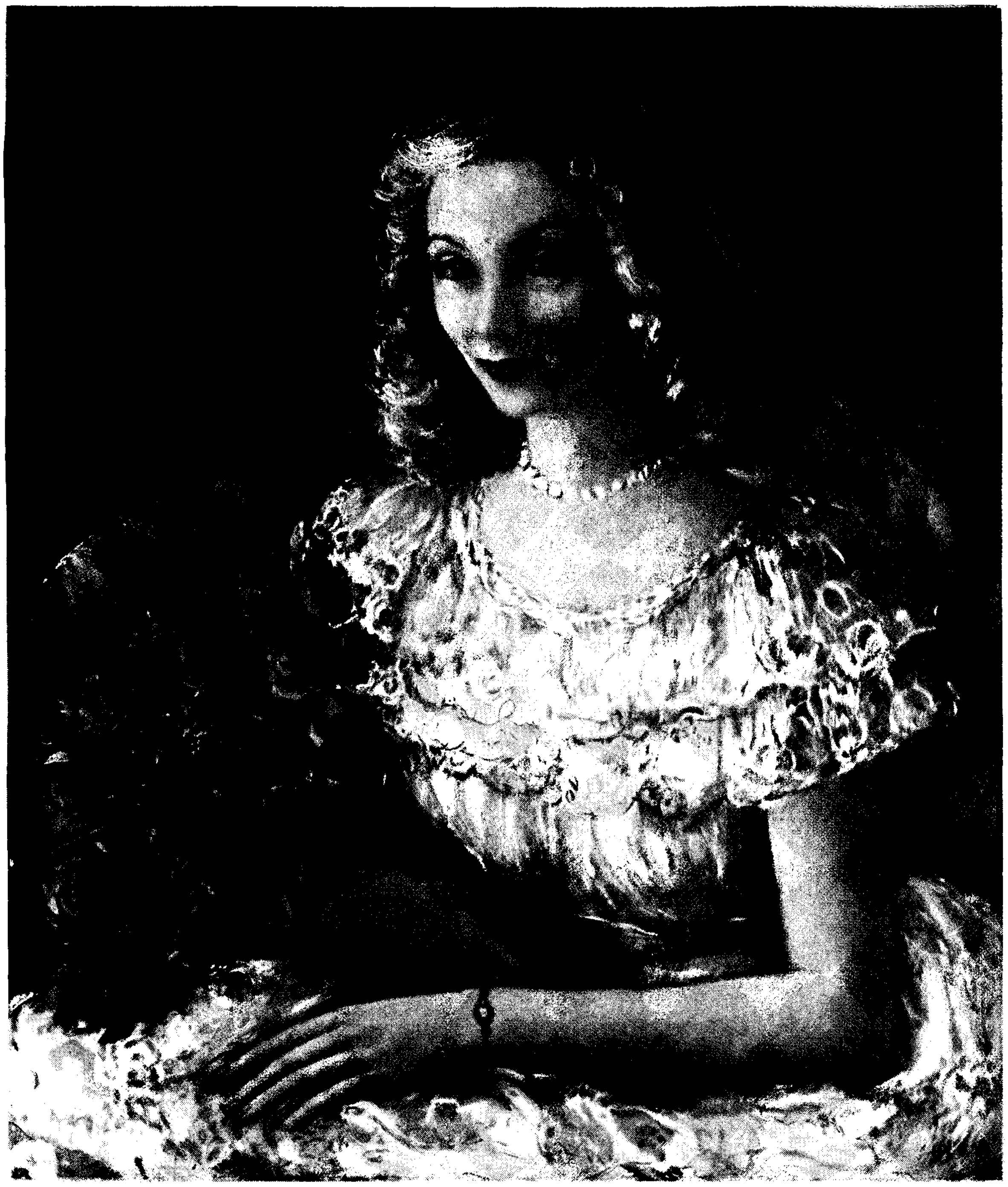
While we are reasonably certain that undersea ships will be difficult for an enemy to detect, we do not know what the effect of atomic depth charging will be upon them. It may be that the atom bomb, a tremendous blast weapon in the air, will be able to smash the hulls of submarines over a large area where their presence is suspected. We will have no exact knowledge until one has been made that will explode beneath the surface and until tests can be conducted. We do know, however, that while the concussion from ordinary depth charges is more powerful in water than in air, the range of their underwater shock wave is short.

Some of the submarine men in our Navy believe that it is not too unreasonable to expect that at some future date the only kind of warship with a fair chance of surviving atomic battle will be the submarine. If they are correct, we may ultimately have to put the entire fleet under water. I am not prepared to go that far. I do believe, however, that we ought to work unremittingly to build better submarines and develop new tactics for them.

Although subs sank two thirds of the total tonnage of Japanese merchant losses—more than all other Army and Navy forces combined—I am convinced that we still have a long way to go to exploit the full



COLLIER'S "Why, that dirty, double-dealing, slimy rat! I'd hale him into court, if I could stand an investigation" MISCHA RICHTER



Gladys Rockmore Davis, *noted American artist, painted this lovely graduate for the Elgin series*

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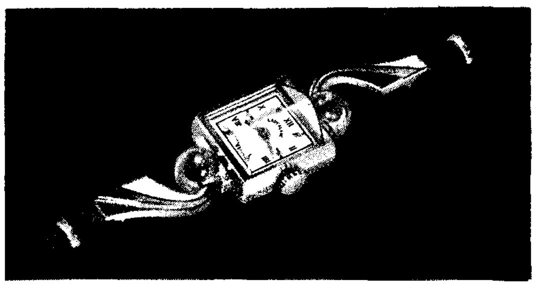
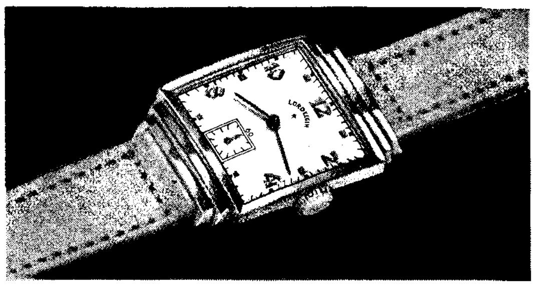
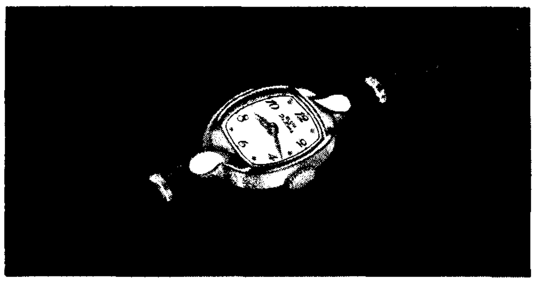


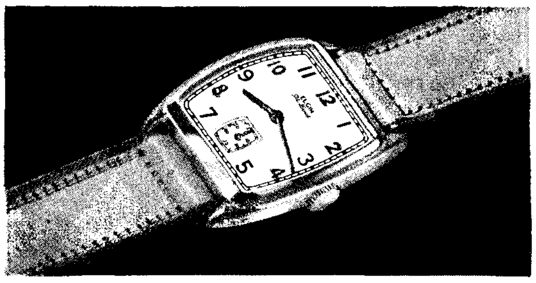
A Lady Elgin cased and braceleted in modern beauty



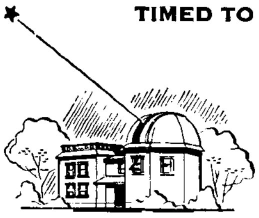
A terraced case distinguishes this 21-jewel Lord Elgin



An exquisite Elgin De Luxe—to gladden her heart!



This Elgin De Luxe is a pridefully masculine timepiece



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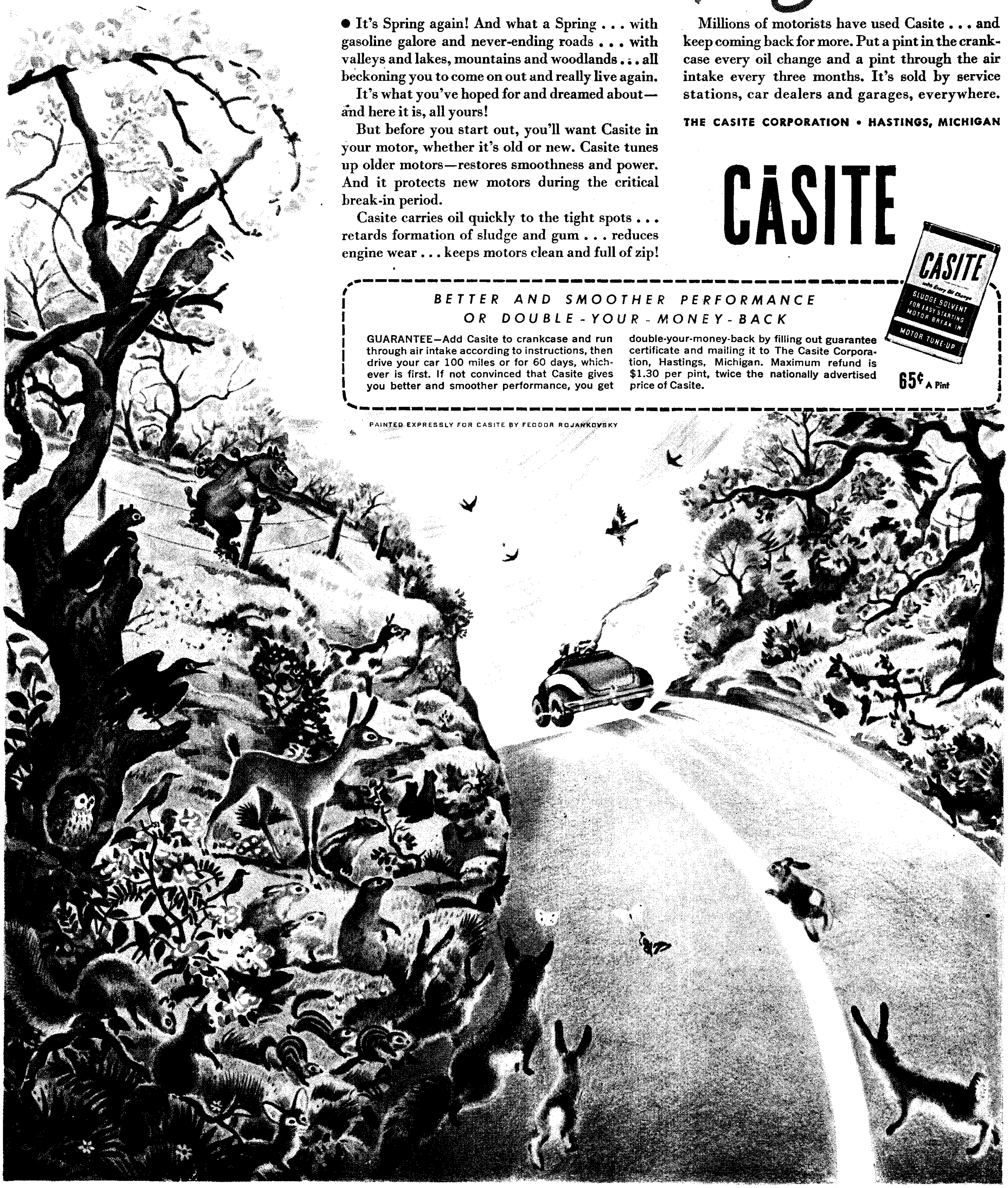

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PAINTED EXPRESSLY FOR CASITE BY FEODOR ROJANKOVSKY potentialities of the sub as a naval weapon. It is possible to build submarines much better than present types with far greater cruising ranges and underwater speeds.

Until the last few months of World War II, the submarine, in all navies, was in reality a surface ship that was able to operate under the sea for short periods of time. On the surface where they did most of their scouting, and some of their fighting, Diesel engines generated electric power for their motors. The Diesels had to be stopped for submerged operation, since with all hatches closed they would very quickly exhaust the air supply.

Under water, the motors get their power from batteries which, in a relatively short time, require recharging by the Diesels running on the surface. For example, our standard fleet submarine—the type that liquidated Japan as a maritime power—were 1,600-tonners capable of operating at their maximum submerged speed of eight knots for one hour only. At two knots, they can stay down for about 40 hours, or they may lie on the bottom, with crews resting, for 60 hours. But subs on the bottom are hiding, not fighting.

In this war, we were successful in attacking with submarines in the Pacific while countering a submarine assault in the Atlantic. The superiority of our radar enabled us to do this. In the Pacific, with inferior radar, the Japs had difficulty finding our subs. In the Atlantic, with our better radar, we found the Germans and dispersed their wolf packs until they built and put to sea the first true submarines in history.

Germans Solved Problem First

Both we and the Germans had been working on the problem of designing craft that could remain submerged for a long time, but they, driven by greater necessity—that of reducing their submarine losses—came up with the answer first. Enemy submarines of the old type that had to do most of their traveling on the surface could be located day and night and at considerable distances by our radar-equipped aircraft and surface ships. But once the Germans really went under water and were able to stay there for from 40 to 70 days, cruising thousands of miles without resurfacing, our radar was reduced to a fraction of its previous effectiveness and we were forced to fall back upon sound, a less efficient means of detection.

In 1944, the Germans developed their Type-21 boat of which 120 were built, although none was used in combat. Had they been able two years earlier to use them against Allied shipping in the Atlantic, the course of the war might have been very different.

Admiral Doenitz, who became commander in chief of the German navy, asserted that one of them cruised for 72 days, covering 22,000 miles, without coming fully to the surface.

I say "fully to the surface" because two parts of the submarines ran on the surface of the water, but they were small and, furthermore, were coated with a special material so that their chances of escaping detection by radar were excellent. One of these parts, of course, was the periscope. The other the Germans called the *"Schnorchel."* That was a pipe or tube of about periscope height, that extended from the ventilating system of the engines to the surface and was fitted at the end with a valve that closed automatically when the sub submerged.

The Schnorchel Had Many Uses

The device was conceived originally by the Dutch. It supplied the Diesels with air and enabled the ship to cruise at periscope depth without using batteries for power. Instead of the relatively low-voltage, long-life batteries we use in our submarines, the German Type-21 submarines employed high-voltage, short-life batteries which gave them power for short bursts of high speed when fully submerged. They were capable of about 16 knots under water or within four knots of the top surface speed of our fleet-type subs. With the *Schnorchel,* the Germans expected to run in for attacks and get out of the area before depth charges could be dropped.

At the war's end, the Germans were building a still better submarine. It was a 1,200-ton craft with a small conning tower and a fishlike stern that gave it the appearance of a tuna. It also was fitted with *Schnorchel.* It was to have had three power sources. At *Schnorchel* depth, it was to have cruised on Diesels. Fully submerged, it would have used batteries for cruising. But for battle speeds, it would have utilized an entirely new kind of submarine engine, the Walther gas turbine, named for its inventor.

The sub was to have carried hydrogen peroxide which, when put through a catalyst and broken into water and oxygen, would give off heat. When fuel oil was fed into the hot mix, gases expanding from the resulting combustion drove the turbine. A top underwater speed of 25 knots in relatively short bursts was claimed for the Walther boats. None of them, in full size, got into operation, although several 300-ton prototypes were tested at sea.

Clearly, it was the German intention to fight the war in the Atlantic almost entirely below its surface. Submariners of all nations long have known how to fire at targets they could not see. Speed and course of an enemy can be calculated by the intensity and bearing of sound from his propellers as registered on the submarine's sound equipment. He can also be located by sonar devices which transmit sound waves and receive them as they "bounce" back from the target. The proportion of misses in blind launching of torpedoes is very much higher than the average in visual firing, but it is not prohibitive and can be considerably improved when the target is tracked through the periscope from a distance before the submarine submerges for its blind assault.

During the war, the Germans added a new wrinkle to undersea warfare. They developed underwater rockets, fired from tubes that could be trained and elevated like guns. The weapons were designed for use against escort vessels and other submarines. While their range was short, and their effectiveness still unproved, the Germans might have used them to fight their way through screening warships to get at high priority troop transports and cargo ships with deadlier torpedoes.

New developments in submarines, obviously, are rapidly making obsolete our highly efficient fleet-type submersibles used so effectively in the Pacific. The Navy plans to replace them with better ships as soon as they can be designed, built and tested. Although the gas turbine still is a long way from perfection, designs have been evolved for submarine power plants that are more promising than the German hydrogen-peroxide turbines. It is likely that the new ships will be more maneuverable, and a high degree of maneuverability is an essential factor in their effective hit-run tactics. The goal is a submarine that will attain a high submerged speed and maintain that speed for long periods fully submerged.

Trends of Undersea Power

We are still in the early stages of planning for this new submarine and it may be many months before one can be built for testing. Yet we believe it will be the forerunner of still more powerful vessels until, in time, a virtually new category of warships may evolve.

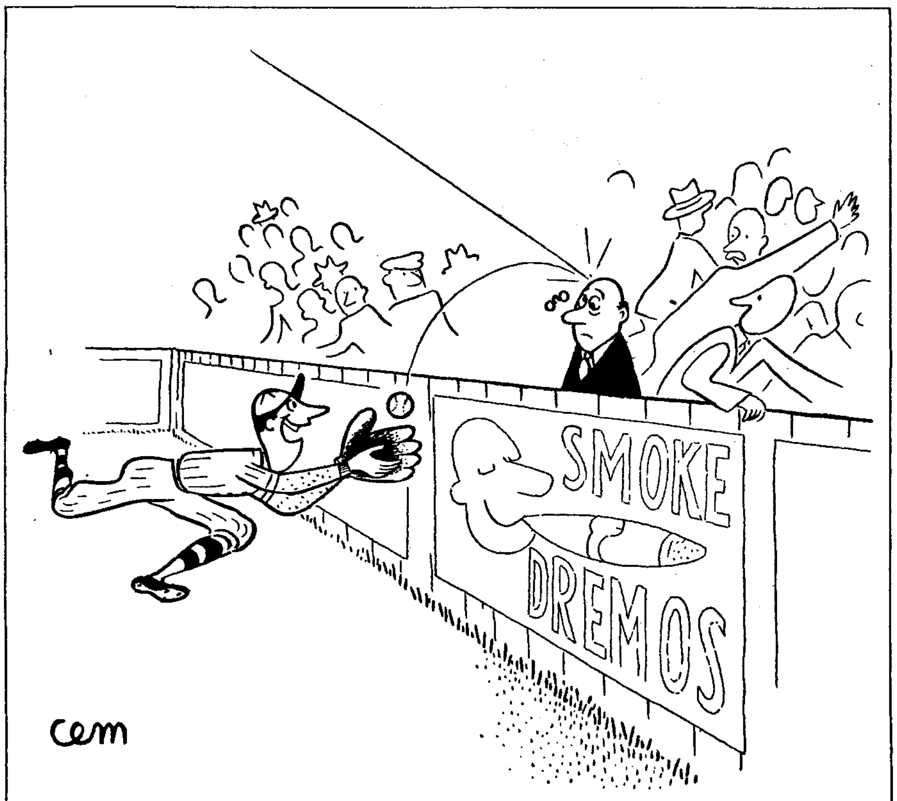
We cannot yet visualize what these ships may be like. We can only speculate that navies in the Atomic Age are likely to make far wider use of submersible craft than they ever have before.

But until the supersubmarines arrive, until they can perform the specialized tasks of units of the balanced fleet and, in fact, until they could be used to land and support troops on a hostile shore—and that time is a long way off—surface ships, particularly the big, fast carriers, will continue to be the backbone of our Navy.

Vulnerability of surface craft to atomic bombing does not necessarily mean that they have become obsolete. What determines the obsolescence of a weapon is not the fact that it can be destroyed, but that it can be replaced by another weapon that performs its function more effectively. In this war, for example, the carrier was more vulnerable than the battleship, but far superior at its job of attacking enemy ships in daylight.

The Atomic Age calls for the highest order of courageous and enlightened naval leadership, one that will not hesitate to cast aside old weapons when it has become obvious that they have been outdated by new ones, and at the same time, one that cannot be stampeded into impetuous decisions. This is no time to scrap the Navy because of the discovery of a new and terrible force, all the uses of which have not yet been determined.

THE END



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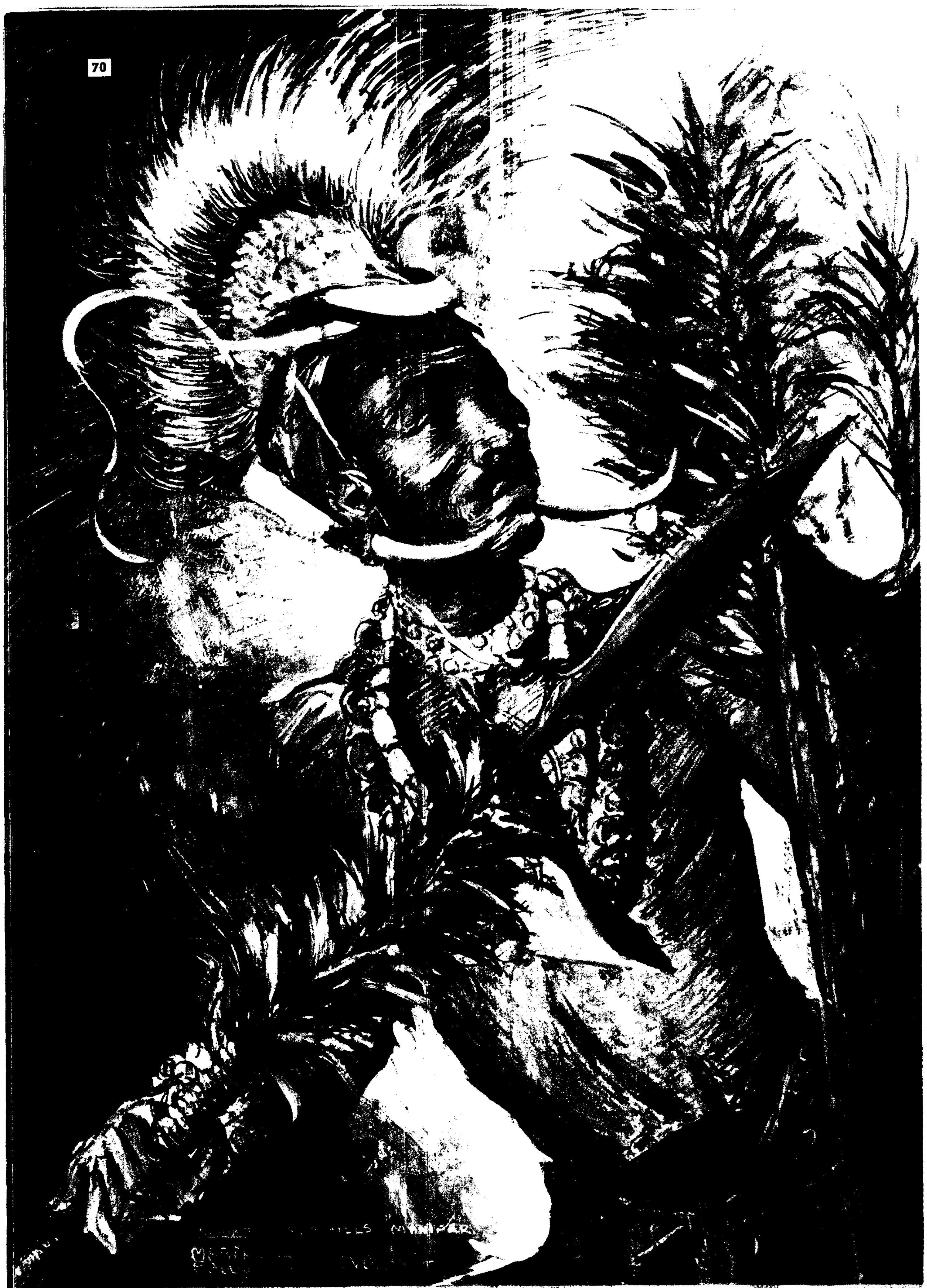


Jungle Hoofer

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

He may never wow Broadway but in his native hills of Manipur, he brings down the jungle. Tarun Kumar is his name and he's a real live head-hunter. He wears boar's tusks in his hat, decorates his home with human noggins and is Dancer No. 1 in his country

HIS name is Tarun Kumar and you will never see his name in the bright lights of Broadway. He is, nevertheless, a very great dancer. He does not appear before smart audiences in gaudy theaters. He dances in Manipur, where no one wears white tie and tails and where the shows are free.

Manipur is a native state in northern India, a wild and remote region wedged between Burma and Assam. It is the home of the Naga Indians who, because it suits their fancy, are head-hunters. No home in Manipur is considered well-furnished unless it has at least a couple of human heads in the drying racks. Once in a while, during the war, one of our planes would crash in the Himalayan jungles. At such times our "Search and Rescue" fliers would set out in the air, find the survivors, if there were any, and bring them back to civilization.

When a plane fell in Manipur the Nagas usually beat our "Search and Rescue" people to it. When they did, they fed the victims, cared for their wounds, and, if they happened to feel in the right mood, staged a party for them—with no mention made of head-hunting!

Men who crashed in Manipur and lived to tell the tale report that those jungle parties were a bit on the bizarre side. Staged in a cluster of thatched, buglike huts (ornamented with drying racks and heads) they start whenever the orchestra gets going. The orchestra—composed of one man—sounds a drum, and the members of the tribe, squatted on their haunches around a bonfire, lend a critical ear until, carried away by the near-hypnotic music, they too go into action—swaying to the rhythm of the drumbeats and grunting happily.

It is at such parties that Tarun Kumar shows what he can do in the way of dancing. He may do a ritualistic dance, or he may do one that is merely spectacular. Like all the head-hunters' great dancers, he performs for many reasons: purification of the atmosphere, extermination of evil spirits, good crops, victory in battle, childbirth and so on. The Nagas haven't yet got the Hollywood idea, and their dances lack what you might call the light touch.

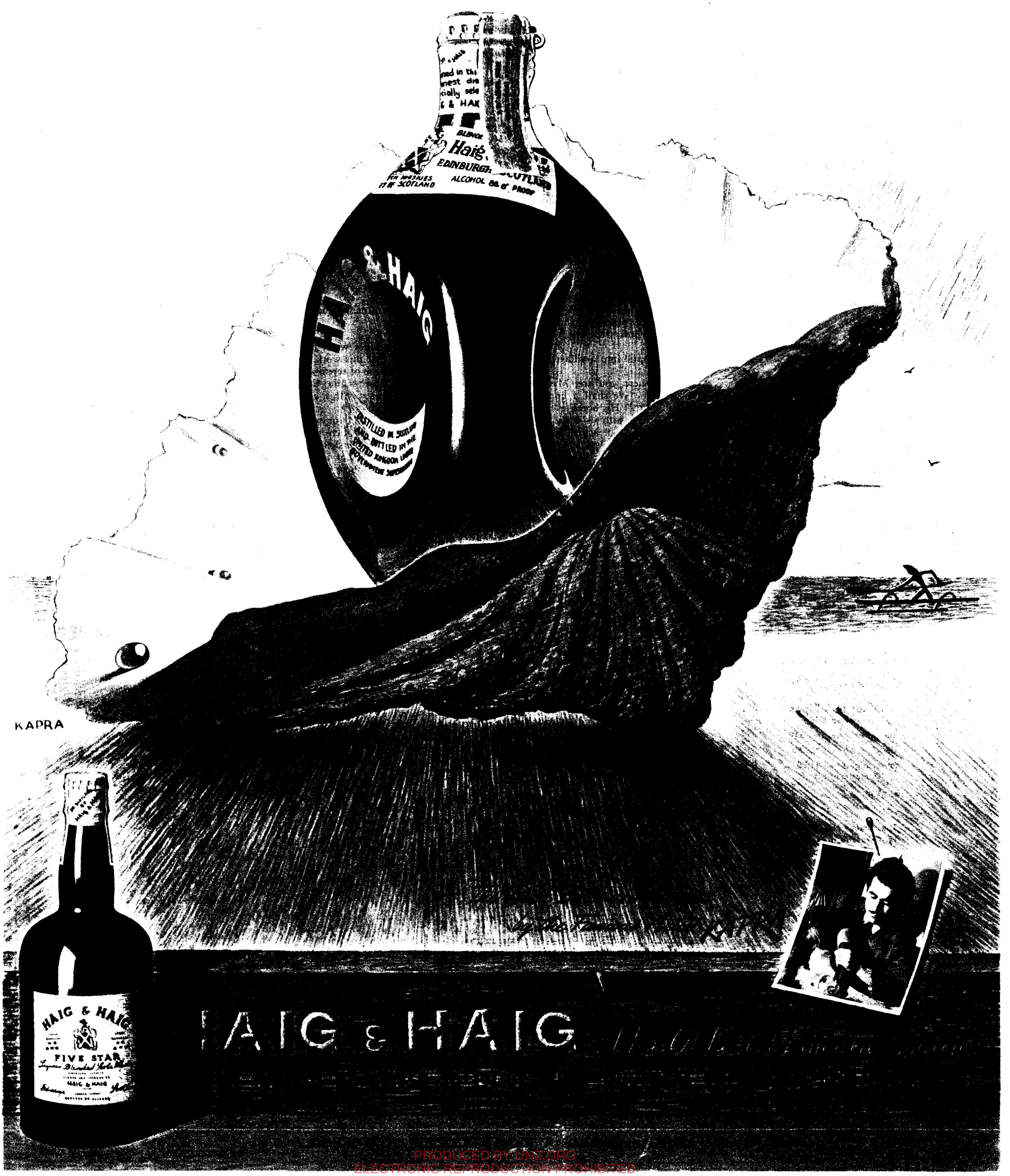
When he posed for the portrait on this page, Tarun Kumar was in the role of a Naga hunter attacking a wild boar (and if you don't think that's a serious matter, go to India some day and try your hand at it!). While performing as a hunter, the master begins with simple movements designed to indicate that he has just completed a successful hunt. Kumar is no shrinking violet—in pantomime, he struts about boasting of his achievements; and all the while he is drinking (in pantomime, remember) cup after cup of wine. When he is well on the way to inebriation, he is attacked by a huge and terrifying, but strictly imaginary, boar. From that moment on, while he is killing the beast, he works toward a dramatic climax that comes when, blotto, he falls face down in a drunken stupor.

When the hero is down and out, the orchestra stops playing, and the party is over.

You will note that the Fred Astaire of Manipur wears a costume quite different from that customarily worn by our premier hoofers. His headdress is made of woven cane and decorated with plumes of goat's hair. The large tusks—from a boar—are thrust through the lobes of his ears and fastened to the helmet to help support their weight. The rest of the costume consists of strings of turquoise beads, brass arm bangles, a loin cloth and a shield and spear, ornamented with brilliantly dyed feathers.

The best of our dancers would flop in Manipur. This is due to the fact that most of the Naga dances are heroic in character, with a highly specialized movement of body, arms and legs, each of which is full of meaning to an informed jungle audience. ★★★

THE MOST FAMOUS BOTTLE IN THE WORLD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Escape at Noon

Continued from page 14

been liberated from a German concentration camp, but who dared not return to Spain or communicate with his people because, having served clandestinely as an agent of the United Nations, he didn't know whether the Gestapo's file on him ever had reached Madrid, she doubted whether the duke would have viewed her errand with sympathy.

To his courteous curiosity now, therefore, she replied, "I once, many years ago, spent a winter in Campamento. It was provoking to find oneself in Gibraltar again, actually in sight of the village, yet not be able to look up old friends, find out how they had fared. So—I made myself a nuisance till I got permission."

"Looking up old friends in Spain, after so long?" the duke said—and shrugged. "Who knows what one may find?"

Who knows, indeed? Miss Perrin thought.

The heat-blur trembled man-high over the paved road. To the left, the sea sucked drowsily at the low parapet that bordered the road; to the right stretched a row of tiny white houses, with bare-bottomed children playing in the dust between the bead-curtained doorways and the road edge. Then the road turned a little away from the sea. This was a lonesome stretch, shaded by tall eucalyptus trees with silvery, peeling bark.

The car slid into a village and came to a standstill.

"Well, here you are, Miss Perrin," the duke said. "We shall, I hope, meet again in Gibraltar." His bored eyes surveyed the village street, with its small houses, lemon and white and bleached blue in the sunshine. He smiled wryly. "I wish you luck in your quest."

He gave her his fatigued handshake, the car drove off, and Miss Perrin was left alone. She stood on the roadway and looked around her. This seemingly forsaken village in Andalusia was a far cry from Lübeck, the icy, half-ruined North German town where she—active at the time in the repatriation of Belgian children—had met Fernando Gil, the Spaniard. The noonday sun now quelled Fernando's native village and held it silent. Save for a mongrel dog with pointer ears, frantically nuzzling its yellow flank in the dust of the gutter, she could see no living creature. The only sound was the seething of crickets.

AFTER a moment to get her bearings, Miss Perrin picked up her marketing bag and trudged off purposefully along the road, looking for a lane that ought to be on her left and that should have a white wall at the corner, drooped over by palm fronds and painted with the word *Manzana.*

Sure enough, she came to the lane within two minutes. It was just as Fernando had described it—little more than a channel of sand imprisoning the heat between high, crumbling stone walls, then petering out gradually in a little desert of cactus, between the spiny leaves of which Miss Perrin caught the flash of the sea. And on her right, almost hidden by a sort of low, tottering pergola clambered over by grapevine, she found, as she expected, a whitewashed adobe shanty. Against an upright of the pergola, a shockheaded youngster of twelve, tanned and barefoot, was curled asleep.

Miss Perrin stood looking down at him, and in the peaceful face of the sleeping boy she traced the likeness of the tortured young man of Lübeck. She knew then, drawing a deep breath, that she hadn't come in vain to seek the family of Fernando Gil.

She stooped and put a hand on the boy's shoulder. His dark eyes opened. He gazed up at her wonderingly.

"Hello, Carlos," Miss Perrin smiled.

The boy's eyes widened. He scrambled to his feet.

"Don't be alarmed," said Miss Perrin. "I know your name because—I know your brother." She hesitated for an instant, then said, "Your parents are here?"

"*Sí, señora.*" He looked as though he were about to dash for them, but schooled himself to the grave, natural courtesy of the Spanish child. "Enter, please."

He stood aside for her to pass into the tawny dapple of sun and shadow under the grapevines. A man was sitting there on a stool at the open door of the shanty—a short, broad-shouldered man, in rope shoes and faded-blue cotton shirt and trousers, with a dark, deeply lined face and a stubble of gray hair. There was harness across his knees and a cobbler's palm in his hand. He sat so still, so tensely, with his dark eyes fixed on her, that Miss Perrin knew he must have overheard her conversation with the boy. Slowly he put aside the harness, still with his eyes fixed on her, and rose to his feet. He ran his tongue along his lips.

"He is—alive?" he said. "Fernando?"

"Alive," said Miss Perrin gently, "and well."

"Ah, *sí!*" He seemed to waver for an instant, then half smiled at her. "Forgive me, *señora,*" he said, "if I break this to my wife. Fernando—"

He bit his lip, turned abruptly and went into the shanty.

THERE were times when it seemed to Miss Perrin that this work she had undertaken, this mission of repair and reunion, was the only worth-while thing in the world. Such a time was this, at the shanty amid the cactus.

It took her half an hour to answer the immediate questions which the Gils—the grizzled Rodrigo and the slender little dark-eyed woman, Isabel—had to ask of their son Fernando. Then there came a lull.

Miss Perrin was conscious of the Gils' immeasurable relief and gratitude. Yet she had the feeling that they were not yet wholly at peace, that there remained in the air a reservation and a tension.

Also, there was a question she herself had yet to ask.

Remembering the look in Fernando Gil's eyes when he had spoken of the matter, Miss Perrin dreaded this moment; yet it had to come. She said, as casually as she could, "Fernando is anxious for news of the girl he is engaged to—Maruja."

At once, she knew that she had touched the core of tension. The man and the boy avoided her eyes. Only the woman continued to gaze at her searchingly.

The sun throbbed down through the grapevines. The small waves unscrolled themselves with a plashing sound along the beach near by. Borne faintly on the currents of heat came at intervals the tinkle of a goat bell.

Finally, the woman said to her husband, "We can trust this lady. Tell her," and she rose and passed from view through the screen of grapevines.

The man touched the boy on the shoulder and said, "*Hijo,* go to the corner of the lane."

The boy ran down the short path under the pergola, out into the white glare of the sun. Rodrigo Gil took a worn tobacco pouch and a book of papers from his pocket. Rolling a cigarette, he didn't look at Miss Perrin.

"When Fernando went away," he said, "to do what he felt that he must if there was ever to be a future for they two, the girl was left alone, to wait, to wonder, to burn a candle—after the manner of women. You understand, *señora?*"

Miss Perrin nodded.

"Maruja was a girl of Ronda, in the mountains back here," Rodrigo continued. "There was a band active in those mountains: veterans of the civil war, fighting on, stubbornly hoping, year after year—a very small *maquis,* but slowly growing, led by a man they called *Hermano Silencio.*"

"Brother Silence," said Miss Perrin.

"He was called so," said Rodrigo, "be-

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Sir Walter Raleigh's servant dashes water on his master, to "put out the fire." From an old print—*Bettman Archives.*

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cause during the civil war, when he was an officer, he was captured and savagely tortured because of certain information he had; but he said no word, and ultimately escaped to the mountains."

"And Maruja?" Miss Perrin said.

"She was a typist in an office in Ronda," said Rodrigo. "One day she chanced on a contact with the *maquis*. From then on, with the thought of Fernando in her mind, she worked for them—as an agent of liaison, a go-between with sympathizers, a *caja de correos*. She was dangerously active."

Miss Perrin was very still. "And then?"

"The *maquis* was wiped out," Rodrigo said, "two weeks ago. Wiped out, it is believed, to a man!" His voice shook. "Something was found at the camp incriminating Maruja, but she received a warning and escaped before the *guardias* came for her. I heard about all this. These things come in whispers."

His hands twitched as he gestured toward the harness lying on the hard-packed earth. "I am a *cochero*," he said. "That my coach is not on the road today is because for a few days each month, due to the dearth of fodder, I must rest the horse. But a week ago, I found Maruja on the road to La Linea—heading for the *aduana*. She wouldn't come to us, Fernando's people—though her engagement was unknown outside the family—for fear of involving us. She was going to try to get through the *aduana* to Gibraltar. It would have been suicide. It was the fortune of heaven that I found her."

The dark skin of his forehead gleamed with sweat. "*Señora*, she is hunted in every corner by the *guardias* and the political police," he said. "It is only a question of time. How are we to get her across the frontier? To be so near and yet so far! Between life and death! *Señora*, if in your position you could suggest something—if you could only help us find a way—"

Miss Perrin swallowed with a dry throat. "You have her—*here?*"

He nodded.

A moment later, the screen of grapevine rustled, and there, standing before Miss Perrin in the tiger-striping of sun and shadow, was a slim, ivory-skinned girl in a blue cotton frock with a white belt—a girl with a cloud of blue-black, soft hair, and dark eyes, clear and unafraid. She was perhaps twenty years of age. . . .

If the señora could find a way! The appeal haunted Miss Perrin as she rode back to La Linea in Rodrigo Gil's rickety horse coach, for he had insisted on driving her. She parted from him outside the *aduana* with the promise that she would consider most earnestly what, if anything, she could do.

As she passed, carrying her empty marketing bag, on foot through the arch, nobody checked her. She was respectfully saluted by the *carabineros*. It was plain that, as a known friend of the Duke of Calero, she now shared his privileged immunity. It made her wonder for a moment if there were any hope of getting the girl through under her own protection, but she dismissed the idea. Her immunity certainly wouldn't extend so far as to cloak a hunted agent of Brother Silence.

THAT night she sat thinking for a long time on the veranda of her hotel room, looking out across the bay at the low, far scatter of lights along the Spanish shore. The beach there, Rodrigo had told her, was patrolled by *carabineros*, one every two hundred yards, doubled at night; also, the water was sown with boat obstacles.

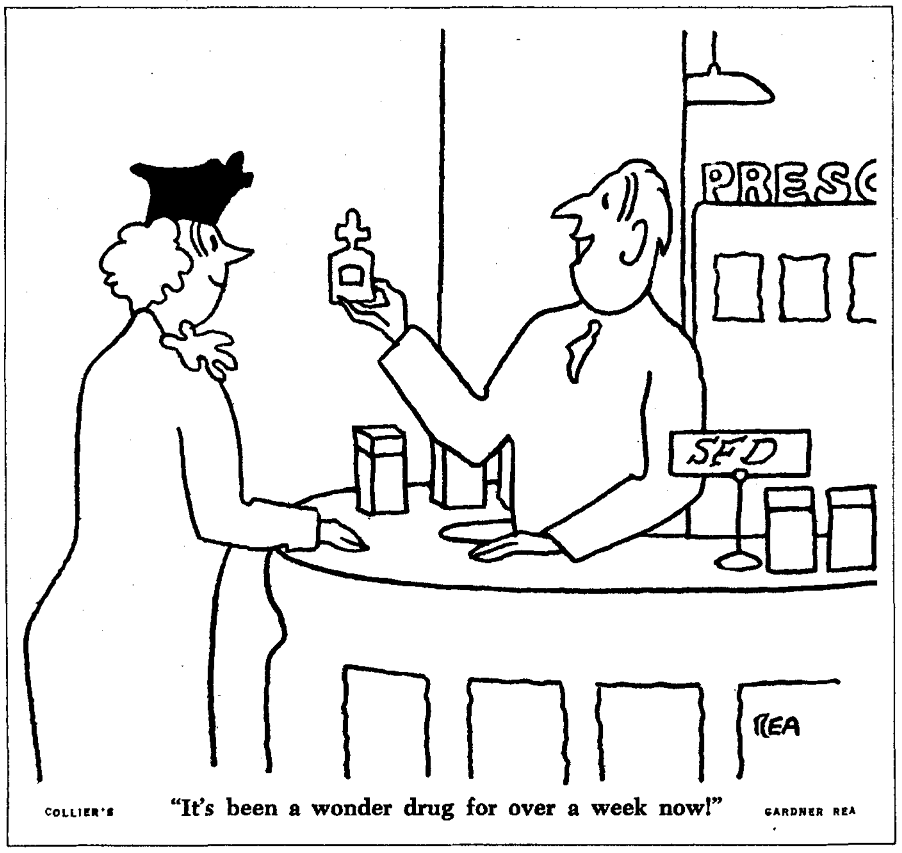
Miss Perrin sat watching the distant lights, thinking of the girl at the shanty there and of the young man at Lübeck. Fernando Gil was working now, on Spanish Republican questions, for the Allied Control Commission. He had a job. There was hope for these youngsters, a place at last in the world for them—if she, Margaret Perrin, just could find a way to get the girl over the frontier. . . .

Miss Perrin sat out there on her veranda for a very long time.

She returned to Campamento, to the shanty of the Gil family, in the burning noon of the following day. She sat under the grapevine, and while the boy Carlos kept watch at the end of the lane, she told the other three—Rodrigo, Isabel and Maruja—what she proposed.

"I overheard the Duke of Calero tell the customs chief," she said, "that he was going through to Gibraltar again on Saturday morning. That's tomorrow. Now, he travels in a large car with a roomy baggage trunk that, I happened to notice, is *not* kept locked. What I propose is that you and I, Rodrigo, with your coach, stop that car on the road between here and La Linea. I think the best place will be the stretch where the eucalyptus trees are. We've got to keep the attention of the duke and his chauffeur diverted long enough for Maruja to slip unseen into the baggage trunk. If we can do that, we're going to be all right; *I'll* see to the rest of it. But I warn you it's a desperate chance we shall be taking, and it's for you to decide. If we fail—"

"For Maruja and me," Rodrigo said sim-



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ply, "it is death. Yet to do nothing, merely to wait here for the blow to fall, that is death, too—sooner or later. But for you, *señora*—if we fail—"

"I dare not think," Miss Perrin said truthfully.

A low whistle came from Carlos, out among the cacti in the glare of the sun. Instantly, Maruja rose, slipped away through the screen of grapevine.

"*Carabinero*," Isabel whispered to Miss Perrin.

Miss Perrin nodded. The three sat tensely still for some minutes, listening; then the low whistle came again.

"All right now," Rodrigo said; "he's gone on down to the beach. But you see? They swarm like wasps."

"We've got to get the girl out of this," said Miss Perrin. "Let's get down to details."

THE chief detail lacking was that they didn't know at just what hour they might expect the duke's car to appear. Miss Perrin thought the most probable time would be between ten and eleven; but, for safety, it was barely eight o'clock next morning when, unchallenged, saluted on all sides, the sturdy middle-aged lady walked once more through the *aduana* into La Linea. Just around the corner, Rodrigo's coach was waiting, as arranged. Miss Perrin climbed in, and, at a dragging trot, the poor old bony horse set off over the now familiar route.

Once past the point where the road turned away from the sea, they saw nobody. There was only then, for Miss Perrin, the grinding of the ironshod wheels, the tired clop-clop of the horse's hoofs, the swaying of the faded tassels of the canopy against the heat-shine outside—and the sultry throbbing of her own heart.

After a while, the horse's pace slowed to a walk. Then Rodrigo's voice clucked, and the axle creaked as the horse plodded right around in a half circle on the road, coming to a standstill facing back the way they had come, on the right of the road in the shade of the eucalypti. Miss Perrin stepped out and Rodrigo descended from his box. Miss Perrin placed her sun hat squarely on her neat, gray hair and looked each way along the road. It lay shining and empty under the sun.

"Maruja is here?" she asked.

"*Sí, señora*," he nodded. "I placed her in readiness, on my way to meet you."

Miss Perrin glanced around, but she couldn't see the girl, either among the cacti along the bank on the opposite side of the road or in the shade of the eucalypti on this side.

Prepared for a long wait as she was, Miss Perrin never had thought it possible that time could pass so slowly. The sun mounted higher and higher in the cloudless sky; the shade of the eucalypti gradually diminished. Crickets chirred in the dry ditch. The old horse tossed his head with a jingle of harness, twitched his flanks against the flies.

"Rodrigo?"

"*Señora?*"

"When—when the moment comes, what are you going to do to your horse? You're not going to hurt him?"

"He is my livelihood, *señora*."

The heat pressed down with greater and greater insistence. The stony landscape, the red, scarred hills, swam in it, and Miss Perrin, sitting on the step of the coach, fanning her serious, tanned face with her sun hat, lapsed into a muse.

"*Señora!*"

Miss Perrin's head came up quickly. She rose, listening to the far-off hum of a motor, her heart going thump, thump, thump against her ribs. The car was coming from the direction she expected, from the left, and traveling fast. Few but the highly privileged in Spain had gasoline for fast movement.

"Get ready, Rodrigo," said Miss Perrin.

He was at the horse's head at once, his left hand gripping the bridle, his right spread over the wrinkled muzzle.

"Maruja!" he called softly. "Maruja!"

Miss Perrin, gazing along the road, saw a sliding flash of light in the sun. She watched it till it began to take shape, then turned.

"Now, Rodrigo," she said.

Miss Perrin didn't know what Rodrigo Gil did to his horse, but the next second it was rearing in the shafts, dragging the rickety coach out squarely across the road.

Miss Perrin stood watching the struggles of the *cochero* in apparent helplessness, although every nerve in her was vibrantly responsive to the sound of the oncoming car. She heard the warning bay of its klaxon, but only when she felt the actual wave of heat from the radiator as the car slid to a standstill did she glance around. Then she turned with simulated surprise and relief as she recognized the great, shining limousine of the Duke of Calero, with the chauffeur at the wheel and the duke and another man sitting in the back.

The car had pulled up on the right, the eucalypti side of the road. Miss Perrin, walking forward to the open window where the duke sat, behind the chauffeur, had to make the greatest effort of her life to keep her eyes from glancing toward the rear of the car.

"Why, Duke," said Miss Perrin, "you're a friend in need! I wouldn't trust myself in one of these horse coaches again for a fortune. I thought the thing was going to turn clear over with me!"

The duke looked at the horse, still plunging, but coming now under control. The clopping hoofs of the horse, the grinding wheels of the coach, made a considerable noise; the car's motor was still running, and the chauffeur was leaning out from behind his wheel, shouting at Rodrigo.

The duke said, with his wry smile, "In Spain, you must expect adventures, Miss Perrin."

"I'm finding that out," said Miss Perrin truthfully, and glanced at the duke's companion. Her heart gave a sickening thump. The man was looking with a curious intentness into the driving mirror on the near side wing.

The duke said languidly, "Señor Avanel, my secretary. Miss Perrin—from the United States."

Eyes of a very light gray in a worn, dark, handsome face met Miss Perrin's expressionlessly, and the secretary slightly bowed.

"How do you do?" Miss Perrin said—and hurried on: "Well, now, Duke, if I could impose on you again for a little lift—" She didn't wait for an answer. "Don't move, either of you. I'll get right in here with the chauffeur."

Every instant she was expecting the secretary to raise the alarm. She didn't dare seek Rodrigo's eyes as she walked around the front of the car and got in beside the chauffeur. She was shocked to find that her knees were trembling. The secretary hadn't spoken. She had the feeling that, if once the car started moving, it would show he had seen nothing, and she found herself raging inwardly at Rodrigo for his slowness in getting the coach to the side of the road.

"And did you," said the duke, in his bored voice, "find your friends in Campamento, Miss Perrin?"

The chauffeur, on her left, was settling back in his seat. His hand went to the gear lever. The car rolled forward.

Miss Perrin took a great hold on herself. She turned, smiling. "Some of them, Duke," she said. "I've been over to see them again this morning."

She took a good look at the secretary. He wore a black lounge suit, a white soft shirt with a narrow black tie; on his left hand, resting on a brief case on his knee, was a black kid glove. He sat humbly, his eyes downcast under the brim of his black soft felt hat, beside the patrician figure of the duke.

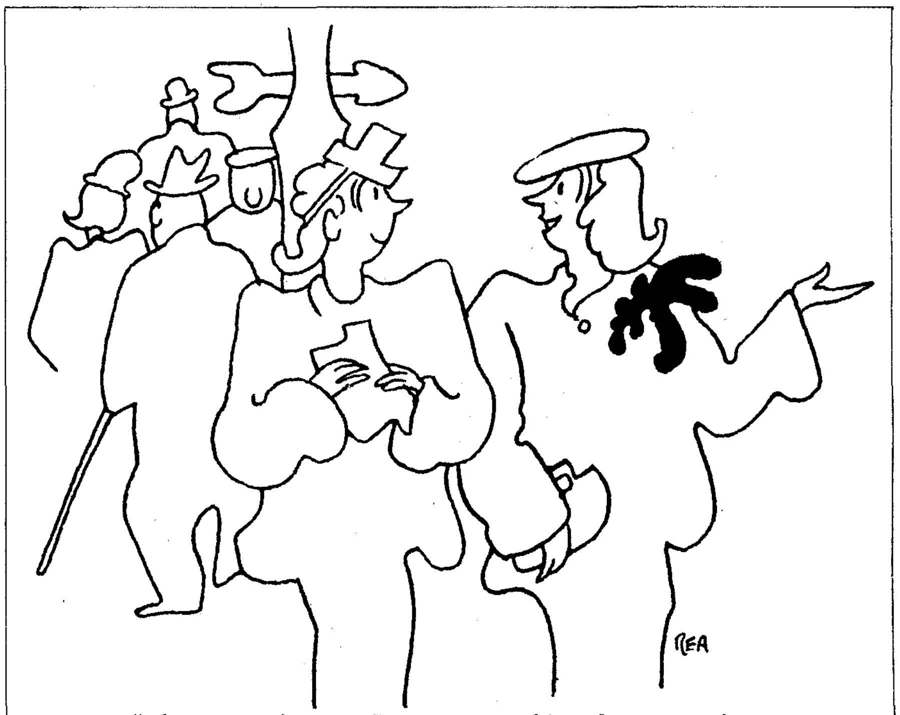
Miss Perrin felt better. The car was traveling smoothly now, eating up the sun-smitten miles of the familiar route. She began to think of the crisis ahead. She didn't want to talk, but somehow she felt safer when she was looking back at the two men than when she was turned from them. She kept thinking up things to say to the duke, and looking around to say them. The duke's aquiline, gray face wore its air of invincible ennui; his faint smile was wry.

NOW, on the right, the sea flashed. Tantalizingly near across the water, Gibraltar turned to Spain its face of stone. Then the larger buildings of La Linea masked the rock. The car slid past the *cuartel*, the gaunt yellow barracks, with its lounging guard. A turn to the left, and in the heat-dazzle, above a litter of market stalls, carts and coaches, marketers and beggars and mules, loomed the shadowy arch of the *aduana*.

The big car nosed in, honking, under the arch, and ticked to a standstill. Beyond the wire barrier, there stretched before Miss Perrin's eyes, the arrow-straight road, deserted in the glare of noon, across the "neutral territory"—the eight hundred yards of softening macadam that, for the hidden girl, was the road to freedom.

Miss Perrin's hands kneaded each other in her lap.

It seemed to her that the *carabineros*, drawing aside the clumsy wire barrier, were moving in slow motion—that the chief of the *aduana*, emerging from his office, strap-



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ping his Sam Browne over his gold-braided uniform, had lead in his shoes.

He came to the window of the car to receive the duke's condescending handshake.

Miss Perrin could not forbear to glance around over her shoulder. She saw something that froze her in her seat.

It was the fat *carabinero* officer with whom she had had dealings before. He was standing by the rear of the car. He was looking at something there. He was looking at the baggage trunk. He was frowning. Now he was taking a pace forward—

Miss Perrin tried to move, to speak, but she was held motionless as by the iron inhibition of a nightmare.

The officer put out his hand to the baggage trunk—and as he did so, Señor Avanel, the duke's secretary, hurled open the door on his side of the car, and, crouching a little, with an automatic gripped in his right hand, ran desperately for the gap made by the shifting of the wire barrier.

In an instant of silence, unbroken save for the sound of his flying feet, he raced out from under the arch into the pouring white sunshine of the straight road to freedom.

Then the duke's voice screamed, *"Get him! Shoot!* Shoot the *maquis* swine! He held me up! He was holding a gun on me! *Shoot, you fools!"*

The fat officer snatched the carbine from the hands of one of his men. He raced out into the sunshine, dropped on one knee, sighted carefully, fired. The running figure jerked in the sunshine, but raced on, tilting oddly to the right, with his arm held close in to his side. The officer fired again, and then, from some sandbagged upper window of the *aduana,* there raved out the flat clamor of a machine gun: *Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!* The flying figure wavered. The hat whipped from his head. In sudden, convulsive, total collapse, the running man sprawled flat; he lay face down on the tarmac. Two mounted civil guards spurred out with a clatter of hoofs, and, followed by running *carabineros,* galloped toward the still figure.

The duke shouted at the chauffeur. The big car breathed forward into the sunshine, the customs chief riding on the running board. The car pulled up near the group around the fallen man. The duke leaned from the window.

"Well?" he shouted.

The fat officer, on one knee by the prone figure, looked up, swarthy, sweating, fiercely grinning. "Dead, Your Grace!"

The duke leaned back in his seat. He said to the customs chief, "He held up my car in the hills behind Vejer. He was holding a gun on me from under a brief case on his knees. My chauffeur dared make no move. 'Señor Avanel, my secretary,' I was to say—if asked. He thought he could make use of me to get across the frontier, but evidently he couldn't quite stand the delay, the suspense, in the *aduana* there. His nerve broke and he made a dash for it." His voice relapsed into ennui. "Well—you will let me know, when I return later, what you find on him, *jefe."*

He told the chauffeur to drive on. Miss Perrin didn't move or speak. She looked straight before her with her hands gripped tightly together in her lap.

THAT the Duke of Calero's immunity was of a diplomatic nature appeared evident when the limousine was flagged down at the British gate, but, immediately on recognition, waved on again.

"I am going to Government House, Miss Perrin," the duke said. "Where would you like to be dropped?"

Miss Perrin didn't look round. It was almost automatically that she pursued these, the final stages of her plan.

She said, "I have to go to Europa Point, Duke."

Europa Point was a good deal beyond Government House; she had counted on the duke ordering the chauffeur to drive her there.

When they reached Government House, the duke descended. "You will take the lady to Europa Point," he told the chauffeur, just as Miss Perrin had foreseen, "then return here and wait for me." Through the window he gave Miss Perrin his limp handshake. "I regret that you should have had that experience," he said. "However—a highly satisfactory outcome. Few of these irreconcilables elude us."

"Very few, Duke, I've no doubt," said Miss Perrin, with lips that felt numb.

The car drove on. When it passed on to the road through the gardens of palm and pepper and magnolia trees and massed blossom called the Alameda, Miss Perrin, following her plan, told the chauffeur to stop.

She said, "Do you see that pavilion over there among the trees? It's a café where they keep a drink, very refreshing on a hot day, called ginger beer. Here's some English money. I'd like you to go over and get me a bottle—and get a bottle for yourself."

AS SOON as the chauffeur had gone off, grinning, among the trees, Miss Perrin got out, walked around to the rear of the car. Caught in the edge of the closed baggage trunk, and faintly fluttering in the light airs, was a triangular fragment, no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, of blue cotton material. Looking at it, Miss Perrin guessed that the fat *carabinero* officer had been moved to put out his hand by what was no more than the sycophantic gesture of removing what he thought was a presumptuous bit of rag caught on the car. Miss Perrin bit her lip.

She glanced around, then turned the fish-shaped, chromium handles and opened the trunk. The dark girl in the blue cotton frock and the white belt scrambled out lithely.

Miss Perrin let the heavy lid thud back into place, and taking the girl's hand, led her to a seat near by, in the shade of ornamental, feathery pepper trees.

"What happened in the *aduana?"* Maruja said. "The shooting—"

"Somebody was caught trying to escape," said Miss Perrin.

The chauffeur was coming back. He had a bottle in each hand. Miss Perrin took one of the bottles and said with a smile, "I've met a friend and won't be going to Europa Point, after all. Thank you for driving me."

As the car drove off, Miss Perrin gave the bottle to the girl. "Drink it, my dear," she said. "You look hot and you have a smudge of oil on your cheek—but it suits you."

The girl smiled and put the straw to her lips. Miss Perrin looked out over the Alameda. All was still, save the butterflies that danced in the sunshine over the battalions of flowers.

"Tell me," said Miss Perrin, "why would a man wear black kid gloves on a day like this?"

The girl looked at her with startled eyes. "What makes you ask that? *I* knew a man who always wore black kid gloves. I was one of the few who *did* know him. He wore them because—because he had no nails. He had been tortured. He was called Brother Silence."

Miss Perrin watched the dance of the butterflies.

"But Brother Silence," said Maruja wonderingly, "is believed to be dead."

"Yes, my dear," said Miss Perrin, "he is dead." And she asked, "Brother Silence wasn't the sort of man to lose his nerve in a crisis?"

"Brother Silence?" The girl smiled. "Brother Silence," she said proudly, "always was ready to give his life for a comrade. He was very brave."

The gardens swam before Miss Perrin's eyes in a haze of heat and color and sunshine. She put a hand on the girl's. "Yes, my dear," she said, "bravest of the brave."

After a while, the sturdy, middle-aged lady and the slim young girl rose from the seat, and, planning the future, went away together under the pepper trees.

THE END

A Challenge to American Women

Continued from page 15

educational guidance and stimuli for a whole year, because the Brightville mothers had firmly closed the doors of their spacious school buildings to the newcomers. It was as illegal as it was inhuman. But the teachers and the "nice children" had treated the invaders like pariahs, making them so unhappy at school that they preferred to play in the muddy alleyways of the trailer colony.

It did not occur to these suburban mothers that their callous behavior was as disastrous to their own chdren as it was to the trailer kids. Their selsh disregard for human rights and humaiwelfare was a much worse example to thr children than the bad manners of the trler waifs could have been.

"We couldn't sacrifi the high standards and the expensive equinent of our schools to these backward vagnts," they told me firmly. "What's more, couldn't have our children associating wh these neglected youngsters. The two gups have nothing in common."

"Nothing except the ftre of the U.S.A.," was my suggestion.

If this were the o class-conscious group of women I had ountered during my two years of pilgrige through our war centers, the incide would not be worth mentioning. But iny after city, the native, ruling citizens notly were hostile to the migrant families a their children, but hoped that frightful ing conditions and other hardships woudrive the war workers away.

In one aristocratic Sout community, 2,500 white children and ntless Negro youngsters roamed the streay and night, terrorizing the whole town. ee little boys finally burned down the five-and-ten-cent store. Then the mayocided it was time to protect property frhe youthful gangs. To be sure, the city rs were just as responsible as their wiveshis callous attitude, but women are exp to show a more sensitive feeling for chiod.

Hostility to Migrant kers

At the beginning of the wy sympathies were wholly with the loommunities. Many of them had hord migrant workers thrust upon them sudc without time for preparation, and witwarning or prompt assistance from tate and federal governments. But theve citizens lost my sympathy when tostility to the migrant workers continroughout the war.

The animosity was fanned inne by the juxtaposition of two widelrated levels of American civilizatio safe and sheltered citizens who live inished communities and the foot-loosetude who must seek a precarious livelihere ever and whenever the machineions them.

Two stories stand out in my hat picture the clash with startling ess. In Portland, Maine, when a your refined college girl entered the streeter shipyard working clothes, a native-man" said loud enough for thg woman and all the other passengerr: "There's another of those shipyar"

In Pascagoula, Mississippi, a ref one of the large trailer colonies e the resentment of migratory labor established security. "Those peo live in houses," he said venomously trailer folks are just vermin."

This mutual hatred between th and the have-nots proved to what a our social structure has become strat an economic basis. Because the comf middle-income families are numerous and contented, mothers like those in ville are inclined to think their nei hood is all that matters.

Although they had successfully def their children and their schools, the Bville mothers were frightened and unhappy, for they knew that their neat suburban world was threatened, if the advantages of their way of life could be preserved only by cruelty to their immediate neighbors.

In this unexpected, uncomfortable manner many American women came to realize that the whole nation pays the price when we allow millions of children in our less prosperous areas to grow up without the chance to become healthy human beings with a basic education.

The unhappiness of the Brightville mothers, like that of thousands of other Americans, is due to the fact that they are split personalities. They love their material possessions, yet they are vaguely aware of disloyalty to democratic principles—principles which they do not consciously face but which rise out of the subconscious sufficiently to rob them of all peace of mind. In snatching at the lesser gifts of life, they have lost sight of those more precious gifts which constitute the glory and greatness of mankind. Nor can our democracy become completely genuine until we heal this breach between behavior and belief, and become the honest people we were meant to be. There lies woman's great opportunity.

The Crimes Against Childhood

The obvious crusade for the women of America is the salvation of childhood—first that of their own often-neglected children, and then of all needy and dependent children, regardless of race, color or creed.

We women must see with a new, clear vision the horrible crimes being committed against childhood. We must realize not only how unjust, but how absurd it is that children born in one part of our country should receive every advantage, while those born in another section receive next to none. We must not tolerate slums, which daily corrupt the bodies and minds of youth, simply because they are the source of large monetary returns. We must no longer put up with state training schools for boys and girls that are nothing but breeding grounds for criminals, gangsters and sex perverts. In one of them recently a boy was beaten to death by the disciplinary squad. Many of our detention homes for young delinquents are no less infamous.

For an over-all picture of child neglect, physical, mental and moral, American women should study the mounting lists of adolescent crimes from murder and burglary to arson and rape contained in the records of the F.B.I. For a no less shocking insight into American family life, its instability and steady disintegration, they need only consult a child guidance clinic in any one of our great industrial centers. There they would find that many mothers not only are indifferent to their children but definitely wish to be rid of them. One of the sorriest comments on our civilization is our divorce rate, which has always risen with the economic index.

A Tragic Legacy for Youth

It is not the fault of our children and young people that crime, delinquency, poor health, rebellion and unrest are on the increase at this moment, even among children of a tender age. Youth is never to blame. The sins of youth are the fault of the older generation.

Nor can we console ourselves by attributing to the war the weakening of family life and the traditional moral code. The war merely gave free play to our preference for material rather than human values, a preference from which we have suffered ever since the beginning of the technological revolution.

That is why it is futile to attack the problem of delinquency as if it were attributable to any single cause. It indicates that our

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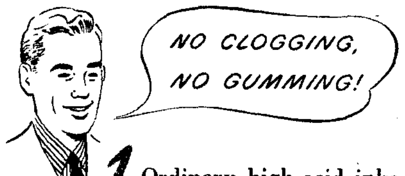

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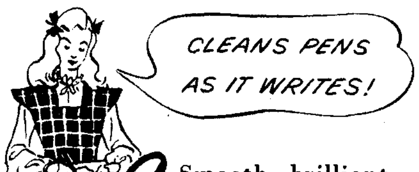

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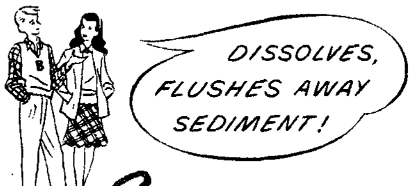

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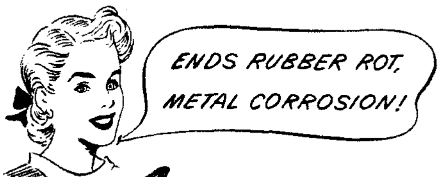

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civilization itself is diseased. Delinquency is largely a protest of youth against the hollowness of our society.

It cannot be wholly cured by greater economic and social security. The roots of most delinquency are embedded in the experiences of childhood. Those in touch with the problem know that youth is rebellious today because it has no respect for its elders, nor for the fearful, empty, aimless existences so many of us lead. We adults have robbed youth of the stimuli of admiration, of reverence, awe and wonder, of all the magic ferment which gives flavor to the wine of life. The mother is the crux of this situation. She it is who makes the atmosphere of the home.

Burdens Borne by the Few

Many of our women recognize this, but not enough of them. In every community I found a small group of local leaders who carry the social burdens that total war has left in its wake. But the bulk of the population is repeating the same pattern of self-centered indifference which took place after the first World War. Our standard of behavior has suffered far more than our standard of living, yet it is the latter which preoccupies our minds.

Even our sympathy with the appalling hardships of Great Britain and the starvation of the European continent has suffered a dangerous eclipse. We see it in our power to make the world a happier, more peaceful place. But our horizons are shrinking to a point where the solemn commitments we have undertaken abroad cannot be fulfilled because as a people, we are not willing to pay the price.

To be sure, material objectives have a valid urgency. We are obliged to hasten plans for production, full employment, housing and increased Social Security. But when these are attained, they may uncover a more acute anxiety, a deeper discontent—or what is worse, a harrowing boredom, if life has no broader perspective, no compelling moral purpose, no avenues of service that lift the individual above himself and the dusty routine of common days.

When there is nothing but a competitive materialism to take the place of these humanistic principles, the effect upon family life is tragic. Mothers who have discovered during the war that they can earn the family living, now frequently find their absent husbands superfluous and no longer want them back. If the father was merely a wage earner, his return is resented not only by his independent wife, but by the small son who has done as he pleased during his father's absence, and has learned to look upon himself as the cock of the walk.

Never will I forget a lugubrious flight across the continent with a planeful of returning servicemen. Their conversation was a terrible indictment of American women. Divorces of G.I.s by impatient wives, vivid tales of infidelity and confessions of soldiers who actually did not know where their families had migrated—these were the topics I heard bandied about with a cynicism that did not conceal inner rebellion and despair.

Many of our returning soldiers will take up civil life without difficulty. Yet the adjustment of the veteran to his family is the number one problem in every well-staffed service center. There is a deluge of professional advice on the subject. This indicates that many American women are no longer considered capable of handling either a difficult husband or a difficult child without the intervention of a whole barrage of public and private welfare agencies.

What does it mean to our traditions when public agencies are forced to take over more and more of the problems of the home, the protection of the child, and the preservation of individual values—when child delinquency is on the increase throughout the nation, when cruelty toward children and neglect of them are a commonplace, when guidance bureaus are overloaded with problem children and problem mothers, when the total effort of national welfare organizations and local community centers is needed to bring the veteran back home and make him like it?

Surely the American woman, who is the key to all of these different problems, should wake up to the fact that she may not be meeting her job in the home. She should study this trend toward the public supervision of her individual responsibilities and ask herself what she really wants most in life.

Does she want this so-called freedom to compete with her husband, or does she want a democratic co-operative relationship of give and take, in which she has inescapable and very womanly responsibilities for the physical, moral and mental nurture of her children and for the stability of the home?

Thousands of women are obliged to work. There will be more of them than ever as a result of the deaths and disabilities of war. For these women the community has never done enough to make life livable. It took a war to reveal their plight. They have a right to nurseries for the youngest children, and to schools for the older ones in which the hours and the program for care, feeding and health protection are attuned to the working day.

If we had an ample supply of nursery schools, they could be used for a double purpose of supreme importance. Operated in conjunction with our educational system, young girls—and boys as well—could learn the responsibilities and the joys of parenthood while helping to provide for the physical and emotional well-being of the infants of working mothers.

Has your community set up a program to help re-establish veterans in civilian life? Our third report on community veterans' programs, MAKING HOME TOWN PLANS WORK, based on a sudy of over 500 community programs throughout the country, outlines the procedures found to be most effective for organizing, operating and improving the efficiency of community veterans' programs. You may obtain it, free of charge, by writing to—

Collier's Extension Bureau
250 Park Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

Our problems in the field of education, health and welfare, have now piled up to such an extent that we can cope with them only by improving our administrative machinery. The various public agencies dealing with these problems must be co-ordinated on a local, state and federal level.

A Move for Better Organization

By the time this article is published, legislation will have been introduced into Congress for a new Cabinet job, a Secretary of Health, Education and Security, under whom these functions, now scattered over numerous federal bureaus, would be com bined in more orderly fashion. This nev Cabinet officer would be empowered to s standards for these basic services in ever American community and to promote t human well-being of the nation as a who with due regard for the independent sta of our state and local governments.

This co-ordinated Cabinet post has ready received the approval of the Gen Federation of Women's Clubs, the C Welfare League of America and of n educational groups. The legislation dese the endorsement of all women, for its mate purpose is to work through the state governments for the stabilization of the family and the local community.

But without waiting for state and federal leadership, much can be done by women everywhere. Social planning committees in many communities have set up service centers to which all citizens can go for assistance and advice. The needs of returning veterans have been a spur to action, but the basic requirements of all the people, including the veteran's wife and children, have come to attention through these agencies.

These planning bodies are also working out methods by whic the schools can co-operate with public ad private agencies to establish educationa programs that meet the total needs of c ldren.

Another voluntar movement for self-help, which has bee gathering momentum in the crowded slus of our big industrial centers, is called "he People's Organizations." The membs are fighting shoulder to shoulder under eir own elected leadership for greater onomic security, better homes, better heal and education for their children, and for ligious and racial tolerance. In small mmunities and in rural areas, a house-house checkup on the health and scho ttendance of children is a shortcut to an er-all child welfare program.

In this battle r social progress, women have a special onsibility, if only because they have mo leisure. These neighborhood moveme are the soul of our democratic life; the re the soil from which the soundest nati l leadership will emerge. And even mo mportant than the specific results of th local endeavors is the feeling of huma lidarity, of belonging to a meaningful ld, the growth of personality, the activ n of democratic values.

The M er Role in the Family

Yet bas all such community efforts is the will ess of the American woman to play he per role in family life, as the symbol of that is preservative, and spontaneously ive in the interpretation of democra rinciples. The possibilities of child gr have never been fully explored, Dr. Arnold Gesell, Director of the Ya linic of Child Development. But he other leading research workers are ag that what the child needs most from to adolescence is a feeling of emoti security, an education of the heart tems from parental love, protection a derstanding. These are the years wher city for co-operative action and adju t to group life are unconsciously deve

purpose, integrity and emotional sta are by-products of a tolerant and lov rly nurture. The mutual respect en ed between parent and child by su upbringing enriches the lives of b erations, as well as the whole orbit o amily, in mysterious and incalcula b s.

democracy cannot depend wholly conscious *mind.* Democracy must y be understood; it must be cherished nswer to our deepest inherited needs. heart has its reasons which reason ot know"—and the heart as well as ind must recognize the validity of ratic living. This persuasion of the is the sacred obligation of American nhood, for it is woman, the mother, is closest to the child and to the continuity of social, moral and spiritual tradi- It is she who can close the tragic gap een emotion and reason, between the s we cannot forget and the pitiful real- hat has sprung up around us.

hatever the wisest of our political lead- may achieve in this hour of rapid evolu- , it is in the family and local community t women can create the model of our ure society and restore the powerful mocratic inspiration we so sorely need if are to redeem our own freedom and that other nations.

THE END

Season for youth - and pictures

This is no month to be out of doors without a camera!

The sunny world is owned by children and puppies . . . flowers and birds . . . clouds and trees. And with your camera, you can capture all these young, colorful scenes of Spring.

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Try for good light—for exact exposure! But, even if you're not sure, Ansco Film will help cover your mistakes.

The important thing is to *get out and take pictures of Spring!* Hurry! Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation. General Sales Offices, 11 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

PHOTO TIPS

Don't take color pictures late in the afternoon—the sun has too much red in it to give true-color lighting. Stick to black-and-white pictures in early morning and late afternoon . . . and use Ansco Plenachrome or Supreme Film.

• • •

Never use a box camera nearer than 8 feet from the subject. If your camera has focusing adjustment, focus carefully. It is best to pace off the distance, allowing 3 feet for each pace.

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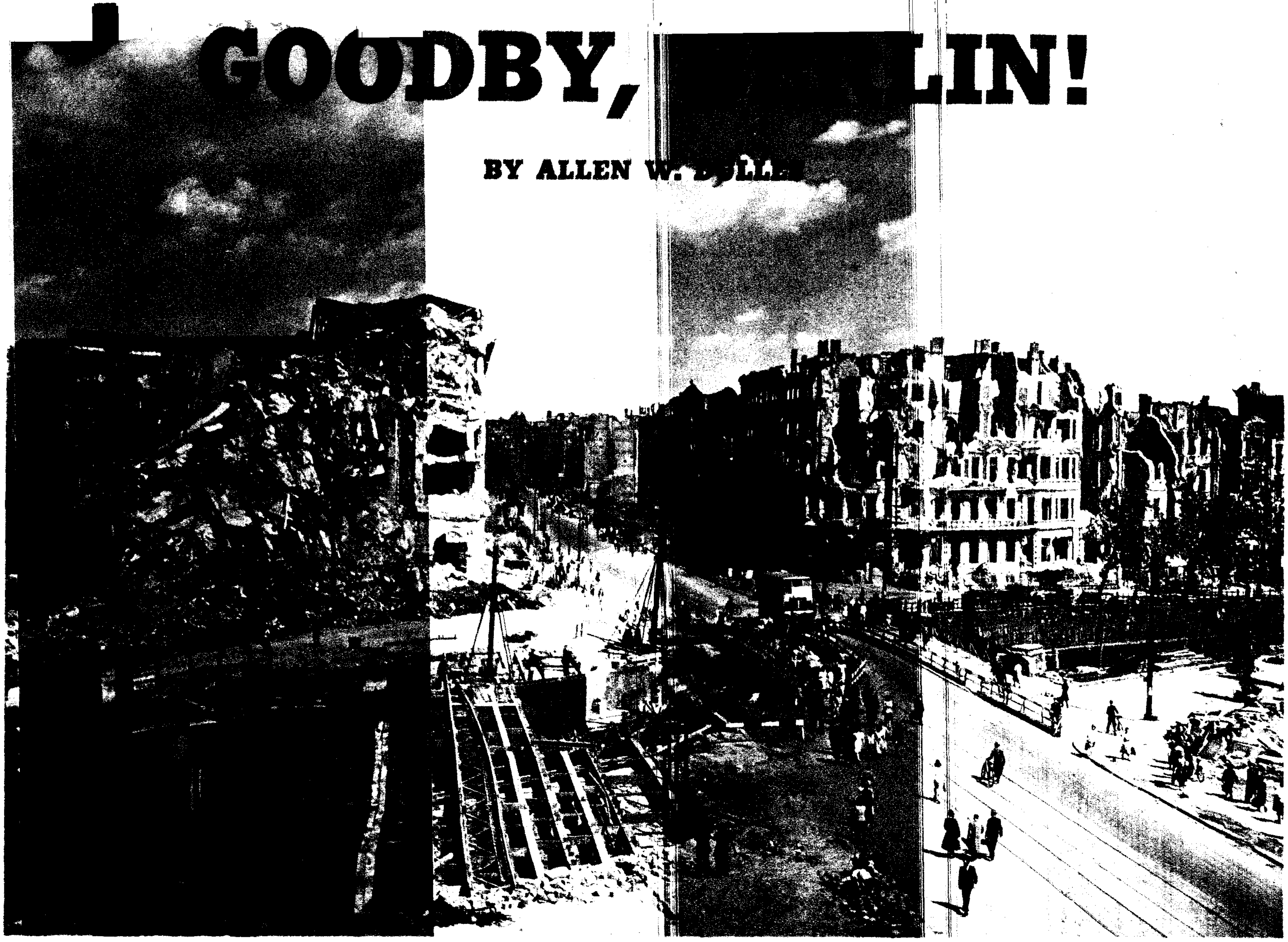
GOODBY, BERLIN!

BY ALLEN W. DULLES



Part of the "glory" Hitler promised his country—Potsdamer Strasse, with the Potsdamer Bridge in the foreground. The bridge is being repaired—by Germans

Germany's capital should no longer be Berlin. But the Nazis of that modern Carthage should have a memorial—a sector of the ruins, left just as it is, to serve as a warning forever to evildoers

RETURNING from Africa in the year 157 B.C., Cato the Elder brought back with him a slogan: *Delenda est Carthago* ("Carthage must be destroyed"). He foresaw a battle for survival between Roman civilization and the powerful culture of North Africa. Berlin, like Carthage, has represented the spirit of destructive conquest. It has lost its right to be the capital of the Germany of the future.

Despite many enjoyable sojourns in Berlin before World War II, the city always made a sinister impression on me. Several times in recent months I motored there from Hanover and Magdeburg in the west, along the *Autobahn* which is now the narrow causeway through the Russian zone and the only link between Berlin and the Western world. The flat and monotonous country around the capital is nearly treeless until you approach Potsdam and the great encircling pine forests, dark, cold, and forbidding. These gloomy pines are a true setting for the now devastated capital of Hitler's Reich.

Berlin remains a monument to Prussian and Nazi philosophy. The city rose with Prussia and only became the national capital as Prussia became the dominant force in German life and thought. It was left to Hitler to make it the City of the Swastika.

Its history is curious and significant. During the latter half of the twelfth century the first German settlers began to make their appearance in the sandy wastelands, which later were called the Mark Brandenburg. The first mention of Berlin dates back to 1237. At that time it was a Wendish fishing village located in a labyrinth of arms of the Spree River, in marshy country but at the point which furnished a good passage across the river for early traders. With its encircling lakes and forests it was easy to defend against hostile tribes. It was also a convenient point from which the pillaging knights of that day could waylay the Hanseatic tradesmen.

A delightful and somewhat satirical pamphlet on Berlin, entitled Berlin and Potsdam, was written by a man named Heinrich Bettziech about 1848—before Berlin had been Prussianized and started on its career of conquest. The writer apparently felt it was prudent even in those days to hide the authorship of his caustic comments on Germany's budding capital by using the pseudonym "Beta."

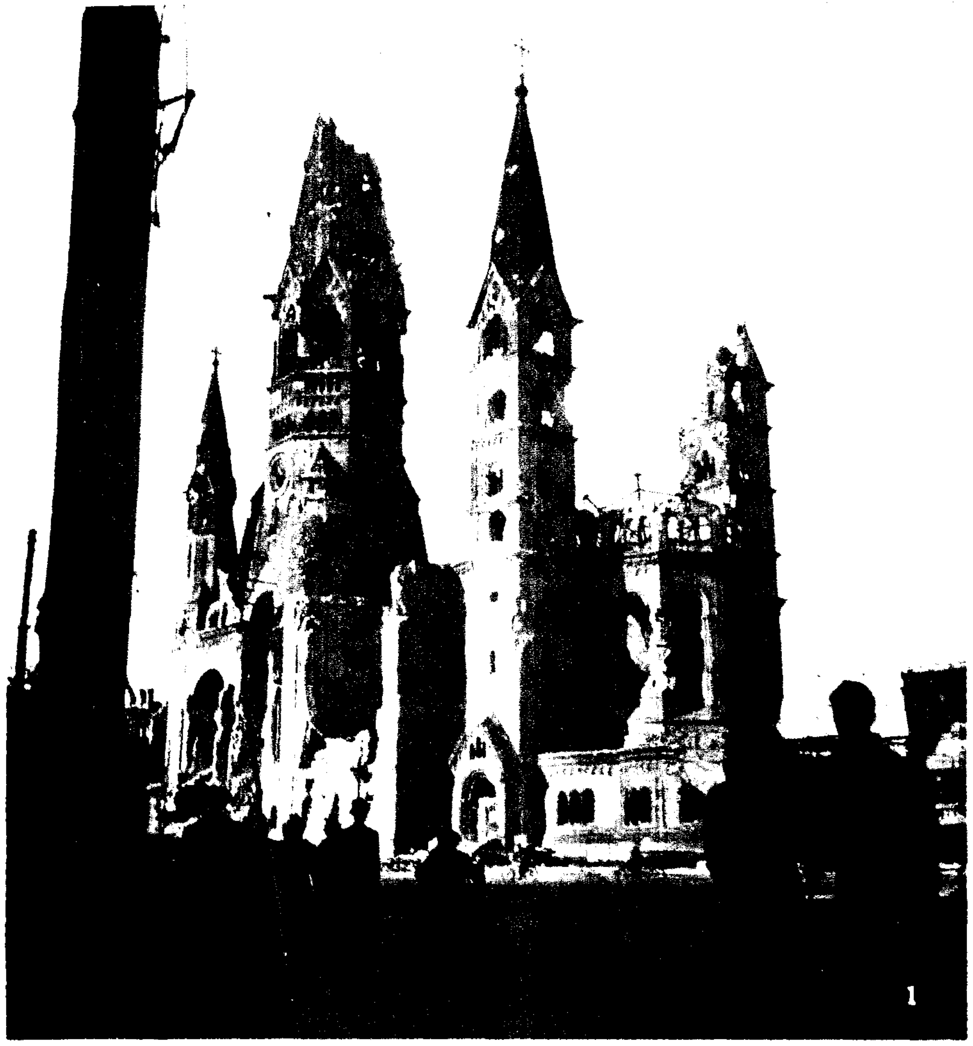
Berliners of the fourteenth century, he writes, "habitually hit and killed whoever crossed their path." In these days, he says, Berliners were "industrious and modest, but offset these virtues by drinking a lot of beer. . . . Civilization gained rapidly" (here I assume the author is indulging his talents for satire), "prostitutes were uniformed and put under police control, debauchery was permitted by decree and prominent citizens started to dress lavishly, notwithstanding the horribly dirty and muddy streets and the dreadful stench emanating from the gutters. . . . Drinking parties at weddings and other occasions, hunting, and the burning of Jews were their favorite pastimes."

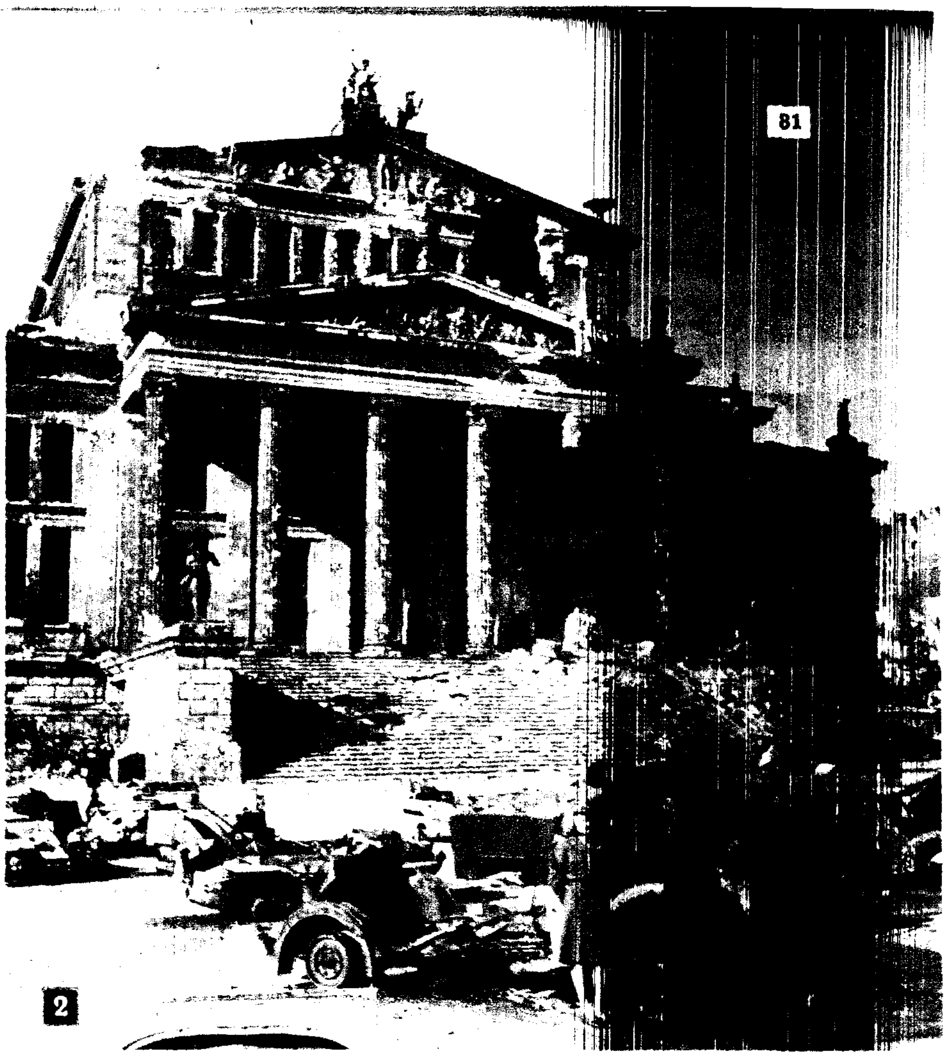
It was in 1486 that the Hohenzollerns made Berlin their formal residence and one of the German writers on the subject attributes this move to the fact that the people of Tangermünde, where the Hohenzollern court was then located on the banks of the Elbe, declined to pay the beer tax. The writer, in describing the move of the Hohenzollerns to the sandy, swampy ground on the Spree where the river was first bridged, remarks, "Berlin is altogether without any historical form; it stands, so to speak, nowhere and on nothing, and this is one explanation, perhaps, of its formless indefinable character."

During the Thirty Years War, Berlin, which then had a population of some 12,000, was overrun, pillaged and burned several times and at the conclusion of the war in 1648 was again a small village of 6,000 people. The Great Elector, Frederick William, then started to build up his Prussia, and Berlin with it. He forced his subjects to build houses, with their own hands if they did not have enough money, and ordered the erection of government buildings in spite of the unfavorable terrain of swamps and marshes.

As one of his Spartan Prussian methods, the Great Elector punished those who failed to keep the streets clean in front of their homes by ordering his street cleaners to sweep the dirt into the living rooms of the negligent. His successors helped to build up Berlin by plunder from other parts of Germany, and after the conquest of Saxony in 1764, the Meissen porcelain manufacture was stolen from Saxony and set up in Berlin, and, to support it, the Jews in Berlin were forced to buy Berlin-manufactured china before receiving their marriage licenses.

Conquered and occupied by Napoleon, Berlin gained real importance as the capital of a Prussia which from the 1848 revolution onward effectively blocked every move toward liberalism in Germany. It formally became the German capital in 1871, when Bismarck extended the Prussian federation to include the west German states, and the king of Prussia became the German emperor. By that time it had a population of 900,000, and gloried in some of the ugliest architecture the world has ever seen, including





1. Wac T/5 Carol Lee, of Duluth, and Technical Sgt. Walt E. Wood, of Woods Cross, Utah, view the ruins of the Gadaechtnis Memorial Church, in the west side of Berlin

2. Carol and Walt in the middle of Gendarmen market, once one of Berlin's busiest squares, now a dump for wreckage of war. The large building is the Staatstheater

3. Leipziger Strasse. It was a busy shopping district—until the bombs fell. Carol and Walt (in the foreground) inspected it around midday, and found few people about

4. This fallen eagle once adorned Goering's Air Ministry. In the background a bucket brigade is removing rubble. Because of the lack of manpower, women do the work

the Reichstag, paid for by reparation money received at the end of the Franco-Prussian War.

Throughout its history Berlin was the chief garrison of the Prussian rulers and was particularly infested with professional militarists.

Art and culture never thrived in such surroundings. There is hardly a single building of real artistic worth in the entire city; no great cathedral, no religious or cultural relics. Few Germans prominent in arts and letters lived in Berlin for any length of time. Lessing, Von Stein and others who spent some time there are said to have detested the city and ridiculed its inhabitants. Even Bismarck complained that there were too many Berliners in the Reichstag and he talked of moving the capital to some other place.

The city is without a real history, without landscape, without architecture and without charm.

Other great capitals of Europe have some logical reason for existence, as well as a long and noble history. Berlin is the creation of the Hohenzollerns, Bismarck, the Kaiser of the first World War, and finally of Hitler. Before the bombers of the AAF and RAF had devastated it, and the cannons and tanks of Marshal Zhukov had pulverized it, Berlin at best was an artificial capital. Today all that section of Berlin in which the Hohenzollerns and the Nazis gloried is a mass of rubble, a phantom city. The section of the city which has suffered the most is the heart of the city which was the administrative center of Hitler's Reich. Unless this area is rebuilt to house a government there is little use in rebuilding it at all.

The disposition to be made of the bombed-out cities of Europe was apparently discussed in the corridors of the recent United Nations conference in London. The idea was advanced that destruction should be made an object lesson for future generations, one dead city remaining unrestored in each war zone as an example of what man's weapons have done and of how the dignity of man can be lost.

If any city in the world is to receive such treatment, certainly Berlin is the outstanding candidate for it. The central area, for example, a half-mile radius around Hitler's Chancellery, might be set aside as a perpetual memorial to the Nazis and to Prussia. The city then could be left to find its own level as a commercial and railway center, but no longer the capital of Germany.

The choice of a new capital does not imply that any further destruction should be meted out to Berlin. It need not share the fate of Carthage or the retribution which Jehovah visited upon Sodom and Gomorrah, but Berlin has lost its birthright as the capital of a nation. It has lost it because for generations this city has housed the chief disturbers of world peace. Hence, as the capital of Germany, Berlin *"delenda est."* ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

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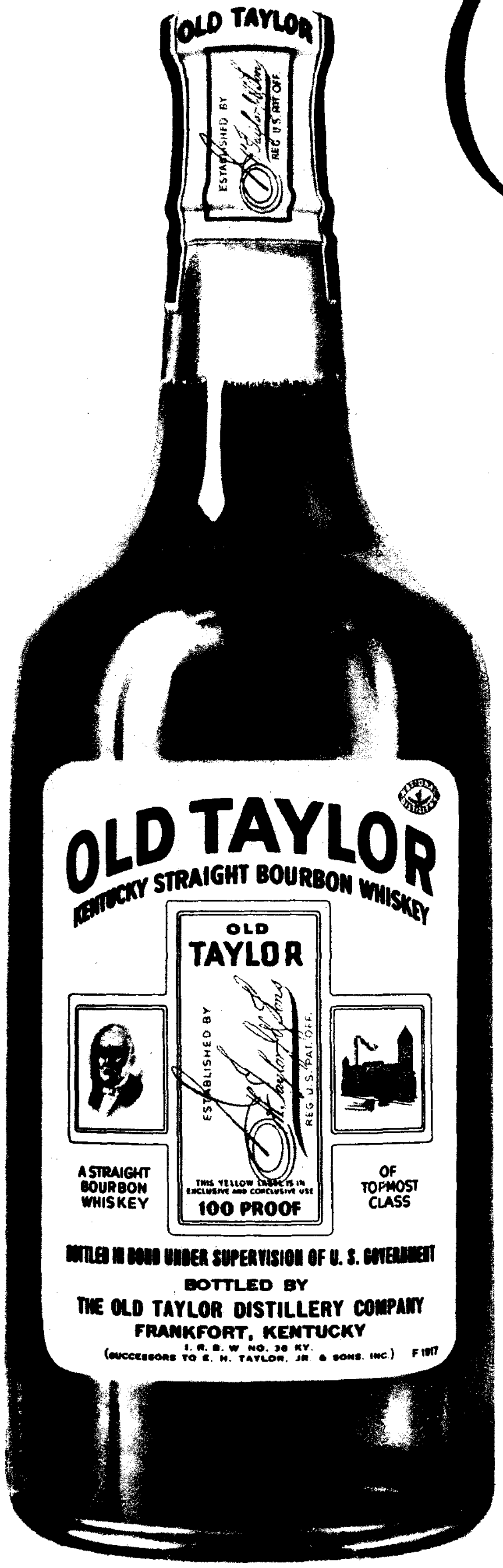
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Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Safer Movies with New Glass

When the film breaks in a movie projection room, the intense heat of the light source could practically explode the stalled film. Automatic safety shutters have been a precaution against this danger.

Now comes Dr. E. D Tillyer, American authority on glass, with a new kind of glass that stops heat but lets light through. This will mean projection lenses and safety screens that will really prevent fires, as well as permit stronger light to be safely used.

Absorbing as much as 90 per cent of the heat, the new glass will bring greater vividness and brilliance of colorto home movies. Greater intensity of light can be used without damaging irreplaceable color movies and slides. For the first time schools can use color projection effectively without risk of fire.

Before the war, Germany imported transparent heat screens into the U.S. But they were too brittle to be shaped into lenses and plates, and deteriorated rapidly. Tillyer's invention, made of oxides of phosphorus, aluminum and silicon, with iron salts added to combat the heat, does what the Germans could not do—by making heat screens as transparent as optical glass, easily worked into any shape, and indestructible.

Plastic Lenses

One of the main elements that has made home telescopes and binoculars expensive is the complicated train of glass lenses that must be made with utmost accuracy by hand. But the difficulty may soon be removed when lenses of transparent plastic are turned out by a simple machine operation. A new type of molded lens, widely used by the Navy in gun telescopes, will soon be available for postwar use.

Plastic lenses and prisms, fully as accurate as the best handmade glass ones, can be turned out by unskilled labor, using glass molds. Only a few top-grade glass workers will be needed to make the molds, which can produce an unlimited quantity of perfect lenses, once they are polished and tested. This puts the burden of high cost on a single mold rather than on each individual lens. The plastic lenses will come from the molds in final form and will need no polishing or other handwork.

First application of the cast plastic "optic" will be the mass production of a very complicated lens planned for use in the newest type of home projection television receiver. Small telescopes should benefit next, and, after that, probably binoculars. Eventually it is likely that high-priced cameras, using expensive trains of glass lenses, all specially shaped, can take advantage of the plastic method.

Street Lamps Won't Keep You Awake

Good strong street lights are a comfort and protection to nighttime pedestrians and motorists but a severe burden to poor sleepers who must endure their glare, cast on bedroom walls. Engineers will soon provide suburban districts with lights that shine downward on the pavement but are screened from the windows of near-by homes.

Two new types of reflector will be available: one looks like a plain bowl, with the electric bulb deep inside it. The other resembles an ice-cream cone, with a set of lenses that concentrate the illumination into a strong downward beam. Both of these fixtures will increase the amount of light cast onto the street.

Sugar Won't Cake

Everybody knows how sugar cakes in the bowl in damp weather. But soon you will be able to buy it in a form that won't cake unless water is actually poured over it.

No chemicals will be added to keep the sugar dry; it will only be necessary to make a physical change in the shape of the grains. Sugar chemists, seeking for the reason for the caked sugar bowl, found that it was not the grains themselves that attracted moisture, but the small quantities of other substances always present. These substances form the nucleus on which the sugar crystallizes and then sticks together.

A machine has been invented which takes the sugar while it is still in sirup form and rolls it between metal blades into tiny pellets, with the foreign substances encased inside where the moisture of the air can't get at them. Thus deprived of the cementlike material, the individual grains remain separate like dry sand. Sugar made in this way will taste no different.

New Brilliance for Flashlight Beams

You will have a new type of reflector in your flashlight that will concentrate the beam into a single bright spot that is round and even, free from dark spots or rings of bright and dim light. The ordinary flashlight has a smooth polished reflector that would work perfectly if the light source were actually a point and if the glass bulb were not in the way. But the filament is quite large and the bulb can't be eliminated.

The new reflector is not smooth but is made up of hundreds of little diamond-shaped sections which converge the light gradually and evenly to the point of focus at a distance. Bulb and filament no longer interfere. This so-called "Flood-beam" reflector will have many other uses besides flashlights: spotlights, lanterns, flood and searchlights—all of which suffer from spottiness due to smooth reflectors.

Balance to a Gnat's Eyebrow

Perfect balance today is essential. Spinning gears, wheels, shafts by the millions must be accurate to a fault or they will set up disastrous vibrations that will wreck high-speed machinery. To meet this requirement, multiplied enormously by war, an electronic device was invented, so delicate that it could detect the vibration caused by a tiny piece of lint on a rotating shaft.

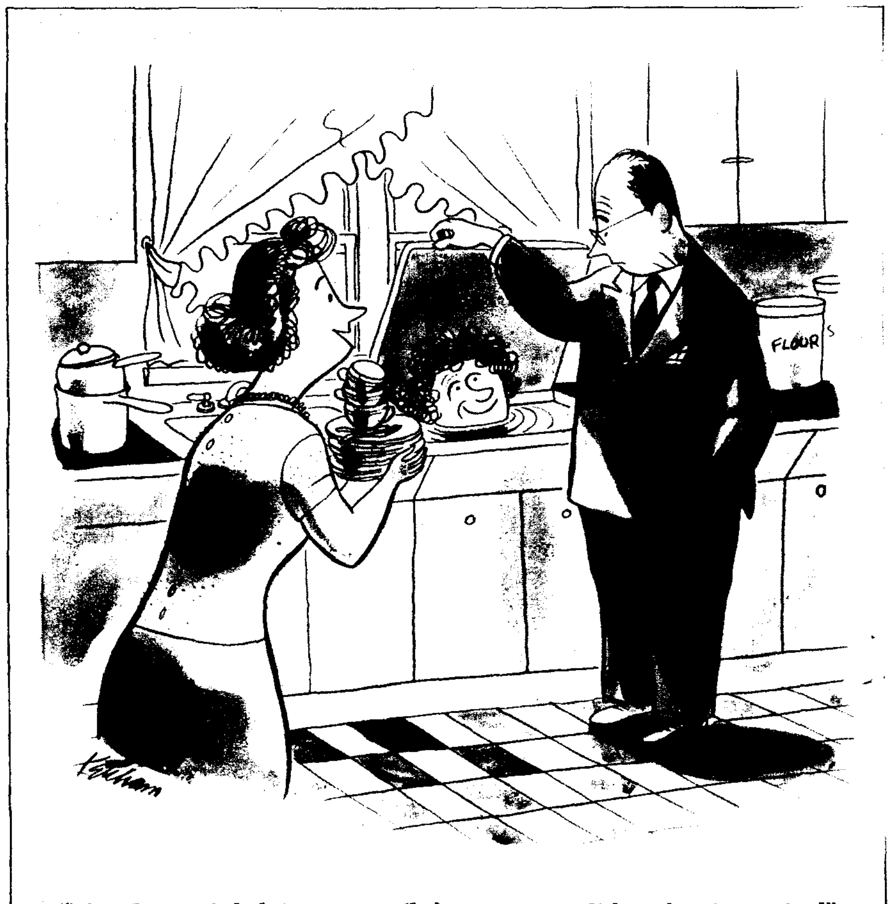
Called the "Microbalancer," it was developed to test parts of the famous proximity fuse, which must turn 40,000 times a minute as a bomb falls from a plane. Infinitesimal vibration would have spoiled the aim of the bomb. The machine was used, also, to balance the spinning wheels of gyros used in bombsights and airplane instruments. It works by picking up the merest whisper of vibration and translating it into readings on a meter by means of vacuum tubes. Special stroboscopic lamps on the balancer wink on and off at the exact speed of the rotating unit under test, showing the location of the unevenness which is causing the vibration. This makes it easy to true up the work.

The Microbalancer will be of great value in turning out precision parts for auto engines, electric motors, spinning machines, electric fans—a thousand devices that work badly or are dangerous when slightly out of balance.

Sleep Snug

The old folding wall bed that used to snap shut with a movie comedian inside will be back in postwar America, but in new foolproof form that will make it a luxury item wherever housing space is at a premium. Not a double bed but upper and lower singles, it will blend into the room arrangement so smoothly as to be undetectable, yet can be opened for use by touching a button.

The new "sleeper" will be built around a divan permanently attached to the wall. The upper will disappear into the wall above, flush, with perhaps a picture or decoration to complete the disguise. Both beds are made up before stowing. Pushing the button starts an electric motor, which opens either or both beds, locks them into place. ★★★



"Mrs. Craver is helping out until the automatic dishwasher is repaired"

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Get more for your money with new Sherwin-Williams House Paint! Its coat is now *smoother, tougher,* with new fume and mildew resistance. Its colors are *cleaner,* more lasting. Ease of application, spreading and covering powers, too, cut painting costs!

SHERWIN WILLIAMS PAINTS

The Doctors Run the Show

Continued from page 19

the administration and supervision of the plan, but at the end of the month, the V.A. must send a separate check for services rendered to each of the 2,500 doctors enrolled.

Hawley still has new hospitals, the shortage of psychiatrists, the rehabilitation of the seriously wounded, space and personnel to worry about. But he is satisfied that the Michigan Plan has solved the problem of treating the great majority of veterans' cases. He says, "This is the only way it can be done quickly and effectively without years of delay."

In working out the problem, Hawley had one good-sized road block to clear away.

One afternoon at the V.A.'s Dearborn, Michigan, office, for instance, three cases came across the desk of Lieutenant Colonel Pattison Waters, the Chief Medical Officer. A South Pacific veteran in Bay City had fallen off a hayloft and had broken his leg. The vet's doctor was on the phone asking if the Veterans Administration would authorize treatment and hospitalization. Another Pacific vet staggered into the office of Major Maurice Schlussel, the out-patient officer, shivering and burning with a fresh case of malaria. Schlussel, too, was on the phone, wondering what to do.

The third case was a former sergeant in an ETO ordnance outfit who collapsed on the street in Detroit and was rushed to Harper Hospital, a civilian institution. The ex-sergeant was in terrible pain. He was bleeding internally. The hospital physicians immediately diagnosed the case as a perforated duodenal ulcer and put him on the danger list. They had to know immediately what V.A. authorization they had to operate.

These three cases point up a greatly misunderstood provision of the laws of Congress which set up the Veterans Administration. A veteran cannot receive medical treatment under V.A. law unless he has an injury or illness received while he was in the service. This is called a service-connected disability.

During the between-wars period, the laws were stretched to permit nonservice-connected disabilities to occupy empty beds in veterans' hospitals. But the Michigan outpatient plan is strictly limited to service-connected disability. In order to be credited with a service-connected disability, a veteran must put in a claim, and several weeks or months later the claim is "adjudicated" (approved or disapproved) on the basis of the man's Army or Navy medical records.

Couldn't Get at the Records

The trouble with the Veterans Administration in January was that 500,000 of these claims had backlogged—the Army's records branch was moving from North Carolina to St. Louis—and during the months-long moving period none of these records could be made available to the V.A.

General Hawley took one look at this 500,000 figure in Washington last January, and issued his now-famous Circular 26, which shook bureaucracy everywhere. This circular said, in paraphrase. "Any regional V.A. office is now authorized to make a tentative determination on the spot as to whether or not the vet's disability was incurred in the service.' This can easily be detected in 99 cases out of 100. Then, if the veteran signs a statement that he believes his injury to be service-connected, treatment can start at once. The government will pay for the man's treatment until the permanent adjudication of the claim is made."

Colonel Waters in Dearborn had just received this circular when the three cases hit him that February afternoon. In the case of the man who had fallen off the hayloft, the injury couldn't possibly have occurred while the man was in service, so authorization was denied. The boy with malaria was only out of the service three months, and since citizens of the rather frigid state of Michigan do not commonly walk around picking up cases of tropical malaria, the veteran must have become infected while he was in the South Pacific. Waters authorized treatment and within an hour an ambulance had whisked the veteran away.

As for the emergency duodenal ulcer case, Waters didn't waste a minute. "An ulcer," he said to himself, "doesn't develop overnight. It takes months and even years to become perforated. It must have been there while the man was in the service, and, Lord knows, one *does* have enough worries in the service to develop or aggravate an ulcer." He picked up the phone and the ex-sergeant was operated on that night. The operation saved his life.

One of the strange things about the Michigan Plan is that it didn't completely originate in Michigan. In the fall of 1944, the Monmouth County (N. J.) Medical Society, one of the most progressive groups of physicians in the country, came up with an idea. During the depression in the 1930s, these doctors had worked out a system whereby they took care of all people on relief in the county (Red Bank, Asbury Park, Long Branch), with the government paying the fees and the relief recipients able to choose their own family doctor. "Why," the doctors asked, "can't we apply the same system to the returning veterans?"

A Rebuff from Washington

The plan, in an amended form, was adopted by the county medical society and enthusiastically endorsed by Homer Rogers, the V.A.'s New Jersey regional manager. In June, 1945, Rogers sent the plan on to Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, then Veterans Administrator in Washington. It was turned down cold.

At just about the same time, Guy F. Palmer, the V.A.'s Michigan regional manager, found himself swamped with a backlog of more than 8,000 veterans' cases and went downtown to see Dr. Stanley Insley, president of the Wayne County Medical Society. "You've got to help me out," Palmer pleaded, "otherwise the whole structure of veterans' medicine here in Michigan is going to collapse."

"This," said Insley after due thought, "is a problem for all the doctors of the state, and thank heaven we have some progressive ones." He called in Dr. R. L. Novy and Jay Ketchum, president and vice-president respectively of the Michigan Medical Service. Ketchum, a remarkable executive, had heard about the plan of the Monmouth County Medical Society. "We have the machinery here to do the same thing on a statewide basis," he said. He set to work, and in a few days the present Michigan Plan was blueprinted and ready for Palmer to send on to General Hines in Washington.

This, too, was rejected. It came back with a footnote from one of Hines' assistants that ranks with some of history's famous last words. "We are perfectly satisfied," this official said, "with the Veterans Administration's Medical Services as now given."

It was then that Generals Bradley and Hawley stepped into the picture.

One of Hawley's first official acts as Medical Director was to call a meeting of his Eastern regional managers in New York City. That was in September, 1945. At this meeting, the general wistfully mentioned how nice it would be if someone came up with a plan for the nation's doctors to help out with the V.A.'s out-patient backlog.

Homer Rogers, the New Jersey manager, jumped to his feet. "Why, General," he said, "the doctors of Monmouth County submitted just such a plan last June, and it was rejected—flat."

"Damn it, where *is* the plan?" said Hawley.

Rogers produced it, and by December

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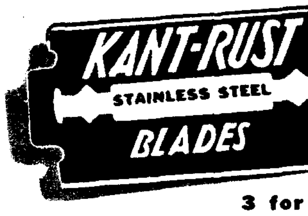

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15th, it was in full operation on a 90-day experimental basis.

As soon as he found out about the Monmouth County plan, Hawley began to barnstorm the country, trying to sell the nation's doctors on the idea. At a meeting of the Council on Medical Service and Public Relations of the American Medical Association in Chicago, Hawley grew wistful again. "There are 3,070 couries in the United States, and that makes o many units for us to deal with. If we culd only work out a plan on a state-wide bas."

Again a voice rang ot from the floor. The voice this time longed to Jay Ketchum, vice-president f the Michigan Medical Service. "Why, Gneral," he said, "the doctors of Michiganubmitted such a plan last year and it warejected—flat."

Hawley spun around. "hat is this, a movie?" he asked.

Hawley invited the Michn committee to Washington, and on Nowber 19, 1945 (the day President Trumanroposed the Technicolor nightmare, his Nonal Health Insurance plan), a rough aft of the Michigan Plan had been accd. Hawley startled the committee by insng that everything be made as simple possible. Then he floored them comple by clearing the legality of the plan in matter of two hours. The actual contrac as signed on December 27, 1945.

Good Men for the Spadek Job

Before the Michigan Plan acy went into effect, a lot of spadework to be done. Assigned to the task were ordon Goodrich and John W. Caste, two young Michigan Medical Service fresh out of the armed forces themselv ood-rich, an ex-naval lieutenant, had b of lining up the doctors. This wasn easy when you consider that certain ss of the state had remained out of the gan Medical Service, charging that it socialized medicine. Goodrich went ak before the medical societies of the nt counties. Every single doctor signe or the veterans' plan, still mutterin ut having nothing to do with the civil sion. Eventually they joined the plan, too.

Castellucci, because he had been s excellent medical administration ma of course, been put into the MPs Army. He had risen to the exalted r corporal. At Hawley's request, Caste took on the herculean task of simpl the necessary forms. One of the re the doctors had always shied away veterans' medicine was the complicate per work involved. Most doctors simpl not have time to fill out 8-page fo Castellucci took the long, involved registration blank and reduced it to a penny post card which required only the doctor's signature. He reduced all the other forms to a single page. Then he took his creations to Washington.

A colonel in the Veterans Administration, one of Hawley's assistants, was supposed to approve the forms. When Castellucci walked in with them, the colonel casually glanced over them, yawned and said he was sorry but the forms were not acceptable. Amazed, Castellucci argued with the colonel, but the colonel was too busy to be bothered. Castellucci went to call on two other colonels. The response was the same. Finally, blazing mad, Castellucci burst into Hawley's office.

General Hawley got on the phone and ordered the three colonels into his office. "Sit down," said the general. The three colonels sat down. "You will now listen to Mr. Castellucci," said the general. The three colonels scrambled for their notebooks. "You may now explain the forms, Corporal," said the general to Castellucci. The colonels listened to the ex-corporal. By the end of the day, the forms had been approved.

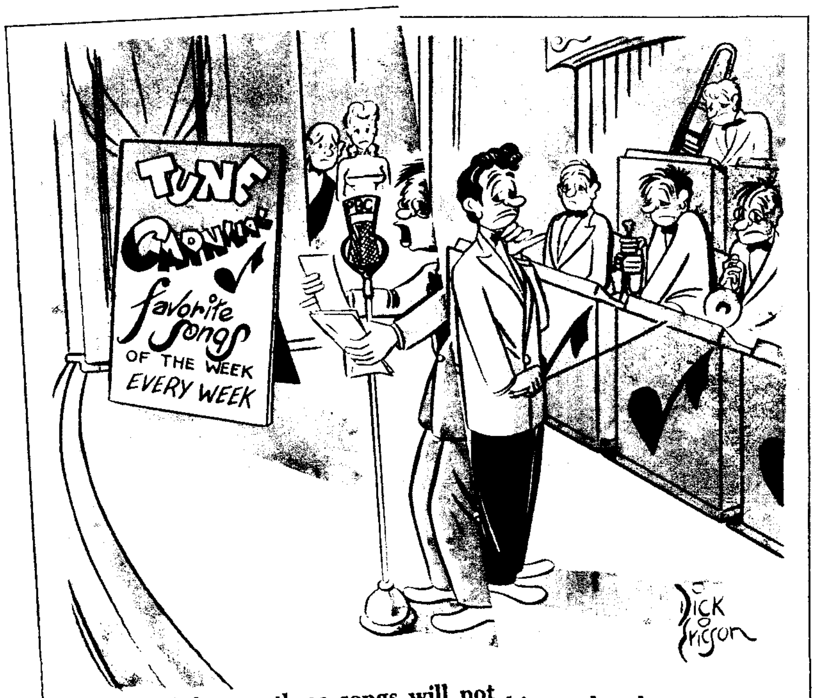
Details like this took up every day until February 13th. On that day, a slightly historic event took place. Twenty veterans in the Detroit area received the first treatment under the Michigan Plan. Among these was Ex-Private First Class Harry Rademaker, Jr., who lives on Chelsea Street in Detroit's East Side. At Marburg, in Germany, his left elbow had been smashed by a German rifle bullet, and he was taken prisoner and held for 26 days. He received only rudimentary medical care from a French army doctor in a prisoner-of-war camp. Now the elbow was stiff and he couldn't straighten out the arm.

At 1:30 P.M. on February 13th, Rademaker got into a car and drove over to the office of his old family doctor on near-by Forest Street. He sat down in the waiting room with the doctor's other patients and awaited his turn. At 2:10 P.M., the doctor called him into the consultation room.

He chatted for a few minutes just like any physician talking with an old patient. Yet the doctor seemed under a bit of strain. He spread out the new veterans' authorization form on his desk and stared at it. He had studied it before and its significance was clear to him. Here he was—an old doctor now—standing on the threshold of an entire new era of American medicine. Finally he shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly and swung back to the veteran.

"Okay, Harry," he said. "Let's have a ook at that arm."

THE END



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66 PROOF

You, Too, Can Drink Vodka

Continued from page 20

at his watch it was 9 P.M., a cool—or heated—five hours after the commencement of "tea."

By that time, surcease, even to the Russians, was plainly in order. What was left of the Americans was rallied into a more or less mobile body and the group whisked out to see a movie. This turned out to be a surrealistic Russian comedy, and at the time, I couldn't be sure whether it was the movie or the "tea."

Some souls were naïve enough to imagine this might be the end of the evening. Far from it. From the movie, the Russians whisked us right back to the banquet hall, and the mad tea party resumed for a couple more hours.

Around midnight, the supplies of the region evidently having been exhausted, the colonel suggested that perhaps the "tea" had been carried far enough and it was time for bed. Everyone agreed who could still form vocal sounds, or who was still around to agree. There had been a casualty or two in the ranks of the visiting firemen during the evening, and they had been assisted to near-by first-aid stations. They were now exhumed, administered restoratives, and hauled back like sacks to our lodgings.

"That's all right," a Russian officer roared reassuringly. "You'll feel better in the morning."

That statement was problematical enough until we emerged from our first hang-over breakfast. Then there was no doubt the reassurance was dead wrong.

I took one look at the Russian idea of a breakfast, and looked for a notary to make an attested record of the incredible sight. At each place rested a plate of tomatoes bathed in sour cream, a plate of dill pickles, a bottle of orange liqueur, a bottle of beer, and a small box of candy. We looked at the Russians to see if it was a gag, but they were quite matter-of-course.

"I don't think," a hollow American voice uttered with difficulty, "I feel like eating much this morning."

The hardier souls who had the courage to make some perfunctory motions with a fork and thereby gain advancement to the second and final course were rewarded—or penalized—with a plate bearing two hamburgers, each weighing a full half pound, and also drenched in sour cream.

When the funereal silence and pathetic toying with forks had continued long enough, our Russian major—the one who only twenty-four hours before had called us "goot frands"—laughed uproariously, pushed away from the table and inquired with sardonic brightness, "Well, shall we get to work?"

So we took up our notebooks and pencils—leaning on them rather than operating them—and were off again. This time we approached the hour of 4 P.M. with terror. The terror was warranted: the blow fell again. Once more came "tea"—for eight solid hours. Once more the hearty "Vadna's!," resounding war cries on an alcoholic battlefield. Once more the horrible morning after, the incredible breakfast of sour cream, pickles, beer and candy.

This staggering pattern of bonhomie occurred in Halle, in Dresden, in a place called Weissenfels, and at other points whose names I do not, for some curious reason, recollect clearly. Americans wilted while Russians remained hale and jovial. The initial indications certainly were that the Russians were, as advertised, prodigious drinkers.

Seeking the Trick of It

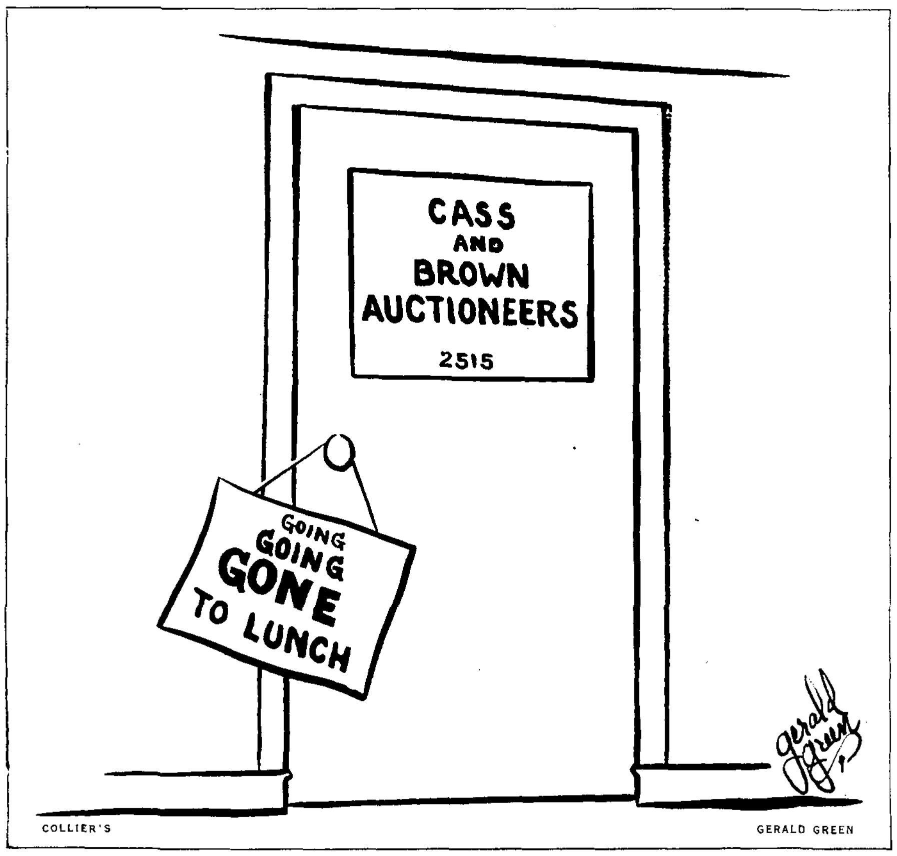
But all great tours de force, with the possible exception of the Indian rope trick, have their explanations; every new offensive has its countermeasures; and as the Soviet Battle of the Bottle went on, and the American contingent gradually recovered from its initial alcoholic stampede, the tricks and loopholes in the Russian drinking front began to appear. The first successful counterstroke was a psychological one.

"Do you," we candidly asked an amiable Russian general one night, "carry on like this every night of the year, and if so how do you do it?"

"Oh, no," he vouchsafed with Soviet blandness, "this is just put on for you. Ordinarily we have very quiet dinners, sometimes without even a bottle of wine."

Emboldened by the knowledge we were at least the victims of something extraordinary rather than routine, we drank on through more "teas" to pierce the Russian strategy.

The Russians basic technique in drinking, which many Westerners know about but incline to underestimate, is the "blotting paper" system of eating a lot at the same time. Embarrassing moments have arisen at a



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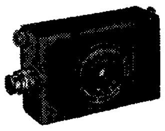

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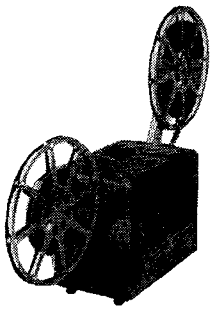

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Dr. Scholl's SULFA SOLVEX

number of American cocktail parties in Europe when Russian guests, finding only a few peanuts and some flimsy hors d'oeuvres, demanded where the food was.

It's a well-known fact that a few spoonfuls of oil or butter will form enough of a protective lining in the human plumbing to stave off large amounts of alcohol. With the Russians, that first big slug of vodka is immediately and invariably followed by heavy resort to the bread and butter, in the course of which it is nothing for a quarter or half pound of butter to be consumed in a few bites. The uninitiated American, in his daze from the first slug and subsequent exhilaration, is apt to omit this important ritual until the second toast is upon him. If this goes down without a layer of blotting paper in between, it's the beginning of the end.

The Russians' second important tactic in putting alcoholic antagonists under the table is the old divide-and-conquer system. It gradually became evident that those genial glass-hoisters who were constantly appearing at our elbows with exhortations to "drink to the bottom" were *agents provocateurs* in a well-knit divide-and-conquer operation. Each American was working, or drinking, against several of these. If one was careless enough to succumb himself, others were on hand to take his place behind the bottle.

The countermeasure to this, I found, was as simple as the *agents provocateurs*' exhortations to drink; namely, to give a blunt refusal.

"Why don't you drink?" one of my Russian hosts would demand, going into his repertoire of astonishment, indignation and belligerency.

"Well," I would say with diplomatic formality, nodding toward our official host. "I think the colonel is about to propose a toast and I wouldn't want to offend him by drinking first."

By the time this intricate gambit was translated into Russian, and the Russian had wrapped his mind around it, with its important overtones of respect for authority, the initial impetus of his glass-hoisting routine would be gone. And the chances were by that time the colonel would be proposing a toast.

If you stuck with the colonel or the general or whoever was running the show, you'd be relatively safe. As the leading representative of the U.S.S.R. present, he couldn't afford to get plastered before foreigners, unless he had a secret ambition to toil in the salt mines of Siberia. Few Russians do, so while ostensibly leading the wassail, the commander would go to extreme lengths to maintain his stability.

How to Drink and Not Get Drunk

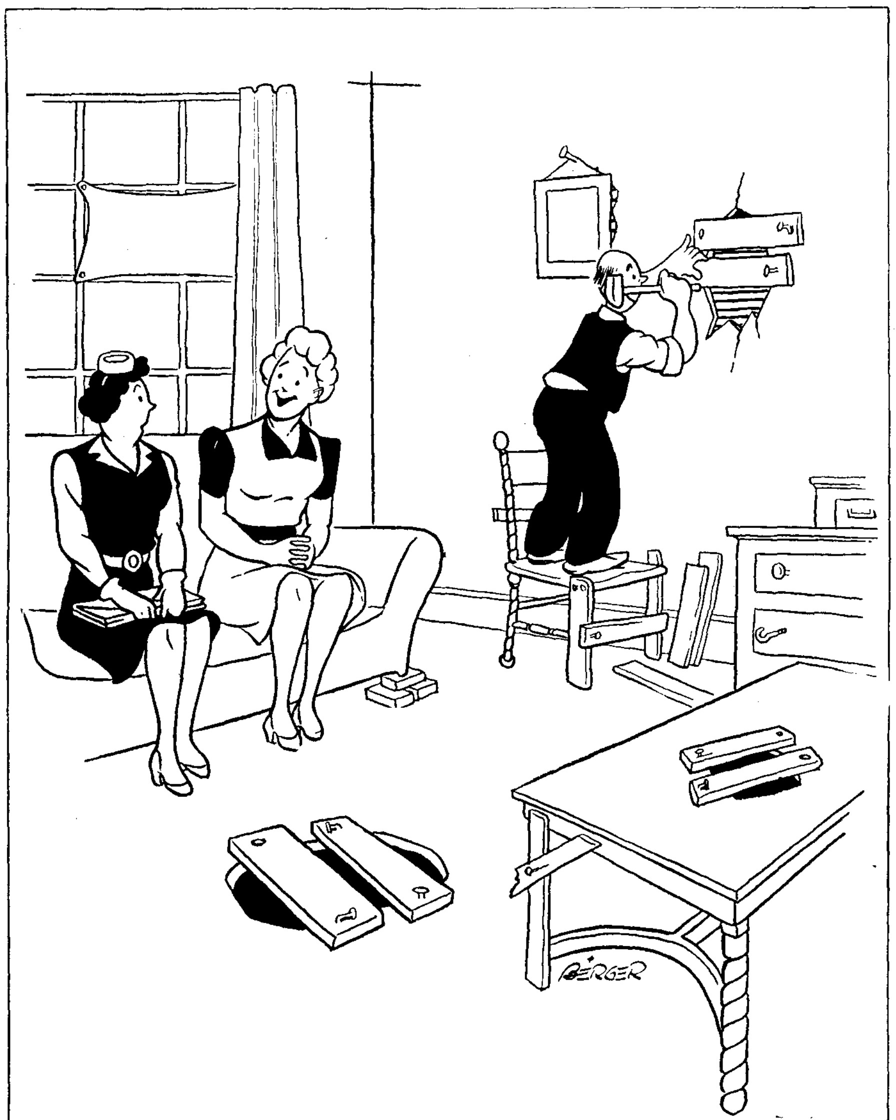
When I say extreme lengths, I mean not only did he restrain his official toasting to far less than all the freehand, informal toasting that was going on around the banquet floor, but also I repeatedly detected commanders, after leading a "Va-dna!" toast, slipping their glasses back onto the table half full—while the toasters reeled from a full drink. I also caught them in the plain subterfuge of substituting white wine or plain water for vodka while the guests gulped the real stuff.

Well, two can play at that game; if a Russian can do it, an American can, too. And we did, until in a very short time the American contingent was drinking wisely as well as well, and suffering fewer casualties at each bout than the Russians.

In fact, by the end of the expedition, our Russian escorting officers were a little frayed. And American drinking abilities were more than vindicated when, at our last meal, held under American auspices, it came to the second round of brandies and our hosts flatly demurred.

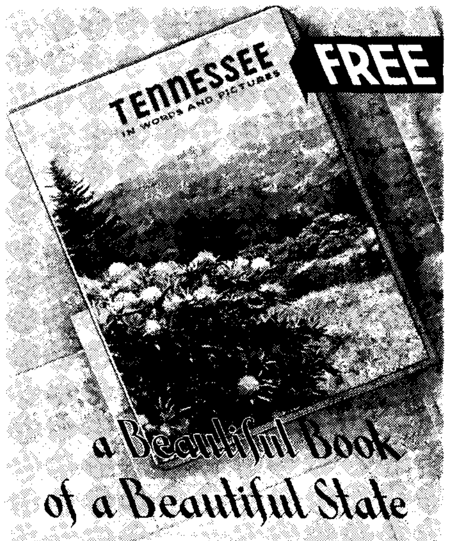
The Americans downed the drinks, toasting, "America, Rahshia, goot frands—Va-dna!"

THE END



"I'm so proud of Herbert—he's awfully handy around the house!"

COLLIER'S JOSEPH BERGER



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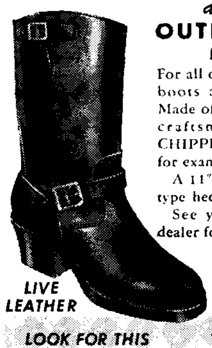

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Agnes E. Meyer

The Week's Work

AT a time when he had devoted himself to years of public service and was thinking of retiring, Eugene Meyer bought the Washington Post. A few years later the capital discovered what Mr. Meyer had known all the time—that since 1910 he had been married to his star reporter.

Before her marriage, Agnes Elizabeth Ernst was the first woman reporter on the old New York Sun (morning). When she resumed her reporting on the Post, many on the paper did not associate the name of Agnes E. Meyer with the wife of the publisher.

But in 1942, Mrs Meyer sent back from England a series of articles that told of Britain's home front mobilization in terms of women and children and food and national health, and readers as well as staff members took notice. In 1943-44, during a prodigious, body-wearing tour of 26 United States war centers, she produced a series that awakened leaders of government and industry to the terrible wastage of human resources in crowded and filthy communities where vice, disease and neglect of children were ignored.

Her articles on the American home front were revised and published in a book, Journey Through Chaos, by Harcourt, Brace and Company. Meanwhile, Mrs. Meyer went traveling again. This time she told how American communities were preparing to meet their postwar problems. She was among the first to discover and write about the "Bridgeport Plan" for helping war veterans in the transition back to civilian life. This spring, she made a six-weeks tour to report on reconversion in the South.

Her Collier's article, A Challenge to American Women (p. 15), is, in a way, the fruit of all her travels, for in it she sums up her challenging conclusions about American women.

Mrs. Meyer's life has been a busy one. After graduating at Barnard College and spending one year at the Sorbonne in Paris, she was working on her first book—a work on Chinese art which won the American Typographical Union award—when the Westchester County leader, William Ward, asked her what she was doing for her community. Her response was to go to work for it, and for 18 years she headed the county's recreation commission, a task in which she was to learn a fact that never has ceased to exasperate her—that neglected and unwanted children are to be found as frequently in comfortable suburban homes as in miserable city flats.

Mrs. Meyer has raised five children, who in turn are raising six grandchildren. She agrees that a woman's place is in the home—"but not in just one home."

"No mother should sleep well until every child in her community is adequately cared for," she told an interviewer recently.

Back in 1933, the Meyer family was packed and ready to leave Washington for good to live on the farm at Mt. Kisco, New York. Mr. Meyer had been in the federal service for 16 years, had been governor of the Federal Reserve Board, chairman of the board of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He felt entitled to rest. But Mrs. Meyer said he was too young to retire. The Post was for sale. Mr. Meyer changed his mind about retirement. A huge house on Crescent Place in Washington was purchased, the family belongings were unpacked and Agnes Meyer became a reporter again.

WHEN Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz (Atomic Age Navy, p. 12) was bossing the Pacific Fleet from his Guam headquarters, it was that old sea dog's custom to hike briskly for two hours every evening, up one side of a junior mountain and down the other, to work up an appetite for dinner. He often invited one of the correspondents along and some of these, who hadn't kept in training, lived to regret it. Husky Stanley Woodward, New York Herald-Tribune writer, accepted such an invitation and started out jauntily with Nimitz. A couple of hours later as the admiral was entering his quarters, feeling fit as ever, Woodward tottered into an officers' club bar and, between gasps and moans, asked weakly for a glass of beer. "He's a man-killer. Somebody help me get these shoes off."

Rolf Klep, who illustrated the Nimitz article, recently completed three and a half years service in Naval Intelligence where he turned out recognition material for the U.S. Fleet. After Germany collapsed he toured that country making an inspection of Nazi submarines and bases. This background was of infinite value in picturing the possible Navy of the future, but Klep also did further research on the subject and conferred with submariners and constructors.

DURING the war, Allen W. Dulles (Goodby, Berlin!, p. 80) was the diplomatic center of an Intelligence department reaching into many countries of Europe. From his headquarters in Bern, Switzerland, Dulles guided Office of Strategic Services forces in Germany, France and Italy, and quite often made the Gestapo appear very silly indeed. After V-E Day he was in charge of the O.S.S. mission to Germany.

Dealing with foreign governments was not new to Dulles when he took over this job. He had put in ten years during and after World War I as a U.S. diplomat and had resigned in order to join the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, of which his brother, John Foster Dulles, was a U.S. delegate to the San Francisco and London conferences, is also a member.

A. P.

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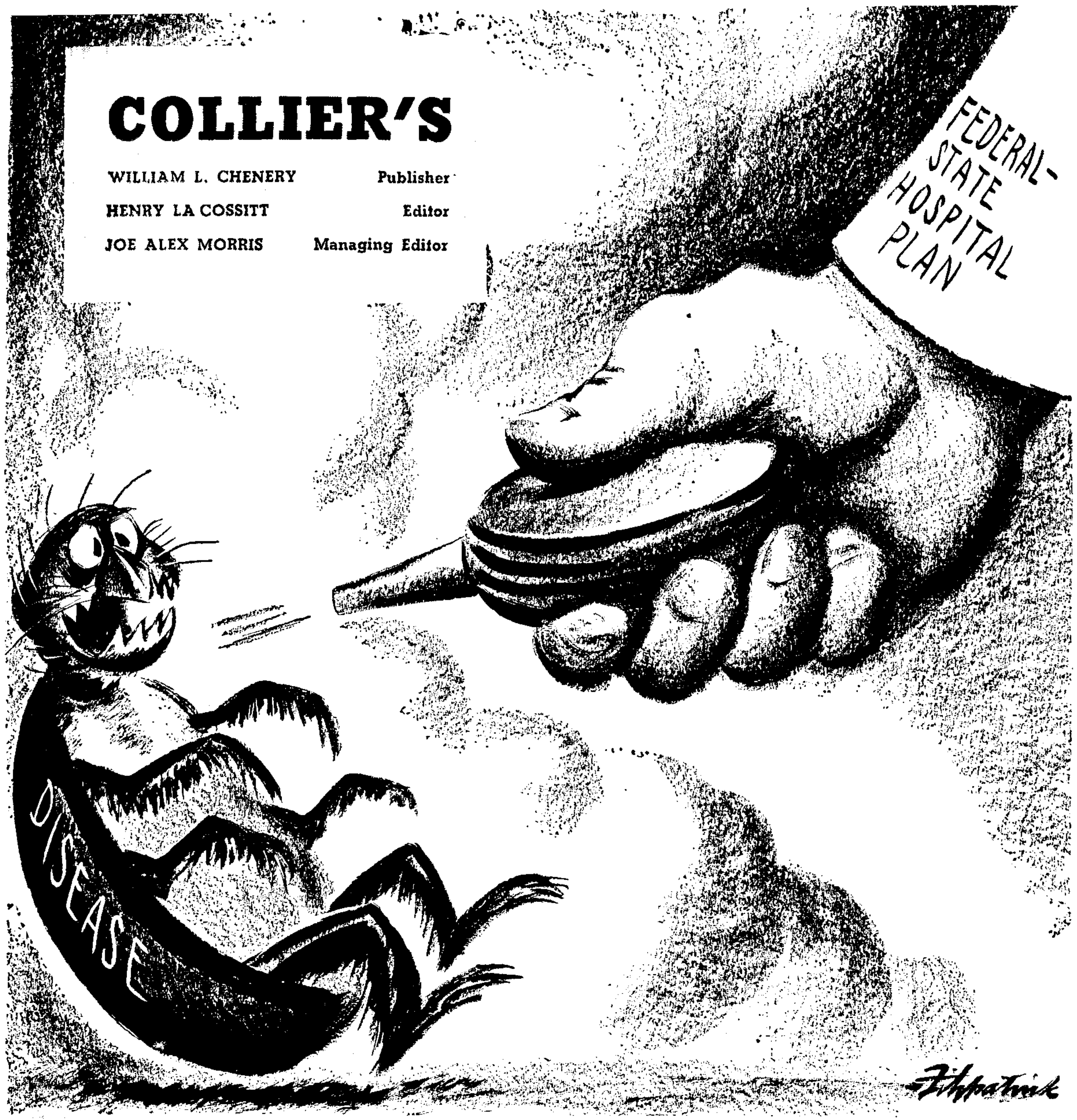

OUR HEALTH AND OUR HOSPITALS

THE United States in the last 40 years or so has made tremendous advances in public health activities, in increasing average life expectancies, in spreading the gospel of sanitation. We are not yet, however, as healthy a nation as we could be and should be.

Heart troubles still knock off about 425,000 of us a year, cancer about 160,000, diseases of the nervous system about 145,000, and so on.

We aren't as sanitary, over-all, either, as people who live in our well-plumbed and well-sewered cities may suppose. Many of our farms, let alone having no inside plumbing, don't even have old-fashioned Chic Sales outside. Some of our small towns have open sewers running nonchalantly through their streets.

With the war over, all manner of plans are afoot to raise the national health to new levels—plans for bigger and better hospital insurance policies, for government-sponsored health insurance, for improved mosquito control in malarial districts, etc., etc.

We're not decrying any such plan that is feasible. In our opinion anything that will help to raise the general U.S. health level is worth undertaking.

We would like to spotlight here, though, a few statistics which seem of prime importance in this whole discussion. These statistics concern U.S. hospital equipment; and here they are: In about 1,200 of our counties—40 per cent of the total—there are no recognized hospital facilities at all. These counties have a combined population of about 15,000,000. In one Kentucky area, there are 11,500 people—and just one doctor.

It seems obvious that until we can get the whole country properly equipped with hospitals, and the clinics that go with them, we shall not have all the necessary bases from which to wage all-out war on disease and ignorance about matters medical.

Congress has before it a blueprint of a program to give us these necessary disease-fighting bases within the next five years. Slightly varying bills have been introduced by Senator Lister Hill (Dem., Ala.) and Representative J. Percy Priest (Dem., Tenn.), under which the federal government and the states would embark jointly on a big five-year hospital construction endeavor. The total cost would be about $700,000,000, with the government putting up half the money and the states the other half.

U.S. grants-in-aid to the separate states would not be uniform. To a wealthy state like New York, for example, the government would pay only about 25 per cent of the total spent for new hospitals, while to a financially poor state like Mississippi it would pay as much as 66⅔ per cent.

The objective would be to have the whole country equipped at the end of five years with adequate hospital facilities. These are calculated as follows: general hospitals—4.5 beds per 1,000 population; tuberculosis hospitals—2.5 beds per average annual deaths from tuberculosis; mental hospitals—5 beds per 1,000 population.

Minimum standards for all these new hospitals would be set by the U.S. Surgeon General. In other respects, we understand, the hospitals would be (as they should be) run by local boards of directors in each community. Every hospital built under this program would be required to keep itself open to all licensed practitioners in its area.

The plan looks to us like an essential operation in the crusade that is building up to improve the national health.

Wealthy persons willing to establish or maintain hospitals are fast decreasing in number, as income and inheritance taxes hack into accumulations of wealth. Without the encouragement of federal funds, many a state seems fated to rock along with inadequate hospital equipment, especially in its rural districts.

Visiting nurses are fine, and many a country or small-town doctor is an unsung hero. But for any community, there is no real substitute for a properly equipped and staffed hospital.

This entire $700,000,000 five-year program would cost us a sum equal to what we spent every 3½ days in the late war. It would be an investment by the taxpayers in the nation's continued and continually improving health—and we can think of no better taxpayers' investment than that. We hope Congress will give this proposal its most serious attention.

TOLERANCE IN CALIFORNIA

DURING the war, California had a larger Japanese and Nisei problem than any other state, there being some 90,000 of these people in California at the time of Pearl Harbor.

Let's pass over what was done about them during the war, and have a look at what is being done about them in California now.

What is happening is that a consciousness of the existence and the rights of minority racial and religious groups is spreading throughout California, along with the realization that such groups' rights must be respected and protected in this country if democracy is to go on working here.

California now has a State Council for Civic Unity, to correlate and strengthen the activities of city and town organizations devoted to the fostering of tolerance toward minorities. There are about 125 of these organizations in California as this is written.

Their general objective is to protect Japanese, Nisei, Jews, Negroes, Mexicans, and members of other minority groups, from the persecuting and property-grabbing tendencies of Ku-Klux-minded gents such as make up the Japanese Exclusion League and kindred West Coast organizations. The Civic Unity people, as we understand it, go in for a minimum of soft soap and vague generalities, and for a maximum of practical, reasonable, grass-roots educational work.

It seems to us to be one of the most encouraging developments to come out of the war—a war which many people expected to produce a backwash of group hatreds and tensions that our democracy might not be able to survive. Democracy seems to be surviving in California; and cheers are evidently in order.

LET 'EM EAT CARROTS

AS ONE feature of the nation-wide effort to conserve food to help out a hungry world, what would be the matter with an abrupt end to luxurious menus at big banquets? We don't urge an end to banquets, which seem to be an integral part of the well-known American way of life. But how about pushing the menus over to the austerity side for the duration of the world food pinch, which some observers predict won't come fully unpinched for three years?

Not that such a reform will save any huge totals of chow. It's the psychological angle that we're thinking of, mainly. It can't stimulate food conservation to have the papers and the radio forever reporting big dinners at which elaborate four- and five-course menus were featured, along with the correct wines and liqueurs or brandies. A good time is had at these affairs by all except dyspeptics, no doubt; but rank-and-file citizens who hear about them are pretty sure to react in cynical fashion to such news. The net result is bound to be a slackening of many people's efforts to conserve food.

Let the banqueters eat sparingly from now on, we urgently suggest, until the world is eating normally again.

This austerity will not only impress the general public favorably, but will also be good for the guests, especially those chronic eat-outers who accept practically all invitations to public or semipublic luncheons or dinners at someone else's expense. Remember the lady who wrote in to our Mr. Walter Davenport's Any Week column a while ago to advise Mr. D. that she was currently suffering from indigestion and that bloated feeling on account of having attended too many elaborate luncheons and dinners where the speakers deplored the world food shortage.

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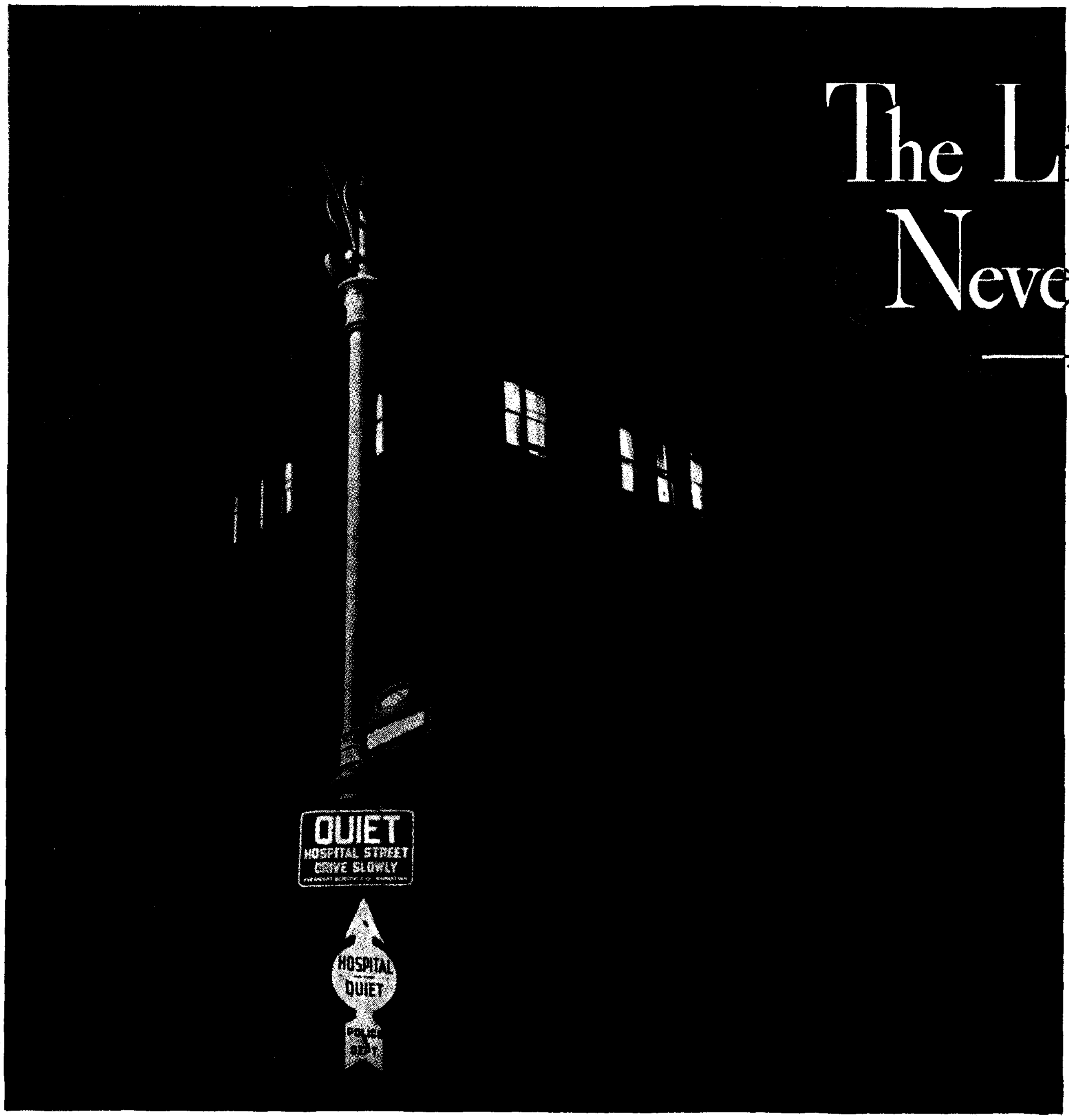

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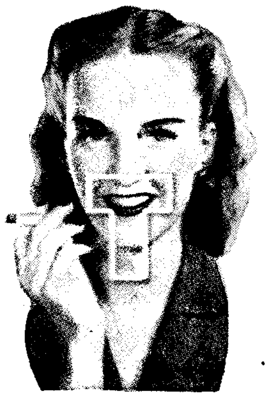

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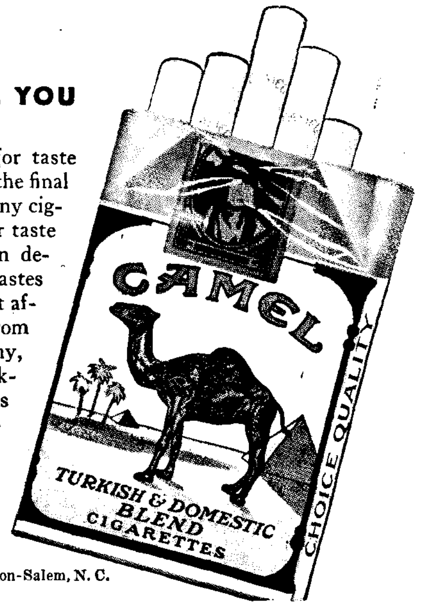

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